November 2, 1940

5¢ A COPY

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

A
IOLA FREE PUBLIC
LIBRARY
IOLA, KANSAS

Churchill, Man of Destiny By [illegible]

© THE CROWELL-COLLIER PUBLISHING COMPANY—PUBLISHERS OF COLLIER'S—THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE—WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION

Nov. 2, 1940

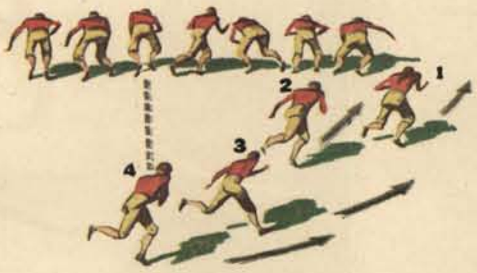
Here's how...

SAYS TED HUSING

TO GET THE MOST OUT OF WATCHING FOOTBALL THIS FALL!

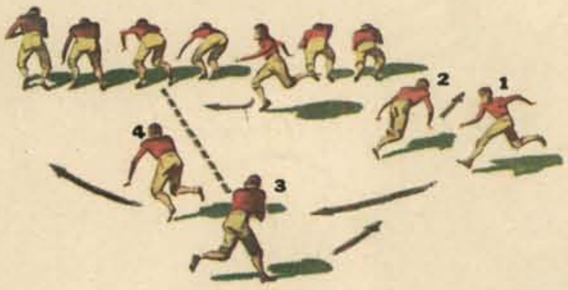
This year's football is wide-open! Spectacular passing thrusts and power drives feature the play. To watch these develop, learn to recognize the *Wingback, Notre Dame Box,* and *Short Kick.* These basics understood, you will sit in the stands enjoying your game. The Wingback attack (charts 1 and 2) employs a slant into enemy territory. The Shift used by Notre Dame-type teams (chart 3) masses power at one point. The Short Kick (chart 4) employs the virtues of the other two attacks.

1. SINGLE WINGBACK



Single Wingback to the right. This is an attack from behind the unbalanced line, with all power to the right. The wingback (1) and the blocker (2) move out to cut down the left side defenses. The close back (3) leads the tailback (4) out to the attack. This one manoeuvre can be used in cutbacks, reverses, passes, laterals and sweeps. The wingback attack, named for the back (1) who is on the end or wing, is best demonstrated today at Georgia Tech, Minnesota, and Southern California, among other universities. Certainly there *are* variations by the coaches, but the basis is always the same.

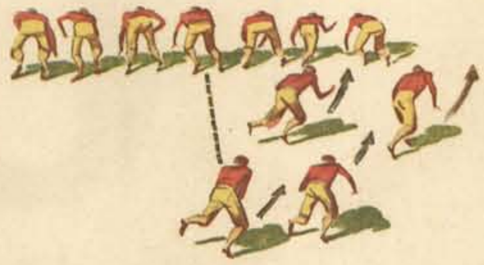
2. SINGLE WINGBACK REVERSE



Wingback Reverse in the making. This is attack to the *Left.* The blocker (2) goes right, blocking incoming defense. Wingback (1) turns to come behind his line. He'll take ball from spinback (3) who receives ball from center. Tailback (4) leads the play. Running guard pulls out of line to assist running interference. Spinning back (3) masks direction of the ball, for he may *keep* the ball after faking it to the wingback (1) and keep going right. This would be a fake reverse.

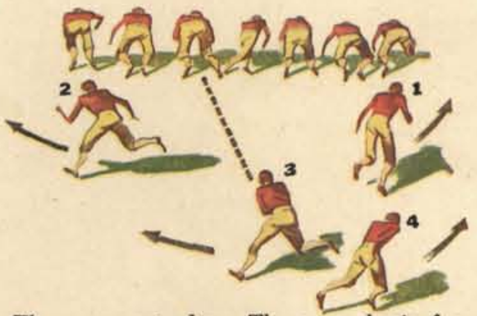
Below, Notre Dame Box after the shift. Four men on right side, behind balanced line. This group is massing power to the right. The Left Half, behind three-man interference, heads for off-tackle, around the end, or for a cut-back over the guard and center.

3. NOTRE DAME BOX



Below, the Short Kick, or inverted "V" formation. Two men go left and two right, to open the defense. Wingback (1) fakes to right. Tailback (4) has just faked taking ball from spinback (3) who received pass from center, faked it in a half spin to (4) and then started to the left with the blocker (2) leading play to weak side.

4. SHORT KICK FORMATION



These are not plays. These are basic formations of attack. Thousands of attacking plays come from these simple formations. In the singlewing, plays can reverse, cut back, sweep, race into passes or laterals. The Notre Dame shift formations permit delayed cross-bucks, massed reverses, thrilling cut-ins and cut-outs and short passes. The Short Kick attack permits all plays to start deceptively. Deception, opening up defense, sudden plunges into undefended territory and application of military-like thrusts make football a technical game. But it's simple if you know where the ball carriers are just before the ball is snapped. So go to it! Here's How to see the games, and enjoy them.

Here's how...

SEAGRAM'S 5 CROWN EARNS ITS REPUTATION

1. It's a smoother, lighter whiskey of delicate bouquet and grand flavor.
2. It's the result of 83 years' experience in distilling and blending finest quality whiskies.
3. It's delightful taken straight because it's so grand, so mellow, and so clean tasting.
4. It scores thrillingly every time in a highball, a cocktail, or any mixed drink in the manual!
5. Yet it is as kind to your purse as it is to your palate. Join the smart company who say "HERE'S HOW" with...

Seagram's 5 Crown

THE BLENDED WHISKEY FOR EVERY DRINK

S
Seagram's
Five Crown
5
Blended Whiskey
A distinctive whiskey of rare bouquet and full flavor — smooth and mellow
BLENDED AND BOTTLED BY
JOSEPH E. SEAGRAM & SONS INC
LAWRENCEBURG IND
NINETY
S
PROOF
FULL QUART

Thank you, Ted Husing! It's grand to know the fine points of the game. But when the whistle blows and the game is history, that's when I like to sit over a long, smooth highball made with this grand and glorious Seagram's 5 Crown. It's a good friend alone, a grand mixer in company!

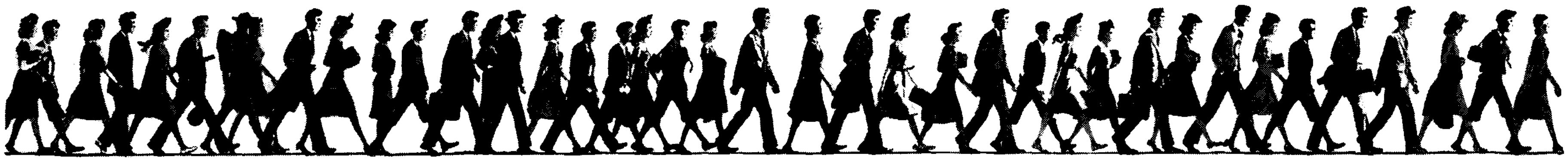
Here's hoping your favorite team wins, but win or lose, the after game signal of us armchair experts is...

"HERE'S HOW!"

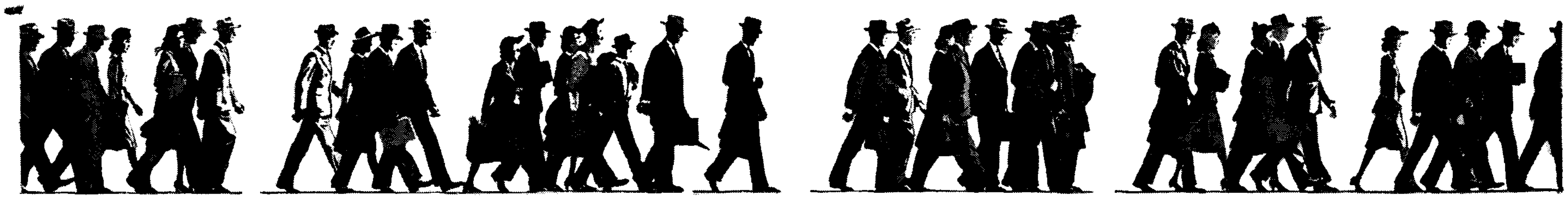
Here's how...

SAY SEAGRAM'S AND BE SURE!

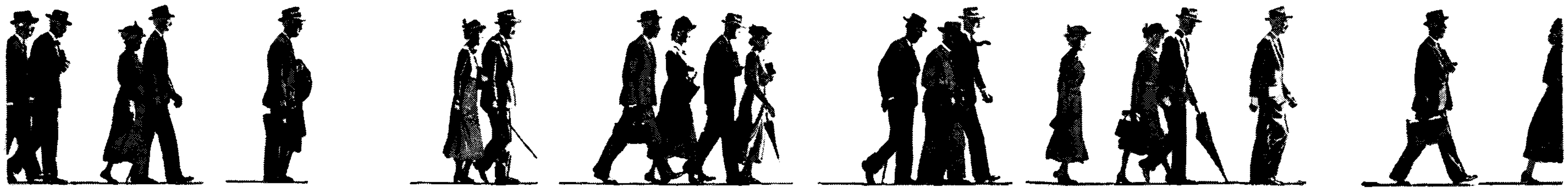
Seagram's 5 Crown Blended Whiskey. 72½% neutral spirits distilled from grain. 90 proof. Copyright 1940. Seagram-Distillers Corporation, New York.



1. *A Mortality Table* tells us how many of a group of people of any given age will live to be a year older, two years older, ten years older, etc. For example, take 1000 children, each fifteen years old . . .



2. *One Mortality Table* shows us that at forty, life may begin for *some*, but will have ended for 103 of the 1000 . . .



3. *At seventy,* 462 of the 1000 remain, and 21 of those will still be alive at ninety.

What has a Mortality Table to do with the cost of Life Insurance?

AS YOU PROBABLY KNOW, a life insurance company is required by law to maintain certain reserve funds. This reserve, together with future premiums and interest earnings, is calculated to enable the company to pay all its policy obligations when they fall due.

In computing the sufficiency of the reserve, state supervisory officials and the company follow mathematical formulas which are based, in turn, upon mortality tables and interest rates.

A mortality table is simply a tabulation showing what percentage of a group of people of any given age die within a year's time. It is prepared from a knowledge of *past* death rates—but serves as a measure of *future* death rates. As it is sometimes phrased, "We don't know who will die, but we know how many."

In the United States, the laws of various states specify certain mortality tables as a minimum basis for computing the reserve. For Ordinary policies, the "American Experience" table is usually specified.

Because this particular mortality table was developed many years ago, and mortality rates have since improved, people sometimes ask:

"Wouldn't the use of a more up-to-date mortality table reduce the cost of life insurance?"

People who ask this question are usually unaware of the fact that the *cost* of mutual life insurance is *not* determined by the particular table used to compute the reserves—whether the American Experience Table or any other.

For one thing, while the companies must have sufficient reserves on the basis of the legally specified mortality table, they are not restricted as to the mortality table they use for determining premiums. Metropolitan, for example, does not compute its premiums directly on the American Experience table, but takes its own experience into account.

Furthermore, in a mutual company such as Metropolitan, the premium paid by the policyholder is fixed at an amount somewhat greater than that which the company expects will be needed to cover the cost of providing the insurance. This is done for safety—so that the company can be sure it will have sufficient funds to cover any unforeseen disbursements that may be incurred. Later the policyholder receives back, from year to year, in the form of dividends, a refund of the amounts not needed by the company.

In computing dividends, the company takes into account *recent* mortality—as well as actual interest earnings and expenses of the company. Thus the cost of life insurance is determined by what actually happens. In other words, the mortality table used to compute the reserve has little or no effect on the cost of life insurance, since dividends reduce the policyholder's net payment to the amount required by *actual* experience.

Mortality, furthermore, is only *one* of several factors which enter into the cost of life insurance. The two other factors mentioned above—interest earnings and operating expenses—are very important. Anything affecting either of these factors also affects the cost of life insurance.

As a matter of fact, the continued decline in interest rates during recent years has substantially reduced the amount that could otherwise be returned to the policyholder as dividends. Naturally, this has increased the cost of life insurance, since the savings that have been made by the improvement in other factors have been more than offset by the reduction in interest earnings.

The important thing to remember is this: Regardless of the mortality table used to establish premiums or reserves, the Metropolitan policyholder receives his life insurance at the actual cost of providing it. And that cost is based on up-to-date experience, not just with regard to mortality, but with regard to *all* the factors which affect that cost.

COPYRIGHT 1940—METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

This is Number 31 in a series of advertisements designed to give the public a clearer understanding of how a life insurance company operates. Copies of preceding advertisements in this series will be mailed upon request.

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company
(*A MUTUAL COMPANY*)
Frederick H. Ecker, CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD • *Leroy A. Lincoln*, PRESIDENT
1 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

Collier's

WILLIAM L. CHENERY Editor
CHARLES COLEBAUGH Managing Editor
THOMAS H. BECK Editorial Director

WALTER DAVENPORT	Politics	WM. O. CHESSMAN	Art	W. B. COURTNEY	Germany
AIMEE LARKIN	Distaff	HENRY L. JACKSON	Fine Feathers	FRANK GERVASI	Mediterranean
QUENTIN REYNOLDS	England	GURNEY WILLIAMS	Humor	MARTHA GELLHORN	Articles
KYLE CRICHTON	Screen and Theater	DENVER LINDLEY	Articles	JIM MARSHALL	The Orient
KENNETH LITTAUER	Fiction	FRANK D. MORRIS	Articles	WM. HILLMAN	European Manager
JAMES N. YOUNG	Fiction	IFOR THOMAS	Photographs	ROBERT McCORMICK	Washington
MAX WILKINSON	Fiction	CLARENCE H. ROY	Syntax	JOHN T. FLYNN	Associate Editor

THIS WEEK

NOVEMBER 2, 1940

SHORT STORIES

PEARL S. BUCK
There Was No Peace. The stirring story of China's guerrilla mother. Page 9

ROARK BRADFORD
The Bible Boys' Cotton. A victory for Scriptures, the Widow Duck assisting. Page 11

FRANK FENTON
The High Cost of Love. A courtship that cost a fortune and was worth it. Page 14

HURD BARRETT
Stress Stuff. Hot tempers have no place in airplane factories. Page 16

THE SHORT SHORT STORY
True to Form, by Paul Jones. Page 13

SERIAL STORIES

MARGERY ALLINGHAM
Traitor's Purse. The ninth of ten parts. Campion begins to remember. Page 20

ERNEST HAYCOX
The Drifter. The fifth of ten parts. Keene is captured. Page 23

ARTICLES

WALTER DAVENPORT
Don't Say I Told You. Political roundup. Page 12

H. G. WELLS
Churchill. A great writer looks at England's Man of Destiny. Page 17

ED DANFORTH
Hot Magic. Georgia Tech, the Houdinis of football. Page 19

DAN PARKER
Hard Luck Champ. Ken Overlin, Rover Boy of the Ring. Page 21

●

FRELING FOSTER
Keep Up with the World. Page 6

EDITORIALS
And So to Camp.
Taper Off the Hysteria. Page 66

COVER LESLIE SHERMAN

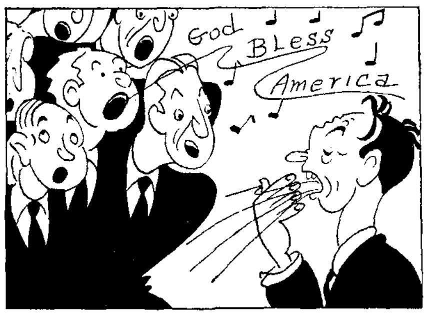
ANY WEEK

FROM Sharon, Vermont: "Mr. Chenery, Dear Sir: My Grandma received her Collier's for October 5, 1940, and on the cover you are using the American flag for a dog's blanket. I don't think it is patriotic and we are taught not to do it. I am 12 years old and am in the 7th grade at Beaver Meadow School, Norwich, Vermont. Yours sincerely, Joan Bingham."

FROM these offices: "Dear Joan: I am very glad you wrote me about the picture of the girl and the dog and the flag. I am also very glad that even at your age you feel moved to defend the American flag. Many brave young men from Vermont long ago helped to make that flag. I am glad that the young people still care about it. Of course I didn't think that the artist intended to suggest that the American flag was being used as a dog's blanket. I thought that what she was trying to say with her picture was that the American flag protects even the humblest of the victims of prejudice. In the last World War many people were afraid to keep their little dachshunds because dachshunds were considered German. I think that America means freedom from stupid prejudice and I am glad that all through our history this country has been a refuge for the unjustly oppressed. So, when Miss Sawyers drew her amusing picture of a pretty American girl protecting her poor little dog under the cover of our flag, it seems to me that she was expressing, through symbols, one of the finest and oldest of American traditions. Sincerely yours, William L. Chenery, Editor."

WE CATCH a small gleam in a bit of advice from Mrs. Sally D. Norman of Laredo, Texas. Mrs. Norman, long a student of "the Mexican situation," tells us that her part of the country is knee-deep in rumors that our State Department is considering "demonstrating its Good Neighbor Policy by returning Texas to Mexico as a gesture of good will." Inside of three months, goes on Mrs. Norman, "Texas, enlarged to include Mexico, would be knocking on the door seeking readmission to the Union. Very simple from the standpoint of the U.S.A. and a cleanup job Texas would admire to do."

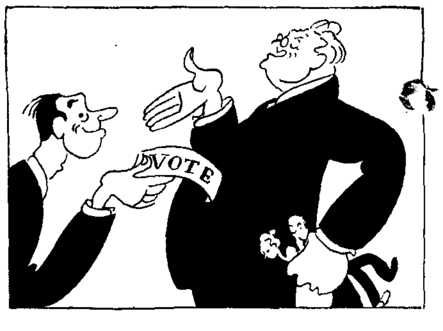
WHENEVER we're asked whether the United States is going to leap or be wheedled into the war we resolutely close our eyes and ears to signs and portents and shout, "Certainly not." While hoping for the best, however, we are doing our best to ignore omens. For example, our youngest and handsomest Pacific Coast agent reports that "our growing patriotism has reached dangerous heights." He was having lunch on a movie lot when a neighbor released a vigorous sneeze. "Gesundheit," cried our agent. Immediately he was reproved by several people who told him that German words and phrases didn't belong in a 100-per-cent American's vocabulary these days. "However," he goes on, "I have reinstated myself. When my neighbor sneezed again, I arose and led my table of six in singing God Bless America, assisted by the ninety-proof baritone of Mr. Bill Fields."



BUT whatever happens we can be depended upon to be completely unprepared for it. But Mr. Elvyn Wyatt of New Orleans, Louisiana, has figured it out for us. "The Willkie posters down this way," reports Mr. Wyatt, "promise peace and prosperity if he is elected. I tell you that if true prosperity came to this country millions would rise in revolt, scared to death that it was some sort of totalitarian trickery or a plot to force a free people to work for a living. I, who have just made a motor tour of Louisiana, Texas, Arkansas and Mississippi, am in a position to assure you that all you have to do to earn the epithet Nazi is to tell a man that you've got a nice job for him and that it won't be necessary any longer for him to hang around relief headquarters."

FOR the information of a large number of you who read André Maurois' articles in this magazine, telling in beautiful simplicity just what happened in and to France, those articles have been published in book form. Your bookshop will tell you the details. One of the letters we got as a result of Mr. Maurois' terrible story comes from Mr. Jean Desat Boussier of Detroit, Michigan. "What Maurois wrote scalded this French heart. My heart it will be French until it ceases to beat, being of the heart of France. My mind is all American. I am an American citizen. I am about to take up arms in the American Army, a willing, a happy conscript. How greater than all the political propaganda that comes from the mouths of seeking candidates is what Maurois tells. What happened in Paris must not happen in Washington. Let us remember this. Let us regard it as possible but at the same time impossible. It shall not happen. It must not happen. This must be uppermost in America's mind. The answer is No. Blood can be sweeter than peace."

ALONG with that we have a plea from Mr. E. H. Meyer of London, England. Mr. Meyer writes in the name of the Free German League of Culture in Great Britain. His letter advises us that among his associates are Stefan Zweig, the Bishop of Chichester, the Honorable Anthony Asquith, Laurence Housman, Julian Huxley, J. B. Priestley, Gilbert Murray, Storm Jameson, H. Wickham Steed and Dame May Whitty. Mr. Meyer asks us to do something about "the many German and Austrian anti-Nazis who have been transported from England to Canada where they are in internment camps." Something tells us that the problem is Canada's and that we'd do well to let Canada handle it. Nor do we feel equal to being very helpful to a gentleman in Erie, Pennsylvania, who faces what we'd call a nasty situation. "I am a German-born citizen of America," he writes. "My mother and father and two sisters live still in Germany. I am of the draft age. I am informed that if I enter the American Army it will be bad for my family in Germany. If I do not enter the Army, I shall not be able to hold a job in American industry. I do not wish to be interned. I read your magazine which is sensible. What is there for me?"



SO YOU see what a mess this department finds itself in. It's all very flattering to be asked to do something about things but we've got a few tough ones of our own and we're on the lookout for solutions. Besides, there are purely domestic situations that don't look any too wholesome. Here's Mr. Ed Meade Magoffin of Indianapolis, Indiana, who has written to President Roosevelt offering "a hoss trade." Mr. Magoffin tells Mr. Roosevelt that he will vote for him provided that Mr. Roosevelt "will meet him halfway." All Mr. Magoffin asks is that Mr. Roosevelt, if elected, try to save what's left of this country "without the assistance of Madame Perkins and Mr. Ickes." He was inspired to write like that to the President "by a conviction that thousands of Americans are awfully tired of looking at the former and listening to the latter." We think Mr. Magoffin's last line should fetch results. "Listen, Mr. President," writes he, "let's get together."

PRETTY cheap vote. . . . W. D.

Vol. 106, No. 18. Entered as second-class matter at Post Office, Springfield, Ohio, U. S. A., under Act of March 3, 1879, and at Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio, Publishers of Woman's Home Companion, The American Magazine, Collier's. Copyright, 1940, The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, in the United States, Canada and Great Britain. Executive and Editorial Offices: 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.; 6 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London. Published weekly at Springfield, Ohio, U. S. A. Joseph P. Knapp, Chairman of the Board; Thomas H. Beck, President; Albert E. Winger, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Gertrude B. Lane, Vice President; John S. Brehm, Vice President; William P. Larkin, Vice President; J. A. Welch, Vice President; Denis O'Sullivan, Secretary. Manuscripts or art submitted to Collier's, The National Weekly, should be accompanied by addressed envelopes and sufficient postage for their return. The Publisher assumes no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts or art. Price, 5 cents a copy in the United States; $2.00 a year, $3.50 for two years, in the United States and Possessions, also in Argentina, Balearic Islands, Bolivia, Brazil, Canary Islands, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, El Salvador, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Labrador, Mexico, Newfoundland, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Spain and Colonies, Uruguay and Venezuela. Price in Canada, 7 cents a copy; $3.00 a year; two years, $5.00; three years, $7.00. Foreign subscriptions including postage: $5.50 a year to all other countries. Remit by postal or express money order or check in United States funds to The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio. To avoid mistakes in delivery, subscribers should notify us of change of address five weeks in advance. Give both old and new addresses.

ed Car With
WER SHIFT
RA COST!

Here's where you get the Original Vacuum-Power Shift—*and get it without any additional charge*—80% automatic—only 20% driver effort

"The world's easiest gearshift." . . . It's yours in Chevrolet for '41. . . . And it's yours *without any additional charge!*

You'll be wise to insist on getting this famous Vacuum-Power Shift in your new car . . . because it makes gearshifting so much easier . . . because a hidden vacuum cylinder goes into action the minute you touch the lever and *supplies 80% of the gearshifting effort automatically* instead of making you do all the work yourself . . . because you merely direct the lever and vacuum shifts the gears!

Chevrolet introduced this great feature *three* model years ago. Chevrolet owners have been enjoying its advantages for three years, and telling their friends it has no equal for ease of operation. And, while basic improvements always bring imitation, this *Original Vacuum-Power Shift,* built as only Chevrolet builds it, is exclusive to Chevrolet as standard equipment at no extra cost!

Dollar for dollar . . . feature for feature . . . you'll say, "Again Chevrolet's the leader—first because it's finest!"

CHEVROLET MOTOR DIVISION, *General Motors Sales Corporation,* DETROIT, MICHIGAN

You'll Say "FIRST because it's FINEST!"

★ 90-H.P. VALVE-IN-HEAD "VICTORY" ENGINE ★ NEW LONGER WHEELBASE ★ LONGER, LARGER, WIDER FISHER BODIES with No Draft Ventilation ★ DE LUXE KNEE-ACTION on All Models, with Balanced Springing Front and Rear, and Improved Shockproof Steering ★ SAFE-T-SPECIAL HYDRAULIC BRAKES ★ THRILLING NEW BIGNESS in All Major Dimensions

EYE IT . .
TRY IT . .
BUY IT!

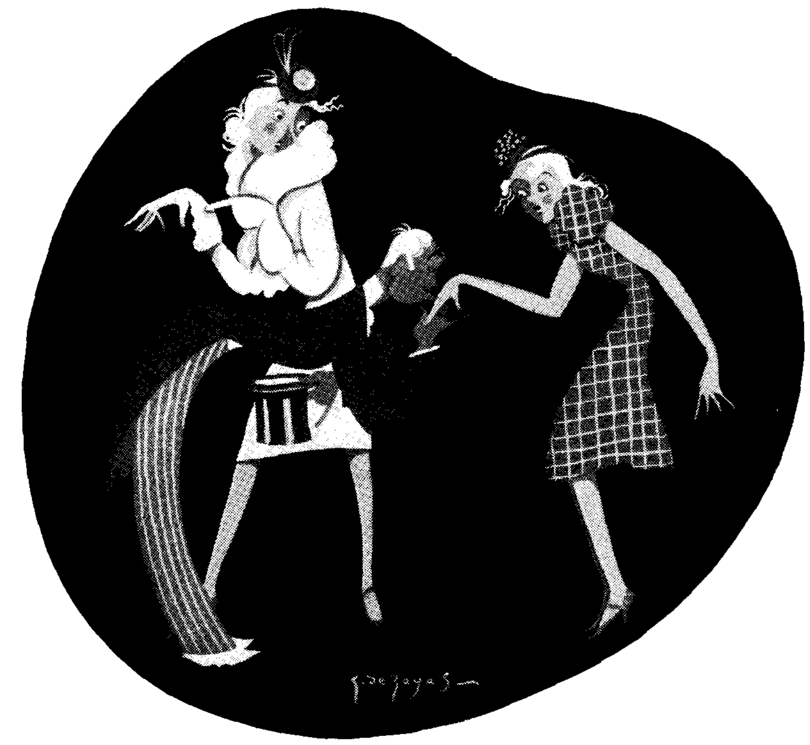
[illegible]

Sensational Bargain!
TO INTRODUCE THE
Listerine Throat Light
DUPONT LUCITE TONGUE DEPRESSOR
14 FLUID OUNCES
LISTERINE
ANTISEPTIC
ALCOHOL
Antiseptic, De
Germic
BOTH FOR 98¢
$1.50 VALUE
75¢ SIZE LISTERINE
75¢ LISTERINE THROAT LIGHT
AT ALL DRUG COUNTERS NOW!
Listerine THROAT LIGHT

WATCH YOUR THROAT. Simple sore throat is often a symptom of an oncoming cold. Better start gargling frequently with Listerine Antiseptic. This prompt and pleasant precaution may head off a cold or reduce its severity, once started.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, *St. Louis, Mo.*

GARGLE LISTERINE . . . QUICK!



KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

In Europe, gentlemen are supposed to kiss the hands of married women only, as a form of greeting and farewell, not those of young unmarried girls because it implies they are either matrons or spinsters. Lately, however, the men have made so many mistakes that some married ladies now wear an "OK" glove, which covers the thumb and first finger only, leaving the other fingers bare as an indication that they may be kissed without dire consequences.

Although 76 years have passed since the dedication of Statuary Hall in the Capitol at Washington, to which each state was invited to send statues of two distinguished deceased citizens, these ten states have never sent one: Colorado, Louisiana, Montana, Nevada, New Mexico, North Dakota, Oregon, Utah, Washington and Wyoming. *—By Fletcher Plumley, Washington, D. C.*

About eighty per cent of all attempted murders in this country are unsuccessful.*—By Grace Mellen, Seattle, Washington.*

Among some gypsy tribes of Europe, fat wives indicate that their husbands are good providers and keep them well fed. Consequently, portly women are in such demand that, at bride auctions, bids for them are often made at so much a pound, usually starting at about five cents.

The theremin is the only musical instrument that is played without being touched, the hands of the musician creating electrical impulses at a distance of several inches; the kettledrum is the only drum that has a definite pitch and must be tuned to the key in which it is to be played; and the pyrophone is the only instrument that produces hot music, its glass tubes emitting musical tones as a gas flame is played up and down within them.

Alpha Centauri, the nearest star to the earth, is 25,500 billion miles away, a distance approximately 275,000 times farther than that of the sun from the earth.*—By Fred Nash Campbell, Kansas City, Missouri.*

Few poems ever earned for their authors a finer or more appropriate memorial than did Trees, written by Joyce Kilmer shortly before he was killed in action in France on July 30, 1918. On July 30, 1936, the Department of Agriculture dedicated to his memory the Joyce Kilmer Memorial Forest, a magnificent virgin timber tract of 4,000 acres near Lake Santeetlah in North Carolina.

Two new inventions for the blind are: An illuminated cane made of lucite that contains a battery and can be seen for some distance in the dark, and an electrical system for institutions of the blind that enables the members to walk quickly to any room in the building by "staying on the beam," like air-line pilots, which they know they are doing while the buzzer in their hands continues to sound.

The "Liberty Glo," an ocean liner that struck a mine in the English Channel on December 5, 1919, was broken in two but did not sink. After floating safely to Ameland Island, a distance of ten miles, the two halves were salvaged, joined together and the ship restored to active service.

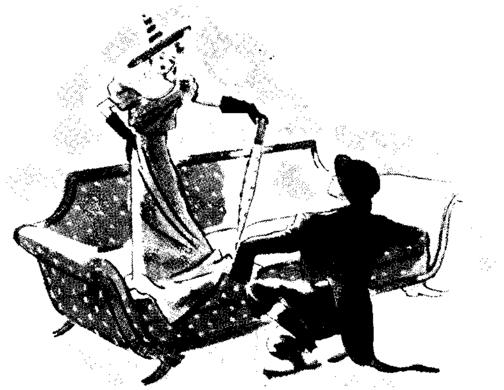
Some peasants in remote villages of eastern European countries still place a tub of water at the door of their homes when death occurs, so that the Grim Reaper, as he leaves, may wash his scythe.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher

Now... "Million Dollar" Luxury

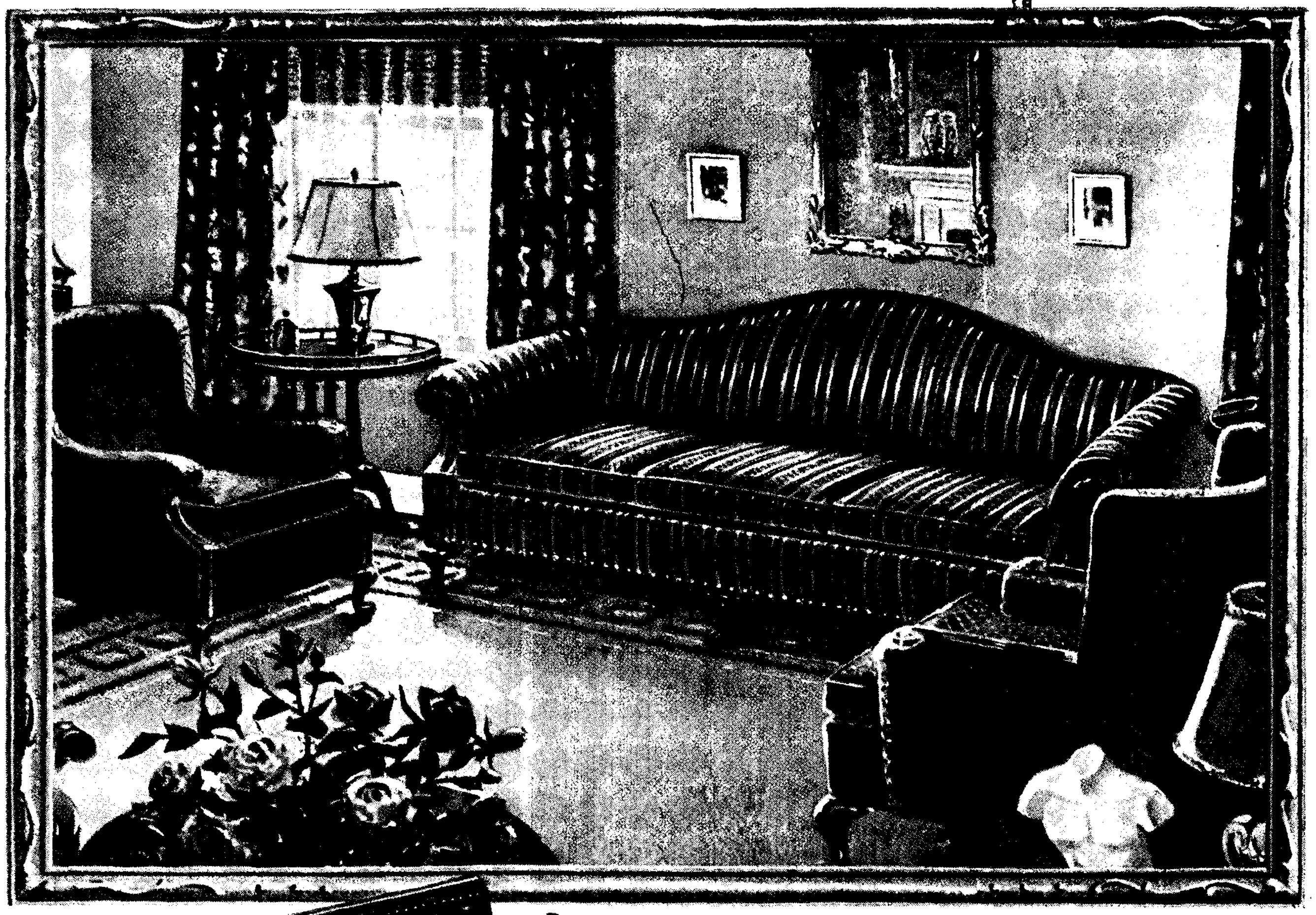
Built to Stand a "Heap o' Livin'!"

And Look at the Price... *Sofas* $59.50 AND UP



THEY said it was impossible to build true period furniture at moderate prices that would stand up in everyday family use. But here it is! Authentic period designs . . . in harmonized colors . . . with durable sturdiness and luxurious comfort never before possible . . . yet priced for the most limited budget. See this new Kroehler furniture at your Authorized Kroehler Dealer's. Learn how Kroehler's unparalleled hidden construction assures lasting durability.

KROEHLER MFG. CO., 666 LAKE SHORE DRIVE, CHICAGO, ILL.



Lawson A deep, loungy, 18th-century suite. Choice of many rich, long-wearing fabrics.

KROEHLER 5-STAR CONSTRUCTION ASSURES LASTING DURABILITY

★

SCIENTIFICALLY CONSTRUCTED HARDWOOD FRAMES

★

NON-SAGGING STEEL SEAT FOUNDATION

★

CLEAN, SANITARY FILLING MATERIALS

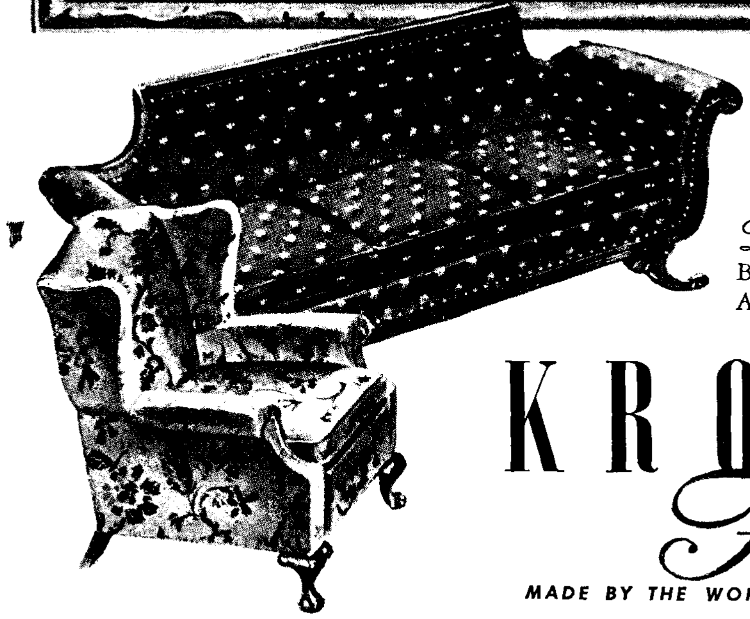
★

NONCOLLAPSIBLE SPRING-FILLED CUSHIONS

★

FINEST-QUALITY CRAFTSMANSHIP THROUGHOUT

FOR YOUR PROTECTION . . . look for the Kroehler label under the seat cushion.



Chippendale Authentic design, luxurious comfort. Carved woods are solid mahogany. Wide selection of covering fabrics.

Duncan Phyfe A true reproduction. Beautifully carved frame is genuine mahogany. Available in many colorful fabrics.

KROEHLER *Furniture*

MADE BY THE WORLD'S LARGEST FURNITURE MANUFACTURER

KROEHLER
COLOR HARMONIZER

Solve Your Color Problem with "Color Harmonizer"
Plan your living room color scheme around your Kroehler suite and let your Authorized Kroehler Dealer help you select inviting colors with the "Color Harmonizer."

The vase that waited till a dream came true

NEARLY THIRTY YEARS AGO, a man who was principal of a small town school in Illinois, married the kindergarten teacher in the same school.

On their honeymoon they visited Chicago. In those days, as now, no visit to Chicago was complete without a trip to the great store of Marshall Field.

Many were the wonderful things they saw in the store. But the one which the little ex-kindergarten teacher wanted above all others was an ancient Chinese vase like the one you see here. Her father had been a missionary in China and, as a child in that faraway land, she had loved these beautiful old porcelain vases.

This one brought back the sweet days of her childhood. However, it was expensive for them, almost a quarter of a year's pay. It must wait.

Years slid by. A girl came. Then two boys. The little teacher turned plumper and gray came to her hair. She almost forgot about the Chinese vase. But year after year as their wedding anniversary came round, the man thought about it, and there was a pang in his heart, because, much as he wished to buy the vase, he could not afford to do it. Families cost so much.

Before vases, before anything, it seemed to him, came the security of his loved ones. So he provided for their security in the way most men have found best, by putting away each month in life insurance the money that would have purchased, in time, the Chinese vase.

And he knew that he was right. For, if something should happen to him, there would be a living, not large but sufficient, for the beloved schoolma'm and their three children. Enough even to send the youngsters through college if they pitched in and helped.

The man grew older. The savings on his policy grew larger, and he had fewer and fewer premiums to pay. And then, one day, he realized that he had no more premiums to meet at all.

He and the kindergarten teacher whose hair was now white, but whose face was more lovely than ever, talked about it and decided life had been good to them. They had their home. Their children were educated. And the income from the insurance would take care of them the rest of their lives.

They took a second honeymoon. In Chicago they visited Marshall Field's where the happy groom guided his bride quietly to the corner where rare porcelains are sold. And at last the man and the woman bought their Chinese vase.

It was not the same vase, but one just as beautiful and even more precious. For it was not just a vase any longer, but a symbol of loving sacrifice. It was something that had been waited for while the things that were more important: security and the welfare of their loved ones, had been taken care of first.

The Travelers Insurance Company, The Travelers Indemnity Company, The Travelers Fire Insurance Company, Hartford, Connecticut.

Collier's The National Weekly for November 2, 1940

IOLA FREE PUB.
LIBRARY
IOLA, KANSAS

There Was No Peace

By Pearl S. Buck

ILLUSTRATED BY MARTHA SAWYERS

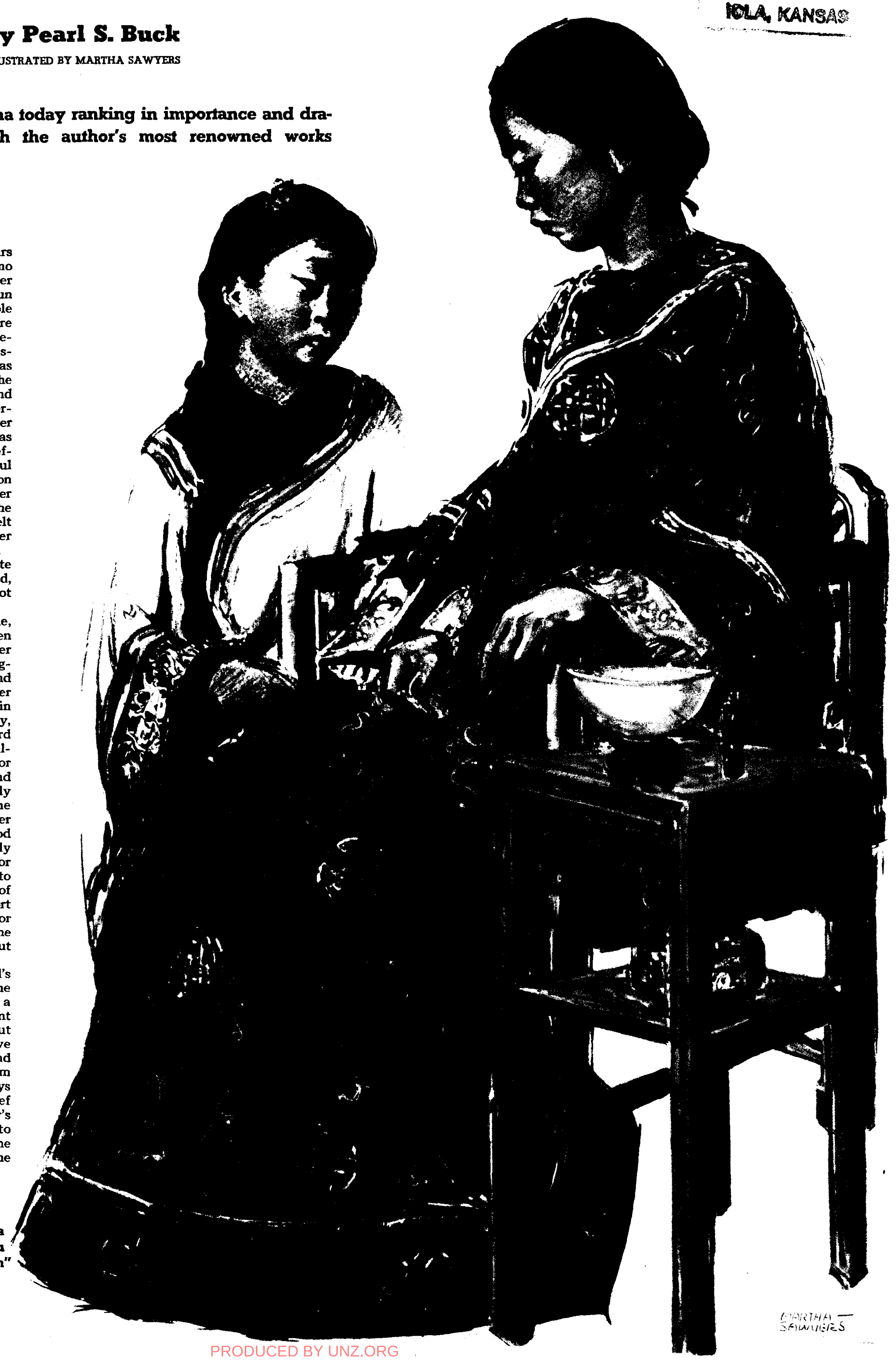
A short story of China today ranking in importance and dramatic intensity with the author's most renowned works

MADAME CHIEN was fifty years old and full of secrets. To no one in her life had she ever opened this vast store. She had begun its accumulation as soon as she was able to think, which was many years before Japan invaded China. Thought had begun, perhaps, when Madame Chien discovered that she was a girl, and this was when she observed a difference in the love her parents bestowed upon her and that given to her brother. The difference was qualitative. The love her brother received, although he was younger than she, was weighted with deference; that given to her was delightful and indulgent, but full of demands upon her services and without regard to her wishes or to the needs of her mind. She brooded upon this until one day she felt compelled to put a question to her mother. This brought a sharp answer.

"You may as well learn early as late that you are a woman," her mother said, "and being a woman that you cannot expect to be treated as a man."

Madame Chien, then a child of nine, made no reply to this. But from then on she began the accumulation of her secrets, storing them behind the impregnable wall of her unusual beauty and great charm. Thus while her brother was tutored in much learning, she sat in the next room, embroidering endlessly, but so near the door that she heard everything. She stole his books so skillfully that he did not miss them or thought them merely misplaced, and from them she learned to read, not only Chinese, but a little English and some Japanese. This was another of her secrets. No one knew she understood any foreign language, and no one really knew how well she read her own, or that she found comfort in repeating to herself pages from the philosophies of the sages, written only for the comfort of men. Indeed, had she gone up for examination instead of her brother she would have passed higher than he. But at seventeen she was married.

She took with her into her husband's house all her secrets. One was that she had ceased to believe in gods. In a household where women were ignorant and therefore superstitious and devout attendants at temples, all would have been shocked and even terrified had they known that the beautiful, calm young girl who spoke little and always gently had quietly put away all belief in gods. She had heard her brother's tutor explain too much science ever to believe in them again. But still she bowed her head decorously before the



"You may as well learn that you are a woman," her mother said, "and you cannot expect to be treated as a man"

household gods in her husband's house as she had in her father's, believing not in them but in their usefulness as objects of worship necessary for those ignorant enough to need them.

Still another of her secrets was her profound though kindly contempt for the ignorant and the stupid. She discovered, almost immediately, that her husband was among these, not because he was poor, but because he was too rich, the son and grandson of rich men. This was a deep blow, for she had dreamed of the companionship of an intelligent man. But she accepted the truth as she found it, and in her husband's presence she was always amiable and smiling, using only so little of her thought as was needful to carry on a conversation as he liked it. The rest of her mind she occupied with much pondering and thinking upon the many books she continued to read in secret.

AS YEARS passed she became more and more intelligent and wise and as her wisdom grew, more beneficent, so that her husband depended upon her for everything, even the direction of his vast inheritance of land and tenants, and certainly her four sons and three daughters learned all they knew from her. Without revealing any of her secrets as they actually were, she instilled into them the love of knowledge so that they sought its sources for themselves. None of them penetrated behind the impregnable wall of her beauty and her charm, which she varied for each so that to her husband she seemed all wife and lover, and each child thought himself her favorite.

Thus had passed her years. But there had been little of the peace she craved in her life. She was continually employed in the management of the great household and in settling the complaints and troubles it brought to her. Nor had the times into which she was born been peaceful. For she had experienced the threat of revolutions and the warfare between war lords that comes in times of change, and she had watched power taken from a single sovereign in the empire and bestowed upon many people in the newly made republic, though without hope. "For why," she thought, "should we expect many stupid persons to rule better than one?" So when taxes rose, when evils increased and quarrels were magnified, she was not cast down, being inwardly prepared and fortified from her secret stores.

There came a day when, bad having already gone to worse, it was evident to all that a foreign enemy had not only attacked the nation, but was winning a steady victory. Madame Chien had watched the advance of the Japanese from its first beginning in the far northern province of Manchuria to its present approach to her own home, which was in a small city near a southern seacoast. Now she knew that it was her duty to those remaining in her household to remove them to the inner country beyond the reach of the invaders.

It was when she was undertaking the organization of the huge household for flight that one day the greatest of her secrets took form in her mind. In the midst of confusion, terror and noise, in the midst of the loud talking of carriers and servants, she thought of how peaceful the house would be when they were all gone, and the house would be empty.

"I have never felt peace," she thought, "I have never heard silence."

The more she imagined this peace and silence, the more she longed to experience it. At last she felt compelled, and she cast about in her mind for ways. Her household was very large by now. Her four sons were all married and had their wives and children under her roof. Two of her daughters had gone to houses of their husbands, but the youngest was still with her. It was this youngest daughter, she decided, who was the only real responsibility, and this the more because she was also the prettiest. It was for her sake that Madame Chien, after much thinking, called to her side her own faithful old woman servant the night before they were to leave.

"Li Ma," she said, "I have an especial charge to put upon you."

"I will take it, Mistress," the sturdy old woman replied.

"It is no more than this—you are to stay always with your little third mistress, my youngest daughter," Madame Chien told her.

"That I will anyhow," Li Ma replied, "for I am always with you, Mistress, and on this journey you will keep her with you."

Madame Chien smiled. She had now disposed of her two chief charges, for Li Ma would have insisted on remaining with her and she wanted no one.

"Good night, faithful one," she said.

THEY were to start when dawn broke. The Japanese by now were none too far away. Madame Chien slept well in the knowledge of her newest secret, waking only a little before dawn. The servants were already busy and outside the compound wall three motorcars stood waiting. At the end of the good roads horses would be waiting to take them over the mountains and from there they would go into inner China and be safe.

She rose, and Li Ma came in to dress her. Everything was ready and the family party came out of the courtyards, weeping as they came. There was little hope that this house could be again as it had been for five generations of life. All knew that some sort of end was come. Madame Chien was at the last of the procession, "so that I may see that all is right," she had told them. She had asked her husband to lead the procession and so he went into the first car, and with him were the two eldest sons, their wives and children.

Immediately behind him were the two younger sons, their wives and children and some of the servants. The third car stayed for Madame Chien. In it already were the youngest daughter, Li Ma and all the young bondmaids. The two cars started, and the driver of the third set his engine going and ready. To this driver Madame Chien had come out an hour ago and said to him in a low voice when none was near:

"When I cry ready, and when you hear the door of the car slam, then go as fast as you can, and do not heed any clamoring from my daughter or the women. Do not stop for any cause until you are beyond the city gate."

This would have amazed him had she not first stupefied him with the amount of silver she put into his hand as she spoke. All he could do was to gasp:

"I will obey you, Mistress."

He did obey, therefore. He heard her low voice say "Ready." He heard the door slam, and he let the car leap forward. In all the din he heard the screaming of women's voices behind him, but remembering he was not to hear them, he did not, and the car rushed on to the city gate.

Madame Chien looked after it with quiet triumph. The city gates had been locked for many days, and they would be opened only a few moments at dawn for those who wished to flee. Then they would be instantly closed and opened for no one. She was safely left behind as she had secretly planned to be.

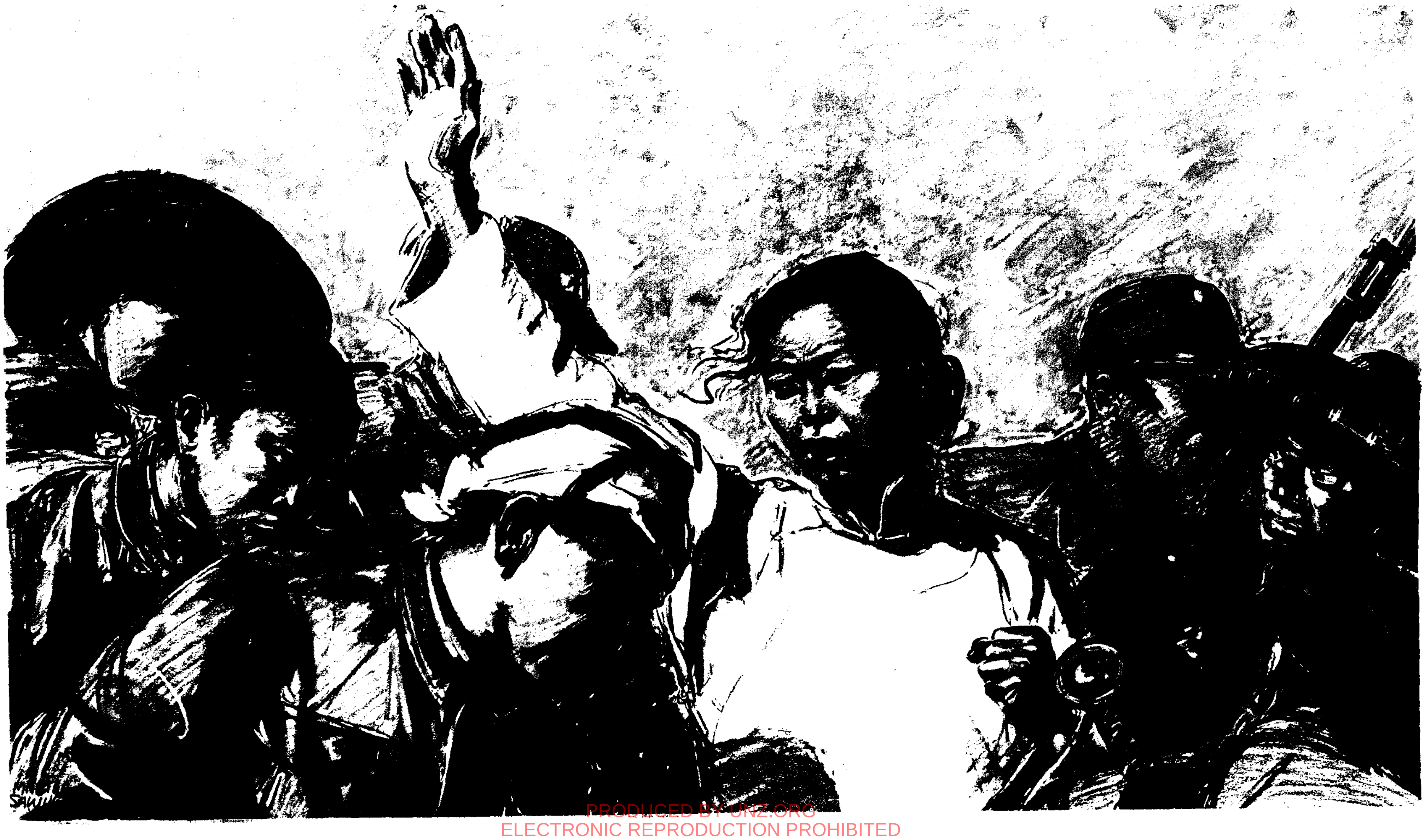
. . . The stillness about her was so intense that the world seemed to have stopped. She went back into her own gate and barred it. For the first time in her life, as long as she could remember, she was alone, and she had nothing to do. She smiled and sat down on a rock in the shade of a clump of bamboos in the main courtyard.

"I do not need to rise from this rock," she thought. "Not at least until I wish it."

So she continued to sit upon it quietly, enjoying the silence as she had dreamed she would. She did not even rise when

(Continued on page 46)

"You are stupid to run away from those little dwarfs," she cried. "Shame on you, sons of Han!"

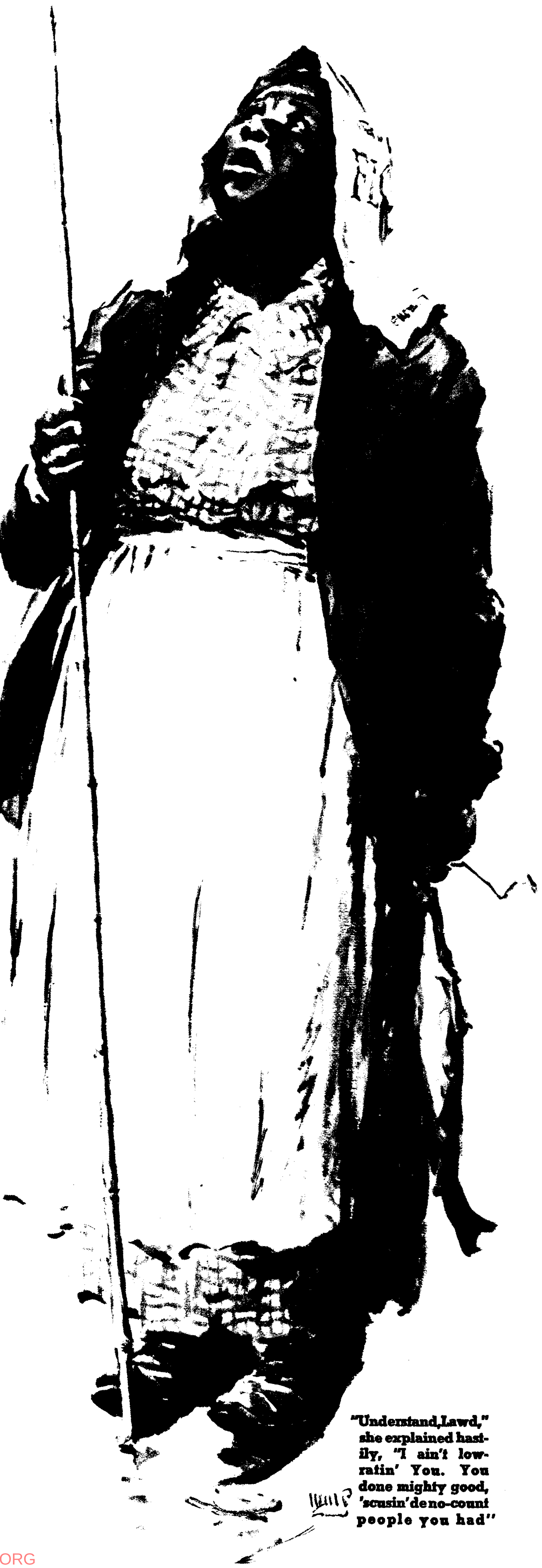


The Bible Boys' Cotton

By Roark Bradford

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM MEADE PRINCE

The Widow Duck knew the saying that "do good an' it'll come back seven times seven." And B'r Charlie learns that "wharfo' you doeth bad, you shall abide tharin'"



"Understand, Lawd," she explained hastily, "I ain't lowratin' You. You done mighty good, 'scusin' de no-count people you had"

RAIN fell all over Little Bee Bend plantation. Before noon it was apparent that the ground would be too wet to work even if the rain stopped then; but it didn't stop. In midafternoon Giles put on his boots and slicker and called on the Widow Duck.

"Hit's rainin'," Giles stated superfluously as he stepped upon the porch.

The Widow Duck, sitting in her split-hickory rocking chair, had been watching the weather for several hours. "Too much," she agreed.

Giles shed his slicker and boots.

"My field kin stand a shower," the Widow Duck said with pride. "Hit's clean er grass and jest been plowed."

"So kin ev'y yuther field on de place," the foreman pointed out. "But this rain!" He shook his head. He could see dead Johnson grass springing to life and sprouting long, green, cotton-choking roots before the fields became dry enough to work again.

The Widow Duck was not alarmed. "She either rain or she don't," she observed. "Whichever way hit pleasures de Lawd."

Giles objected. "Hit ain't jue to rain like dis, jest now."

"Efn hit please de Lawd, hit'll do it ev'y time," the Widow Duck said complacently.

The foreman had come for some crumb of reassurance and all he got was church talk. He didn't like it.

"You reckon," he inquired slyly, "would hit please de Lawd efn us got choked up wid Johnson grass and us didn't made no crop?"

The Widow Duck shrugged cheerfully. "De Lawd move in a mighty mystery," she explained. "Efn hit don't please de Lawd for hit to be like dat, well, you kin bet yo bottom dollar dat de Lawd will fix hit up so's hit will please Him."

"Hit won't please me none," Giles growled.

"Well, den, you do somethin' about hit."

Giles said nothing. These battles between the Widow Duck's faith and Giles' realities were of long standing.

"De Book say," the Widow Duck went on, " 'twile ye tharfo' in de field for ninety days and shall unto you be given a crop er cotton next fall.' And countin' us had to plant over after dat cold spell last spring, us done might' nigh twiled dem ninety days." She paused to look across the bayou. Knee-high cotton had begun to bloom. "A few licks hyar and yonder and pickin' will jest about make dem ninety days."

"Yeah," Giles complained, "efn hit's anything to pick. Efn de Johnson grass don't choke hit out, and efn de hot sun on dat water-soaked ground don't hatch out mo' bull weevils den us kin pizen off, us'll make a crop. Maybe."

"De Book is a promise," the Widow Duck said.

"Efn dat what de Book say," Giles argued, "den de man which writ de Book is wrong."

The Widow Duck bristled. "Giles! De Lawd writ de Book!"

"And what I say still goes."

"I knows you ain't gonter set on my front po'ch and try to tell me de Lawd is wrong," the Widow Duck said emphatically.

Giles knew when to stop arguing; but his reputation as the smartest cotton raiser in the Red River bottoms deserved something more than a surrender, even though capitulation was to his best friend. "Maybe hit's been some changes made since de Lawd raised cotton," he suggested. "Maybe dey didn't had Johnson grass in dem days."

The Widow Duck wished for a showdown on the issue no more than did Giles, yet at the same time she knew something about cotton herself. For some reason her field always yielded a few more pounds than anybody else's.

"Maybe," she conceded. "But f'm what little bit I been able to learn about raisin' cotton endurin' de last sixty-odd years, hit do seem like to me hit about av'ages up to 'bout ninety days er workin' and 'bout one crop er cotton ev'y fall."

"YOU works ninety days," the foreman tabulated, "and you wearies de rest er de time. You spends ninety days hopin' hit will rain, and den you spends another ninety days hopin' hit won't rain. Dat leaves about ninety days to weary 'bout is yo' crop gonter bring enough to pay out on last year so's you kin git enough credicks to make next year's crop."

Giles paused and looked toward the sky. The downpour was slackening. The Widow Duck was beaming. "I'd 'a' hated to bust a chair over dat boy's haid for tawkin' agin de Lawd at my house," she thought.

"And dat," the foreman concluded, slipping on his boots and slicker, "leave about fo' or five days lef' over to go fishin'. Whyn't you git out and snag some er dem young gars and send me a couple for my supper?"

After Giles left, the Widow Duck continued to sit and rock while she reviewed the conversation. It had, she decided, come out just about right. "Giles know mo' 'bout raisin' cotton den anybody alive," she chuckled. "Next to de Lawd."

She arose and went to her kitchen. "And jest cause he so smart-tawkin', I'm fixin' to ketch him some fish."

She cut a small piece of salt meat and returned to the porch where she dragged down a fishing pole and a piece of hay wire. "Dem baby gars oughter bite fast, now, wid de new water runnin' in," she decided.

(Continued on page 40)

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY IFOR THOMAS

Head spark plug of the Willkie campaign, hard-working Joe Martin shows the strain of his arduous job as the campaign closes

Don't Say I Told You

By Walter Davenport

Before this issue of Collier's is a week old, you will have helped sign a four-year lease on the White House. Mr. Roosevelt will know whether to summon a moving van. Mr. Willkie may be looking for a job. But Joe Martin will still be reaching for the headache medicine. Here, then, are our last-minute flashes from Collier's political outposts

THE Honorable Joe Martin brushed his thinning hair out of his eyes. Virtually every official Republican who had any hair left was doing the same thing. Since Philadelphia, when the party had launched itself upon a furious and noisy but undisciplined crusade, the gesture had become a party symbol—in lieu of a slogan.

But for Mr. Martin, the harassed chairman of the Republican national committee, it was a gesture of vast weariness and not the compliment of imitation. A practical politician of the conventional if not the old school, Mr. Martin had just about reached the limit of his endurance. What he had been trying to beat into a Republican organization had become a political dude ranch. Worse, at the moment it was a dude ranch on a rainy day.

On his desk, delivered in sheaves by apologetic section heads and hangdog field observers, lay piles of reports. Between meetings with fear-filled businessmen, halfhearted state leaders and entranced amateurs who had seen the glory of the coming, Mr. Martin had read them. And now and then he had paused to wonder who had written them, Republicans or Democrats. Presently, so similar were they in lack of spirit, so alike in want of faith, he could recite them by heart or give you odds what the next beneath his hand would have to offer: Shoals of melancholia. Seas of doubt. Clouds of timidity that told at great length of the strength of Mr. Roosevelt and the impossible task of Mr. Willkie.

And to make things worse here were letters from Republican congressmen (and congressmen in person) scared to their heels for their jobs. With few exceptions they sang the same jeremiad: They could win for themselves but not for Willkie. With few exceptions they made the same suggestion: That they concentrate on state tickets and shake Willkie off their shoulders. Maybe (mind you, maybe) they could ballyhoo the trend of 1938 into a Republican majority in the House of Representatives. Thus they could dig the New Deal's grave—gravediggers that they were.

So Mr. Martin brushed the hair out of his eyes. His face got red. His eyes, of a sudden, took fire. A shock of rage surged through his short, rugged body, squaring it, chasing fatigue. A swift sweep of his arm took care of the reports. His other hand smacked hard on the bank of call buttons on his desk, fetching a group of startled secretaries, their notebooks open, their pencils alert. But Mr. Martin had no letters to dictate. At the moment he hated letters and letter writers.

"Send them in—everybody," said he. "Everybody—reception rooms, offices, all of you, big and little. Come in—everybody. I have something to say."

Alas, no one took notes of what Mr. Martin said. When we got there, dropping in in a routine way, it was all over. Republicans great and small, district managers, propagandists, greeters, howlers, collectors, young ones, old ones and

(Continued on page 58)

True to Form

By Paul Jones

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE ● ILLUSTRATED BY GILBERT DARLING

CELIA WARNER had been Joe Craig's secretary for two years. A nice girl and extremely pretty, she had always struck him as inhumanly efficient, even for New York.

Now she seemed different. Looking at her as she stood in front of his desk with a sheaf of papers in her hand, Joe saw that she had tied in her honey-colored hair a little lover's knot of blue ribbon. In itself an absurd trifle, with no functional purpose whatever, the tiny beau catcher was important because it transformed her in his eyes from a high priestess of order and discipline into something more exciting and far more desirable.

Joe couldn't take his eyes from it without an effort. Her cheeks turned a lovely pink and she repeated her last question.

"Of course, by all means," he said, pulling himself together. "Take the deposits to the bank when you go to lunch. Was there anything else?"

"Mr. Gilderoy is back from lunch and wants to see you as soon as you can manage it."

"I'll see him right away." Mr. Gilderoy, as division head from the Pittsburgh factory, was over Joe, the New York branch manager. "How is he?"

"In a very bad humor. He's waiting in the conference room." She paused. "Is that all?"

Joe felt embarrassed as he took an envelope from his desk drawer. "You might leave this at the cigar stand on your way out of the building."

"I'll take care of it." There was no hint of disapproval in her impersonal tone. "How much is it this time? I'll have to enter it in your personal checkbook."

"Fifty dollars on Scaramouche to win the third race at Pimlico. Fellow gave me the tip at the club last night. He ought to pay 20 to 1."

Celia made a note on her pad. "That brings your bank balance down to eleven dollars."

"I know," he said, with a resentment justified by nothing in her manner. He knew as well as she did how much he lost on the races. "That'll be all for just now."

She went out, and Joe straightened his tie, preparatory to seeing Mr. Gilderoy. His mind was partly occupied with the coming interview and partly taken up by the chances of Scaramouche. In a way he wished now that he could withdraw the bet. A fellow was a dope to try to make money from the ponies. In the past year he must have lost more than nine hundred bucks, almost a fifth of his salary.

That was an awful lot of dough, he thought sourly, leaving his office and turning toward the conference room, even if a guy was single, as he was, and lived at his college club, where it didn't cost much to get by. With nine hundred dollars, if he had it in the bank, he could rent a small office, and start out on his own as a factory sales representative. It would be a gamble, but a better one than horse racing, at that.

Of course, now, if Scaramouche won . . . but Joe was past the point where he could believe in any such good fortune. The nags he picked hadn't been in the money more than half a dozen times in two years, he reminded himself gloomily.

SESSIONS with the division manager were never hilarious, but this one was exceptionally dull. Mr. Gilderoy had the records of all the accounts spread out on the table, and they went over them one by one. Then Mr. Gilderoy fired him. It seemed that in the opinion of Pittsburgh, Joe spent entirely too much time on racing sheets and too little on his customers.

Walking back to his own office, Joe found himself considerably shaken. He had often said it would be a relief to get away from the Ensco outfit. But this was not the way he had pictured leaving.

Alfred, the errand boy, was getting a drink. "Ask Miss Warner to see me at once," Joe said.

"Gee, Mr. Craig, I don't know whether she's coming back this afternoon. She looked awful sick."

Joe's heart jumped. "What was the matter?"

"She fainted in the elevator, about half an hour ago."

"Was it anything serious?"

"Gee, I don't know. One minute I was telling Mike the elevator operator about this goat Scaramouche coming in first at Pimlico, and the next thing I knew, Miss Warner kind of slipped to the floor of the car in a dead faint. When we got up here, I brought her some ice water, but as soon as she came to, she went right down again in the same elevator. She didn't look so bad, Mr. Craig," Alfred reassured him. "Only awful pale and kind of scared."

"You shouldn't have let her go out alone," Joe said severely. Then something clicked into place in his brain, and he seized Alfred by his thin shoulder. "Did you say Scaramouche won?"

"Gosh, whatsamatter, Mr. Craig? You look like you're going to faint yourself."

"I may at that. What did he pay?"

"Scaramouche? Gee, he came in first all right, but he was disqualified for interference. He didn't pay nothing."

"Pour me a drink of water, Alfred," Joe said calmly. He drained the paper cup of despair and turned to see Celia coming down the hall.

SHE looked white and terribly nervous as they went into his office. "You'd better sit down," he said.

"Oh, thank you. There's really nothing wrong with me." But she seemed glad to sit down. "It was just that when I heard about Scaramouche . . ."

"Forget the horse." He was still holding the back of her chair and it seemed natural and right to move his hands to her shoulders in a reassuring gesture. "I was worried about you, Celia. Funny, I never felt that way about anybody else."

"Oh, Joe!" She turned her face up to his and he looked down into her eyes and before he knew what he was doing he kissed her. "Really, Joe?"

"Really." He kissed her again. "I ought to warn you, Celia. I'm not the best prospect in the world. They just fired me."

"I don't care, Joe. I'm glad. You can get a small office of your own. I could help, at the beginning."

"Sure," he said bitterly. "If I hadn't thrown so much money away on the races. If I'd had the sense to save something."

Celia's eyes widened. "But look what you won on Scaramouche, Joe!"

He saw her take a firm package of new fifty-dollar bills from her handbag. "Where did you get that?" he asked sternly.

"Why—the usual place, Joe," she faltered. "Is anything wrong?"

"It must be a very unusual place," he said. "Scaramouche was disqualified."

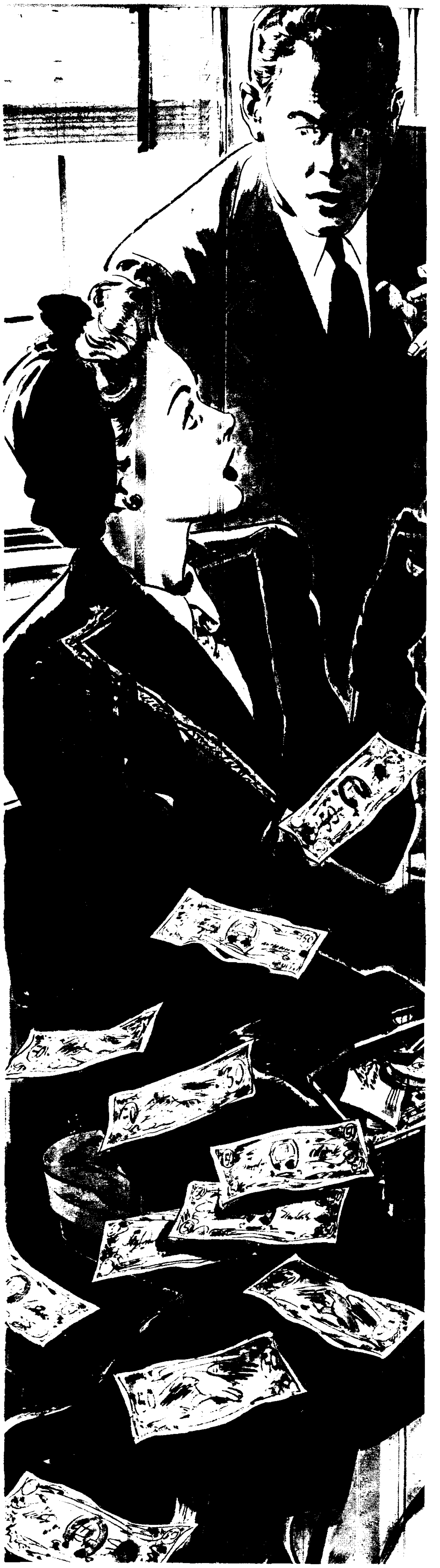
"Disqualified?"

"That's what I said. You'll have to take the money back. Or the bookie will be after you with a gun."

"But I can't take it back." The bank notes scattered on the floor as her hands fluttered helplessly. "Oh, Joe, I think I'm going to faint again."

He put his arms around her. "Now, look, honey, it's just our hard luck. I'll take it back. Where did you place the bet, at the cigar stand? That's where you've been going, isn't it?"

"Yes . . . that is, no . . . I mean, Joe, don't be angry with me, will you? It sounds awful, but for over a year, I haven't given any of your money to those old bookmakers. I opened another bank account—here's the book—and every time you made a bet, I'd just deposit the money. Of course, when you won, I'd have to draw some out again, but generally it just kept mounting up. Until today. I thought I'd die, when I heard Scaramouche won. Because I knew I'd be thirty-two dollars short, if he paid 20 to 1, and I had to hurry and get the money out of my own savings account to make up the difference—oh, Joe, now *you* look as if *you're* going to faint! I'd better get you some ice water."



"You'll have to take the money back," Joe said. "But I can't take it back," she told him. The bank notes scattered on the floor

The High Cost of Love

By Frank Fenton

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN HOLMGREN

A romance that cost the hero twenty-two thousand dollars—with a girl who'd have settled for the principle of the thing

CY BRANDERS drove a car from one Ohio town to another selling what the advertising folder described as the people's favorite panacea for a parched throat, a concoction otherwise and more popularly known as *Vitalime*. It was a rather tart drink, capable of slaking the thirst and momentarily sweetening a hot day's disposition. Cy Branders' sales technique was simple but effective. He gave the prospective customer a drink of *Vitalime* and talked baseball.

In the autumn he varied this approach by talking football, while in winter he switched to basketball or bowling. And such an accurate sports prognosticator was he that for some years his name was almost legendary. No doubt it was this, rather than the excellence of the soda pop he sold, that procured for him a fairly solid livelihood.

He lived a simple and almost frugal life, his home being a small bachelor apartment in the state capital, his only excursions into the world of pleasure being his attendance at every athletic event he could find. He never took a woman with him, not because he disliked women, but because he could neither understand nor tolerate their colossal ignorance of sports. As a consequence of this, he had little time to spare for them, but he had his dreams.

Perhaps it is better to say that he had his dream. And she was pretty wonderful. He gave her lake-blue eyes and a figure like Ginger Rogers. He could imagine her playing tennis like Alice Marble or golf like Patty Berg, or even being able to keep a box score of a world series. Once he thought he saw her at a football game. But it wasn't she; it was Ginger Rogers. And still he had not found her.

Now, as he entered the thirtieth summer of his life in the year 1940, a very strange thing happened to him. He found himself a silent observer of the greatest and bloodiest sport of all, the game of war. Over the dashboard radio, as he toured the little Ohio towns, he heard the news of ominous and fantastic events. A hundred voices came day and night across the air waves telling of the impending doom of civilization. An iron hand was shaking the tree of life and like rotten apples, proving a strange new law of gravity, nations fell.

Cy Branders listened. Wherever he went on his route now the talk was different. It was no longer baseball or football. It was war. Adolf Hitler had slapped his glove across Democracy's face and a cold anger ran down the spine of the country. Everywhere he went Cy was asked the same question: Can the Nazis do it? And, according to that racing form that is history, Cy thought it wasn't in the books.

But as the days passed the wonders never ceased. Dunkirk came with its desperate miracle, but there was no second miracle to save the Somme. It was like going to bat against Rube Waddell with a broomstraw. It was like playing against Gene Sarazen with a hockey stick. Cy Branders drove along and shook his head lugubriously. And France fell.

The British backed against their wall. The big bear in the north nudged down the map another inch. Talk came of peacetime conscription in the United States, and Cy Branders took stock of himself.

It was hard to figure out, but some things were pretty clear. He was a bachelor with no dependents except a cur dog and that wouldn't exempt him. He wasn't afraid to fight, or even wholly disinclined, but that wasn't what was bothering him. When he figured out what it was, and finally made up his mind, he walked into the office of his sales boss, Big Joe Benford, and said: "Joe, I gotta quit."

Benford said: "Sit down, Cy," and lighted a new cigar. When it was burning good he went on: "Okay, now what is your beef?"

"Well," Cy said, "the world is in a hell of a shape. Right?"

"It's been better," Benford agreed.

"All right," Cy said, "this is my idea: I got twenty-two thousand dollars in the bank which I worked eight years for. Now if those Nazi guys come out on the long end then I got nuthin'. I'm confiscated. I'm either workin' for doughnuts and water or I'm in one of them camps. Right?"

"You said something," Benford muttered glumly.

CY STRETCHED out his long legs and filled his pipe. "On the other hand," he continued, "the world is a big hunk for anybody to bite off, and the United States ain't exactly a nibble. Only that means that when the whistle blows I'm gonna have to get in my uniform. Which leaves me two things: either I'm gonna wind up a Nazi or I'm gonna be out there threshing around in a tank."

"That's what it looks like," Benford murmured.

"All right," Cy said, sitting up again, "so what was I saving my dough for? So when I had plenty I could sit back and blow it any way I wanted to. Well, that's what I'm gonna do now while I still got a chance. I'm goin' out there and cut that bankbook down to a little zero. I figure I got six months. Well, I'm gonna be a rich guy for them six months. I'm gonna take a big trip."

"Then what?" Benford asked thoughtfully.

"Then I don't give a darn," Cy said and got up.

Benford shrugged, rolled his cigar and held out his hand. "Have yourself a hell of a time," he said. "You sound pretty crazy, but you don't sound any crazier than the newspapers."

They shook hands and Cy walked out. He went down to the bank and drew out his savings. "I'm going away," he told the clerk.

"Where to?" the clerk asked.

"There ain't any place left but west," Cy said. "I'm goin' out to California and Hawaii."

"I hope you get there before the Japs do," the clerk said, and handed Cy twenty-two thousand dollars.

That afternoon Cy bought three suits of clothes, a map of the United States and a low-slung gray roadster. He had dinner in the best restaurant in town, gave the landlady fifty bucks to pack and store his possessions, and then, as the sun began to set, he headed out of town and was winging along through Illinois by midnight.

IN NEBRASKA he put the top down. In New Mexico he put it back up. In Arizona he picked up a sweating hitchhiker whose name was Thurman Aldrich. Thurman was short, stocky and hairy; he looked aggressive but his eyes were dreamy. As he massaged his feet in the seat beside Cy he said, "I run away from a CCC camp three years ago, and I been following the horses, just like the horse I generally bet on. Now I'm on my way to Santa Anita and them West Coast tracks."

Cy looked at him thoughtfully and said, "You must have took a helluva beating in the East."

"You said it," Thurman replied. He angled his feet out the window to cool them off. "You got yourself a piece of automobile here," he went on, "but you ain't got any radio. How come?"

"I'm not gonna listen to a radio or look at a newspaper for six months," Cy said. "I'm just gonna have fun. Now I'll tell you what I'll do with you. If you can drive a car, I'll put you to work drivin' this one and give you a hundred bucks a month and your meals."

"You got a chauffeur," Thurman said.

Thurman could drive. He drove fast and well, after the feel of the car made him forget all the trucks he had handled. He played safe with the law and never attempted to interpret a lady driver's hand signals. So Cy sat in the back seat and dozed and looked at the blue skies until they swung across the desert and across the hills into Los Angeles. Then he said to Thurman, "Go straight on to Hollywood and ask a cop which is the swankiest hotel in town."

When the first cop they met was unable to make a forthright decision on the matter, they drove around the town shopping for an apartment house and finally registered at the Garden of Mohammed. This curious hostelry was a collection of bungalows grouped in a trim grove of eucalypti. It was at once beautiful and exotic, and it was very expensive. Behind the semicircle of bungalows was an expanse of lawn and there lay a tiled swimming pool, blue and chlorinated and shimmering in the sunlight.

Thurman said: "This Mohammed does all right." They were drinking two Scotches in the bungalow and Thurman was pressing his coat. Cy was studying a map of Hollywood. "Thurman," he said, "maybe tomorrow you better go out and buy a uniform."

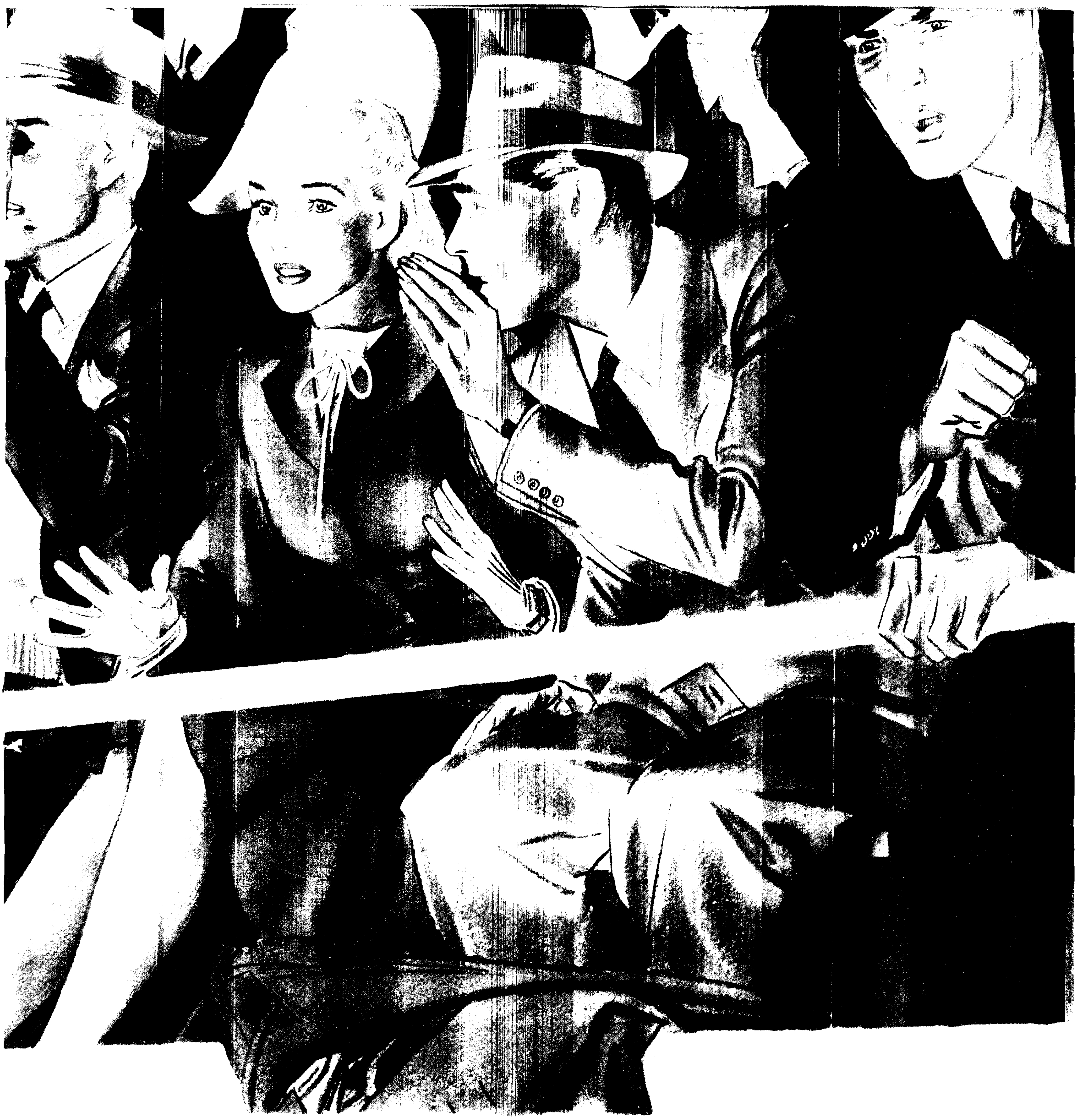
Thurman put down the iron. "You're a swell guy," he said, "and I owe you something. But I'm a democrat and I don't wear any man's monkey suit." He looked at Cy and waited for an answer.

"You'll wear one yet," Cy said, "but if you don't want to get used to it, all right, get yourself a democrat suit, because we're gonna try and cover this town. You just name a place and we'll start from there."

Thurman said, "Santa Anita."

THEY slept between satin covers. They breakfasted in bed, and left for Arcadia at noon. The day was cool and brilliant. The scent of orange blossoms blew across the highway. Cy sprawled in the back seat and drew deep breaths. All his dreams came back to him.

In the front seat Thurman was yelling back, as though it had just occurred



He suddenly leaned closer to her and said, "Alicia, will you marry me?" She looked straight ahead and said nothing

to him: "Say, who in the hell are you, anyway?"

Cy Branders smiled. "I'm your boss," he said.

They sat in a box at the clubhouse and Thurman studied the racing form. Cy gazed at the flower-filled infield, at the thoroughbreds prancing toward the barrier, at the beautiful women on every side. He vaguely recognized the faces of famous actresses. He looked at everything but his program. Then he looked at Thurman and Thurman said, "This is what always throws me. I can squeeze any race down to a couple of horses, and then I'm just guessing. So this one is between Playmate and Sutter's Gold. I'm gonna shove five across on Sutter's Gold."

Cy reached in his pocket and took out a handful of bills and gave them to Thurman. "Put this on Playmate," he said. Thurman looked at the money and whistled softly. "How much?" he asked.

"Whatever it is," Cy said, and watched Norma Shearer walk away from the paddock.

Playmate moved up from fifth position at the stretch turn, came fast on the outside and won in a drive, paying eight-sixty to win, four-eighty to place and three dollars to show. Thurman tore up his tickets mechanically. "Just like I told you," he said. Then he beamed. "You cleaned up good," he said. "Three hundred on the nose . . . eight-sixty . . . that's around twelve hundred smackers!"

"Keep half of it," Cy said. "It was your horse. I just played against your luck."

Thurman walked down to the pay-off windows in a daze. He racked his brain but he could not remember ever meeting such an incredible man. Five times on this memorable afternoon he repeated this performance. One race they did not bet because he could only see one horse. The eighth race they lost on Thurman's best bet of the day, so Cy bought the filly, the name of which was June M., for one thousand dollars, and made a present of her to the astounded Thurman. A race horse and four thousand dollars richer, they drove back

(Continued on page 63)

Building a modern fighting plane is no job for a man of short patience

STRESS STUFF

By Hurd Barrett

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY MORSE MEYERS

HANNIBAL SCIPIO SMITH—better known to his contemporaries as the Efficiency Kid—parted a slit in the canvas wall that encloses Western Aircraft's Physical Test Department, and peered inside. Physical Test is where—aided by lead weights, deflection sticks, hydraulic jacks and other instruments of torture—Western's engineers twist, bend, crush and otherwise mangle full-sized test models of each new Western design, to find out whether the pencil pushers upstairs have figured their stresses right.

On this particular morning—as it had been for some weeks past—the enclosure was principally occupied by a dilapidated, paint-smeared and thoroughly wretched-looking model of Western's new bimotored attack bomber—XAB-212. Skip took one look at it and groaned; for while he had left the test model intact at quitting time the day before, this morning its left-hand outer wing drooped wearily downward to the cement floor, rather in the manner of a pair of trousers that has been thrown carelessly across the seat of a chair.

Skip sighed deeply. This was the third wing that had failed under test; the first ship was four weeks late for flight; and Engineering had slapped so many stop-work orders on the contract that half the help in the factory was standing around picking daisies. Which facts—added to the onus they put on Skip, in his new job as production man in charge of the contract—weren't exactly helping along the cause of either the national defense or of Ray D'Arcy, Western's test engineer. Bagley, the chief engineer, had been riding D'Arcy hard; and Skip had an instinctive sympathy for an underdog. In this case, though, D'Arcy had rejected, with asperity, all Skip's efforts and advice.

"It's sure too bad," he muttered to himself, "that some people won't listen to reason. . . ." He thrust his red head and one arm through the slit in the canvas, uttered a sibilant "Pst!" and beckoned vigorously to Stubby Brown, the department clerk, who was leaning sleepily against the floor desk. Stubby jumped as if he had been shot, glanced quickly around him to see that he was not observed, and edged his way toward the slit.

Stubby—like most of Western's personnel—regarded Skip as a menace, who inevitably brought havoc in his wake but who somehow managed, through a series of miracles, to bring order out of the maelstroms he stirred up. Skip's tenure as an employee of Western Aircraft, Stubby was convinced, would not be long-lived. Sooner or later, something would happen that would bring him into irremediable conflict with the powers that be. Stubby would be sorry, of course, when this occurred; for Skip's adventures provided a panacea against boredom. Nevertheless, it was just as well for a fellow to protect himself. Particularly, in view of what had happened the night before, when Skip and D'Arcy had admonished Stubby in no uncertain terms that henceforth Skip would be strictly *persona non grata,* in, on or around the test enclosure.

"You shouldn't come down here," he said nervously. "D'Arcy's sore as a boil this morning."

Skip jerked his head at the crumpled wing. "How much load did it take this time?" he asked.

Stubby moistened his lips and looked uncomfortable. "Listen," he said, "I'm not so sure I ought to tell you. D'Arcy said for me to keep you away from here so he could tend to his work."

"Yeah," said Skip unctuously. "I know. All he wants me to do is to have wings built for him to break up. That's the trouble with engineers. All they think about is their own problems. . . . Did the main spar turn loose again?"

Stubby nodded. "We worked all night," he said. "Everything went okay until an hour ago. Then the whole shebang just fell apart. You should have heard D'Arcy cuss," he added, admiringly. "He was standing on the wing and it flipped him about twenty feet."

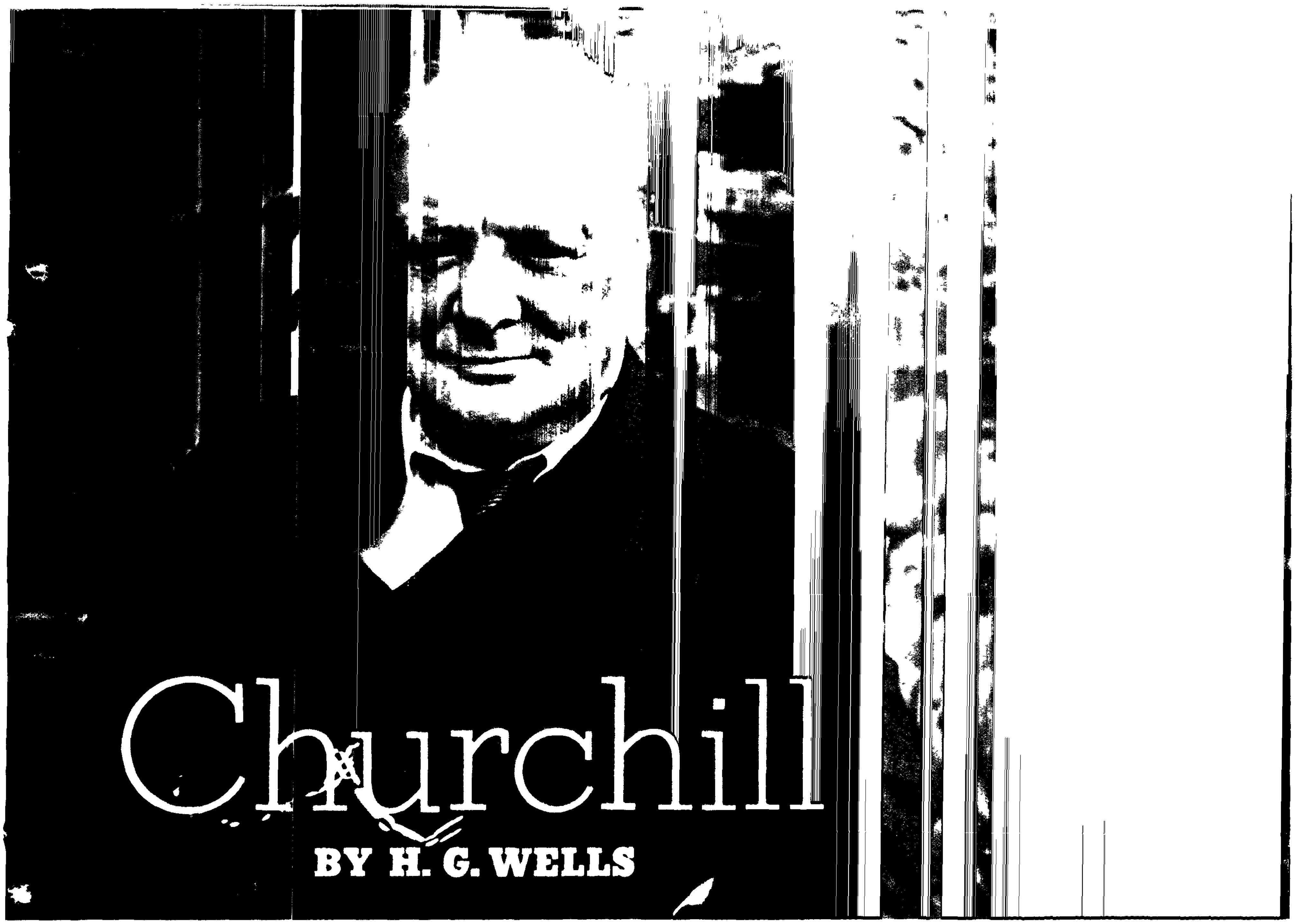
"Hurt him?" asked Skip.

Stubby shook his head. "No. He lit running."

"I'm glad of that," said Skip. "He isn't really a bad sort of guy, except for being so pigheaded. I suppose now, though, he wants me to build him another wing before dinnertime?"

Stubby nodded. "I already got a change sketch on it." He pulled a folded piece of onionskin paper out of his pocket, and handed it to Skip. Skip studied it. D'Arcy, he noted, was calling for a heavier gauge of sheet metal on the web of the *(Continued on page 32)*

"Listen," said D'Arcy, "I'm in no mood to be trifled with. I don't like you"



Churchill

BY H. G. WELLS

PIX

When Hitler finally forced war upon Europe, Winston Churchill cabled us sadly expressing the hope that in better days to come he might resume his writing for Collier's. Just a few months before, he had concluded with these prophetic words an article in Collier's estimating the chances of German success in an air attack on England: "I proclaim my faith that those who use this vile outrage for the purposes of national aggrandizement will only find in it their own ruin." As prime minister, Mr. Churchill by his energy, eloquence and vision is making true his brave challenge. WILLIAM L. CHENERY, Editor

I FORGET when I first met our prime minister. It must have been a third of a century or more ago. That was the age of "Mr. Arthur" Balfour, the "souls" and the week-end party.

The week-end party was a function in British public affairs. There was much freedom and frankness of discussion at these gatherings. A certain awareness of literature was in the pattern and most young writers who seemed at all original and promising found themselves entertained at times in large, agreeable houses by graceful and competent hostesses. The atmosphere was wealthy, but there was no insistence on money. They were sure about money in those days. They didn't worry about it and they displayed a carelessness about the new forms of conscious power that were then arising—the new press peers, the hard-faced industrial financiers and so forth that led at last to their undoing.

Two unwritten laws had obviously to be respected in that world of the week-end party: There must be no reporting of the ample freedom of speech that prevailed and no attempt to make any profitable use of the friendly intimacies that were established. On these conditions nobody felt on show, nobody posed. Characters revealed themselves and were of course scrutinized closely and discussed. Possibly there were exclusive and exalted sets in those days outside this general society but they did not seem to matter in the least to the general ease of the British social understanding.

Against this background moved our Winston Churchill, a young man in his early thirties talking orations and with effect of invincible and irrepressible vitality. He wrote with a slightly too rhetorical prose. He painted with vision and gusto. He went about doing all sorts of things and he betrayed an imaginative liveliness which many of his more staid friends distrusted because, though thoughts and discussion were very free and easy then, Great Britain was still a staid and conservative country.

Mr. Churchill's mother was an American. She was a Jerome, and the Jerome factor is as manifest in his composition as is the slender and sensitive Vanderbilt strain in the make-up of the present Duke of Marlborough. After the death of the great duke it is remarkable how the Churchills vanish from the front page of British history. It is as if the New World had to be called in to reanimate the family genius before it could become effective again. Five dukes passed and left no trace. The seventh duke was a mediocre political respectability. His son was Lord Randolph Churchill, the father of the present prime minister. In him the dormant Churchill strain yawned and woke up and the Tory democracy with which his name is associated rejuvenated the Conservative party. But in comparison with his son he was still a fairly normal party politician.

From his school days the present prime minister has been at war with the traditions and protective solemnities of conservative British life. He went to Harrow and he did not succumb to the classical tradition. He disdained scholarship. He read English and history instead. He wore that strange Harrovian straw hat which was so like a premature halo at the back of his head and yet, as contrasted with Lord Halifax, his piety is unobtrusive and infrequent.

Nor could the army make a "military" man of him. He was as alert and fresh-minded about warfare as any intelligent citizen with a turn for that sort of thing. Many people forget that to him we owe the timely mobilization of the British fleet in July, 1914. And he was the first man in any position of influence to realize the possibilities of the tank. As first lord of the admiralty he had the original tanks made and it was he who forced them upon the army. They were muffed and sabotaged by the military, who hated novelty more than defeat.

Always he had been inventive and irregular. Even the bricklaying in which he delights is irregular. His hats are unorthodox. He is always changing his hats. It has been a source of great joy to the caricaturists that nonordinary type of headdress seems made for him.

Now it is as though some merciful power has been putting together this most abnormal Englishman for the hour of Britain's utmost need. It is like awakening from a nightmare to think of what might have happened to my country without him.

It has still to be realized by the world how deeply the social, political and creative life of Great Britain had sunk into dullness during that third of a century which came to a climax on September 3, 1939. And not simply Great Britain. There is no simple explanation for the miasma of reaction that spread across the Atlantic communities after the

Treaty of Versailles. It was not a world-wide reaction. Russia and China were in active fermentation. But undeniably the Western World ebbed mentally. A score of factors has been suggested for that ebb: The moral and physical exhaustion of the war, disappointment at its outcome, the killing of so many bright young spirits. The social dislocations caused by new, crude and aggressive types of wealth have also to be considered. All these forces were at work, no doubt, but when we have taken them all into account the explanation still seems incomplete.

There may have been personal accidents that favored the recession. We have in Pope's Dunciad the protest of a brilliant age overwhelmed at last in the leaden folds of the Protestant succession. Such phases happen in the lives of all nations, and our social biology is still too premature to trace the complex interplay of influences that will suddenly tone down the brilliance of a whole people. When such phases happen under an adverse star then they may herald the downfall of states and systems and empires. A people may indeed pass through a dull phase and reawaken and resume its career if no sudden emergency threatens its security during its period of slumber. But this phase of sloth in the mental life of the Western World after 1918 coincided with the rapid development of such an assault upon the established order as history had never known before.

Our World of Ten Years Ago

Ten years ago the most acute intelligence might well have given that phase of world-wide dullness a long lease of life. There were troubles in most parts of the world, but none of them, seen apart, seemed more than the normal snoring, muttering and turning of our lethargic civilization. Peace on earth had been established for all time by the Kellogg Pact. All the nations of the world had renounced war as an instrument of policy and the Nobel peace prize had been awarded properly to Mr. Kellogg. Russia had entered the League of Nations and Mr. Litvinov—in the worst possible taste, one must admit—was taking the Kellogg Pact quite seriously and making proposals for drastic world disarmament. But that might be just his eager inexperience. The Stresemann regime had achieved its end and the last foot of German soil was free. The United States, under the uninspired sway of President Hoover, was having a certain trouble about overspeculation, and the great German banks were tottering. But who could guess at the ultimate repercussions of that?

There were great and increasing numbers of young people out of employment and very little prospect of any sort of life worth living. But nobody seemed to be doing anything very much about that.

That was our world of only ten years ago. Let us not forget that. And let us not forget how acquiescent we all were about it, we who mattered, how unwilling to face any fundamental reconstruction. Then, through this uninspiring spectacle of a false world peace, without aim or motive, the threat of a new war appeared. It appeared and grew plain and distinct and still the sleepers would not rouse themselves to face it.

It should, we now realize, have become more and more manifest to every intelligent observer that the mass of the pent-up youth of Germany was going mad under the contagious influence of a demented adventurer and that it was setting itself to break up this world of humdrum that had held it down. It should have been manifest, but who can claim to have measured its gravity?

There was a muttering that grew into an organized propaganda of revolt. Something of the sort had happened in Italy and had led to no worse result than a taming of the working classes and the torture of a few intellectuals and tiresome people of that quality. This German version of Fascism unfolded the most startling proposals, but these again could be discounted as the exuberance of a hopeful movement in its first crude enthusiasm. With an entirely German thoroughness and brutality it developed a system of concentration camps for Jews and intellectuals, it burned books and made war on modern art and there was nothing in that to disconcert Lord Halifax, the City and the British press peers. It seemed to them wholesome and not untimely.

It defied all the rules of military science in the warfare it was soon openly planning. It proposed to take every advantage, legitimate or illegitimate, against the victors of Versailles. And before it attacked it did its utmost to accentuate the social disintegration that had created its opportunity. It was acutely alive to the widening breach between the mean, ungenerous prosperous classes in our inert world and the frustrated accumulating multitudes of the unsuccessful and disadvantaged, a breach which nice people were doing their best to disregard. Upon this breach it worked with the utmost energy. To the prosperous it held out hopes of protection from Communism and spoliation. To the unprosperous, hope of adventure.

"You'll have to speak louder, dear; the Lone Daredevil is blasting his way out of a mine cave-in" PERRY BARLOW

The persuasion that the Nazi might become the suitably appeased and hired bully of the prosperous and influential appealed very strongly to the new and inexperienced types of wealth everywhere. The discordance of these social elements had been destroying the national solidarity. This was as true of the British community as of any other Western state that had presently to face the berserk rush. For that was the second phase in the methodical German attack. First, the moral preparation that would enlist just as much of these conflicting factors as could be enlisted on the German side and then, before there could be any time to pull the threatened community together and cast out its traitors, came the swift, overwhelming offensive, the headlong, berserk rush. The German mind is soaked in the tradition of a sudden transition to frightfulness. The Teuton breaks into history with that familiar ire of his. The little towheaded children learn what is expected of them in their school primers. There is a sort of British lout who talks of seeing red as an excuse for violent, foul fighting, but in Germany that idea is systematic and fundamental.

In 1935 it was as plain as daylight what Germany was working up for and how Germany meant to do it. And yet in 1939 and until the Norwegian offensive we were still slackly disregarding this stupendous threat. It had faced us for the better part of seven years and still we were caught unawares. If ever a community deserved defeat it was the dull and evasive Great Britain of the spring of 1940.

The common Englishman is a stout fighter who laughs when he fights and despises the berserk style with all his heart. Yet twice in the first year of this war utter disaster stared us in the face—once after the treason of King Leopold and once after the dismal surrender of Pétain. And I do not think that any carping critic of history in the future will ever be able to deny that it is this indefatigable, versatile, imaginative Anglo-American, Winston Churchill, who has suddenly taken upon himself the very likeness of the legendary John Bull, who has saved the situation, who has awakened us and pulled the country together as no other human being could have done.

I do not know how close a record has been kept of his comings and goings when he was trying to hold up France before its collapse. Pulling together has been the essence of his task. By the very changes and fluctuations of his past career he has so wide a variety of contacts that he can rally the youngest Tories on his side, induce an angry country to be patient with its unimaginative older Tory members, put that incubus on its best behavior, convert Lord Beaverbrook from a disgruntled isolationist politician to a brilliant organizer of air victory, allay the suspicions of the labor leaders and postpone a disastrous social conflict. And this by no tact or diplomacy, no secret agreements and underhand understandings, but because he has always lived openly in all his changes and unorthodoxies.

We have to fight, he says, and that must override all other considerations. Not a very great discovery, you may say, but who else could have said it without provoking the reply: "Yes, but—"

He never "built up" his reputation for unqualified reality; it has grown up about him. He seems hardly aware of it, but it is the secret of his present power.

Democracy Owns Its Ministers

It is difficult to write of the achievements of a man who has become a cardinal figure in history and at the same time to recall the glimpses one has had of his daily life. Yet it is impossible for characters of great public importance to retain very much personal privacy. In a democratic community, particularly, it is necessary for the general mass of people to know as much as possible of the intimate lives of the men who are not in any sense the masters of their lives but rather the trusted, familiar, elder hands of the commonwealth in which we all have a share. A democracy owns its ministers. No workingman who discovered Winston going over a factory would dream of becoming awe-stricken and making a rigid salute of servility: "Heil, Winston!" But he would be immensely cheered. He would feel like backslapping his fellows, would probably shout "Good old Winston!"

None of us want to hand ourselves over to him. No one wants to make a sacred mystery of him. But we are most eager to know him and co-operate with him. And so it is legitimate to take a glimpse at his happy home life and the coming and going of his active family. They all seem to be keen on doing something. They all do as they please. There seems to be very little mutual criticism or character study among them and plainly they like one another very much. None of them seem to have had their minds formed for them or their careers chosen. Never have I known a family where there was less parental domination or more unmistakable and assured parental affection.

The house at Westerham is full of light. There is not a dull room in it. There is a studio in which Winston, when last I visited him, was painting a group of silver tea things, with Sir William Nicholson at hand to show him just what went wrong about it. The garden and grounds of Chartwell are full of evidence of how abundantly they are lived in. The tennis court and the swimming pool are very much alive. The grounds are littered with playthings of an incessant owner. There was a shallow pool with deep green shadows in which swam a number of golden carp. Close by was an easel with the fourth or fifth attempt of Winston to paint them. In the morning and evening he was working on his life of Marlborough. He painted in the afternoon and talked when there was a gap for talking. That is the sort of life the British prime minister leads at home when he is out of politics and, so to speak, doing nothing.

(Continued on page 57)

Hot Magic

By Ed Danforth

We have it straight from their opponents: The Georgia Tech team is only fooling—fooling their opponents, who are rapidly going nuts

BY ALL established law Bill Alexander at Georgia Tech should have been let out to pasture years ago. He has been coaching football down there for twenty-two years, and most coaches by that time become so stale and heavy-laden that they are only good in the biological museum, stuffed.

No engineering school has a fair break in athletics because of the hard courses and the long hours in laboratories, and the material at Georgia Tech had fallen off badly since those happy days in 1928 when Tech licked California in the Rose Bowl. So Bill has been substituting magic for brawn and, last year, his team ended up in the Orange Bowl at Miami, beating Missouri 21-7.

A look at the pictures illustrating this article will give an idea of what Bill's finagling does to the opposition. The situation was best explained by Charley Noser, Missouri center, when he got back home after the defeat: "Don't ask me what happened. I don't know what happened."

Tech lost to Notre Dame, 17-14, when an end dropped a pass in a clear field. It lost to Duke, 7-6, for the simple reason that Wallace Wade had given strict instructions to his players: "Tackle everybody in the Tech backfield and, to make sure, tackle a couple of the officials."

Bill Alexander explained his success very simply: "All we had was a chunker, a reverse and an end-around play." The chunker was Johnny Bosch, the star on the end-around was Ison and the bird who made the whole thing work was Ector, the fullback. Ector would take a pass from center, turn his back to the enemy and stand there nonchalantly, arms down at his side, looking neither to the right nor left. The tailback sped past him, grabbed the ball (?), folded his arms and ran as hard as he could outside tackle to the strong side. The wingback, a second later, took the ball (?) from Ector and galloped around the weak side. A blocker would pop out ahead of each of the diverging runners.

Then Ector ran straight back as if to pass, holding the ball (?) carefully out of sight. Three plays were now going at once and the opposition was nuts! Finally, the enemy decided the wingback had the ball and started after him. They took *one step too many* before discovering their error. The tailback, who grabbed for the pellet in the first place, now actually had it and was off to the races!

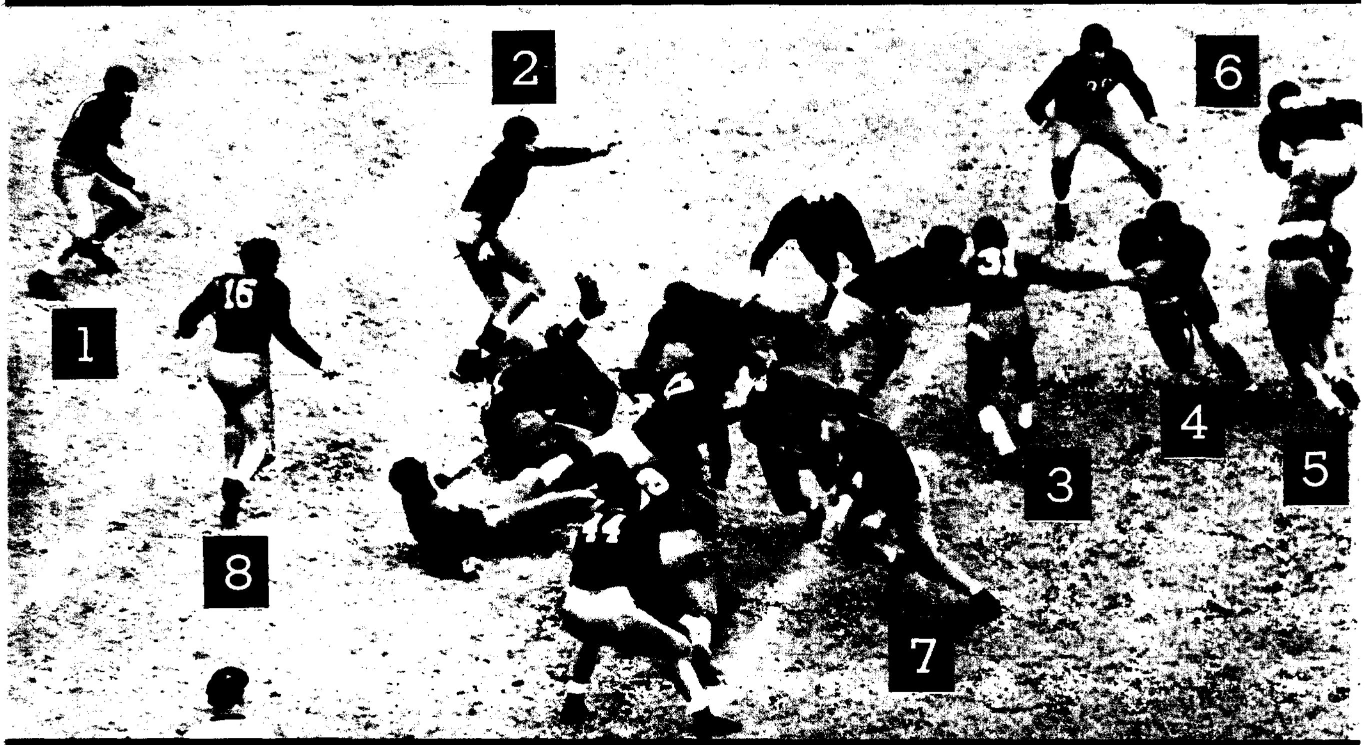
The plays were so mystifying that when Bobby Dodd, the Tech backfield coach, tried to explain them in an after-season movie seance, he got them all balled up. At Auburn they swear the Tech backfield make up the plays as they go along. "That fullback takes the ball and ad libs," they swear. "He doesn't know which back he is going to give it to and they don't know which one is going to get it. Why shouldn't they fake well? They even fool themselves."

Tech has lost Ector and Buck Murphy, the great blocking back, and the enemy may have caught up with them but they'll have to be cute if they do. They're playing a tough schedule and like it better that way.

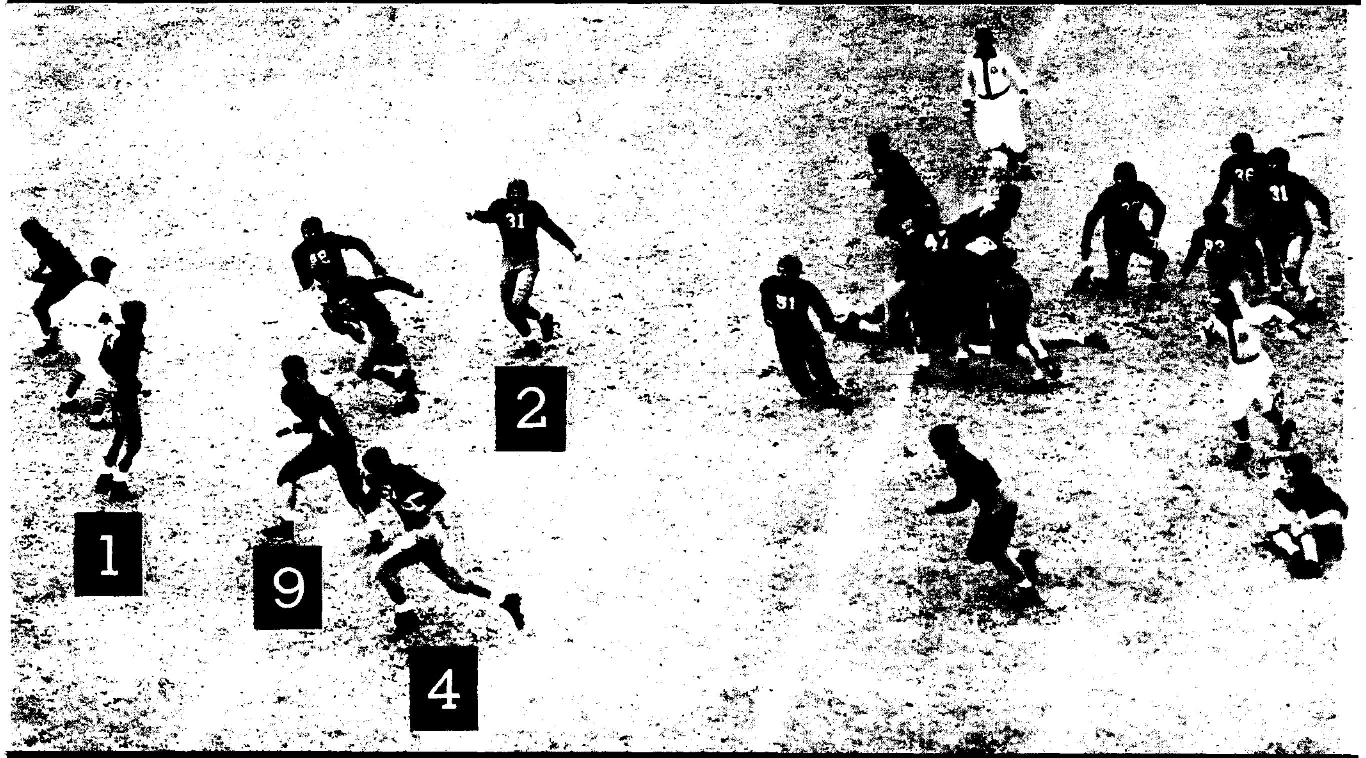
"We'd get our ears pinned back if we played weak teams," says Bill Alexander. "Our stuff doesn't work against a slow, dumb team. We have to capitalize on defensive eagerness. When they get thinking and wondering, then we have them."

It's probably the greatest theatrical team ever known. Everybody is an actor; everybody on every play is dying for dear old Tech. The decoys grit their teeth and twist up their faces and lunge for an opening; the bird who has the ball does the same. On one play the whole team goes one way and the ball carrier prances off in the opposite direction, alone. Either he loses five yards or gets a touchdown. He got a lot of touchdowns last year.

The secret is to get the opponents to take one step too many in the wrong direction. Alexander and his mystifying midgets have that down to a science. In the Orange Bowl game, Ector, the Houdini of Tech, was tackled no less than eighteen times . . . and only ten of those times did he have the ball. Missouri was sort of bumfuzzled. A lot of other fellows are going to be confused unless they figure out some way to stop that legerdemain. ★★★



Kentucky's defense has taken the fatal "one step too many" as Georgia Tech gets off one of its notorious razzle-dazzles. Fullback Ector (3), having faked handing the ball successively to Tailback Bosch (6) and Wingback Gibson (5), is now giving it to Ison (4), who has come in from right end. The Kentucky backers-up (8 and 2) and the defensive halfback (1) all think the play is going to their left and have gone just one step too far in that direction. The Kentucky end (No. 44) is waiting on the line of scrimmage for Ison but is about to be blocked out by Murphy (7)



The Kentucky defense is completely bewildered as the end-around play at the top is developed, and Ison (4) is off on a 26-yard touchdown run. The Kentucky defensive back (1) is still looking the other way as Ison flashes past him, while one of the Kentucky backs (2) frantically tries to signal his confused teammate. A Tech blocker, Cavette (9), has come out to run interference for Ison and is cagily passing up the unsuspecting Kentucky back to go on and block out the tacklers coming in, proving that magic on the gridiron pays big dividends

Traitor's Purse

By Margery Allingham

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN

The Story Thus Far:

ALBERT CAMPION awakens in a hospital room in England, to find that he can recall nothing of his past. Convinced by a conversation he overhears that he has attacked a policeman, he slips out of the hospital and makes his getaway.

Picked up by an elderly man and a girl ("Mr. Anscombe" and "Amanda," both of whom seem to know him well), he is taken in a car to the home of one Aubrey—Lee Aubrey. There a letter is awaiting him—a letter from which he learns that he has been working for Scotland Yard on a matter of tremendous importance!

Startling adventures follow. In the course of them, Campion learns that the "Town Masters," members of a semisecret organization, are somehow involved in mysterious machinations of which he can make nothing. And presently he learns that he is suspected of the murder of Anscombe (the old man had been killed, on the night he and Amanda had picked Campion up). Vaguely aware that he must remain at liberty, he is approached by Superintendent Hutch, a local official, who prepares to arrest him. Without the slightest hesitation, he knocks Hutch unconscious, steals his car and speeds away.

Adventure follows adventure. Campion can understand none of them. He learns that certain persons are hoping to bribe him. *But why?* Campion has no idea. He remembers, hazily, that the number 15 is of vital importance in his Scotland Yard work. Is it a date—or what? Campion does not know.

Shadowed by certain mysterious persons, Campion—assisted by a man named Lugg, who is obviously in his employ—escapes to a train for London. In his compartment, he has a companion—a man. The man says: "Aren't you Albert Campion?" Campion, in a perilous predicament, says: "No. That is not my name." But, as the train speeds on, he is terrified. Is the man a chief inspector, preparing to arrest him?

The man, it develops, is not a police official. He is Sir Henry Bull, who (after Campion has admitted his identity) refers mysteriously to a vast loan of some sort which, Campion gathers, is destined to be of great importance to England. Sir Henry seems to feel that his country is in great peril; but Campion can only wonder what the nature of that peril is.

Leaving Sir Henry, Campion is arrested. Led to a station house, he is brought before the charge sergeant. Then, fearfully he awaits developments.

IX

"WAIT," Campion said, and was hurt to find that even his own voice was going against him. It sounded strangled and hysterical: "Get into touch with Lady Amanda Fitton at the principal's house at the Bridge Institute."

He saw they were surprised by something. It had not been the name, but the address had touched them. He seized the pause and hurried on:

"Also get hold of Yeo, of Scotland Yard. Find him. Tell him I'm here."

That made them laugh. Their great grins merged into one huge idiot face, like a mask of comedy on the ceiling of a theater.

"All in good time, my lad," said the charge sergeant. "You shall have the queen to see you if you don't hurry it. Meanwhile, if you could wait a minute, I'll just charge you, if you don't mind. We don't want to do anything against the book, do we?"

The clock with the face as big as a tea tray leered over the sergeant's shoulder. One o'clock. There was no time for anything. He must get to the Nag at once within the half-hour. The big hand moved while he looked at it.

"Send for Hutch," he implored in panic.

Hutch was at least intelligent. Angry and suspicious he probably was, but at least his mind worked. Perhaps he could be got to see the hideous urgency of the occasion.

"Here, that'll do, that'll do." The charge sergeant was scandalized. "Superintendent Hutch has quite enough to do without bothering himself about you. If he wants to see you he'll come in his own time. Now then, Albert Campion. You are charged in that you did feloniously utter counterfeit bank notes to the value of one pound at the railway-station booking office at . . ."

Campion ceased to hear. He went deaf and blind. A great avalanche of fury at their incompetence descended over him, sweeping away every shred of his control. They couldn't even charge him with something he'd done! They were going to hold him in this gimcrack police station on some driveling, mistaken or invented charge while the minutes rushed by. The door was open behind him and he did the fatal thing.

As he sprang for the rectangle of light the plainclothes man seized him. Campion slung him off, pitching him half across the room. The turnkey shouted and the young constable raised a great fist, while a slow, silly smile of surprised delight spread over his face. Campion took the blow just under the ear. The force of it lifted him off his feet and sent him sprawling across the boards toward the forms built in all around the room. The rounded edge of polished wood met his left temple with a crack that echoed around through the building. He fell into complete darkness and lay still.

ALBERT CAMPION came to himself in the cell. He gathered where he was at once and sat up on the hard couch, smiling ruefully. A clock striking two somewhere out in the town surprised him and he raised his eyebrows. To the best of his knowledge it must have been around about six in the evening when he had encountered the toughs down at the quayside. It was now daylight, so that if he had been out for around about twenty hours he must have taken a pretty severe blow. How extraordinarily like these country police to bring him into a cell and leave him to die while they found out who he was! So far they must have been singularly unsuccessful, the fools, and, while he was on that subject, where was Oates?

For the first time he felt a twinge of anxiety. Oates had certainly been with him. He remembered his own amused exasperation when the shambling figure, really astonishingly unfamiliar in the dirty flannels and threadbare greatcoat, had appeared at his elbow as he had stepped out of Lugg's paper shop. Poor old Oates! He had been badly rattled. The thing was getting him down, as well it might, of course, but it had been shocking to see him losing his grip and to hear his voice go husky as he admitted, "I wrote you last night, but I couldn't stick it. I simply couldn't sit up there and wait. I just walked out to see you. *Campion, have you got a line?*"

Well, he had, and he'd said so, and they'd gone on together. The fight had been pretty sensational. Campion felt his head cautiously. Yes, there it was. A very nasty, spongy little spot, by jimminy. There must have been five or six in the gang, all pros and all using blackjacks, which had been fortunate. Had it been clubs he might well have awakened to hear a harp quintet instead of the mouth organ that some misguided amateur was playing in the street outside.

All the same, it had not been exactly a walk among the apple blossoms. The money had drawn the gangsters, as he had hoped it would, and he had recognized them. He went over them in his mind. The Lily had been there, and the (*Continued on page* 52)

"'Ere, what are you saying?" The turnkey was excited. "I'll 'ave to ask you to repeat." Amanda ignored the interruption

Ken Overlin was always one step behind the middleweight championship and when he finally caught up with it he was over thirty, an age when most boxers are washed up

IFOR THOMAS

Middleweight Champion Ken Overlin, whose toughest fight has been against his own jinx

THE desk clerk of the St. Nicholas Hotel in Decatur, Illinois, struck a bell, conjuring up a good-looking young bellhop with white, even teeth, friendly Irish eyes and an engaging smile. "Deliver these," he said, pointing to two suits that had just been returned by the tailor. "The gray one goes to 204 and the blue serge to 321."

The bellhop took the suits and disappeared into the elevator, little suspecting that the turning point of his career had arrived and that he was about to branch off onto the road that would lead to the world's middleweight championship.

When Ken Overlin got to Room 204, he found the occupant in the bathtub, although it was still three days to Saturday, and hung the suit in the closet.

On the next floor he rapped on the door of Room 321, and was admitted by a gentleman in the third stage of delirium tremens.

"Don't let those snakes get me!" screamed the D.T. victim.

Ken saw the look of horror in the souse's bleary eyes, dropped the gray suit on the bed and made a quick exit.

One hour later there was Old Nick himself to pay in the Hotel St. Nicholas. A drunk had staggered forth into Decatur's boulevards, wearing a gray suit that fitted him like last season's skin would one of the snakes he fancied were pursuing him. A gentleman in Room 204 was threatening a million-dollar damage suit against the hotel for conspiring to keep him from a big business deal by sending him a suit four sizes too big for him.

The upshot of it was that Lawrence Cook, manager of the hotel, called Kenneth Overlin to the desk and told him he was fired. The next day, 17-year-old Ken decided that, rather than become a burden on his family, which was desperately poor, he would enlist in the U. S. Navy. Thus it was that an unaggressive young Decatur lad who never had a street fight in his life and who wasn't even remotely interested in boxing happened to be kicked upstairs into a boxing career that has brought him fame and fortune.

Since then, Ken has been kicked around a lot in various parts of the globe. He has had his jaw broken by an opponent, he has broken his hands three times, he contracted yellow jaundice on the eve of a championship fight, he ripped a muscle in his leg while boxing in the gym and he had a rib torn loose from its moorings. But this lad, who even began life precariously by being born prematurely, without the assistance of a physician, on August 15, 1910, has hurdled all adversities and wound up at the top of his profession.

They can't believe, back in dear old Decatur, that the mild-mannered kid the boys used to delight in slapping with a wet towel at the Y.M.C.A. gym is now the world's middleweight champion. They knew Ken could play a whale of a game of basketball and that he once had an offer of a scholarship at Northwestern. They also were aware that he was good at football. But all Decatur had him down as a meek kid who would detour five miles to avoid a fight.

It was his football ability that led him eventually into the prize ring. Assigned to the U.S.S. Tennessee of the Pacific Fleet upon entering the Navy, Ken played in the backfield of the ship's football team with Jake Shugrue, boxing coach of his sea wagon. Having observed Overlin's shifty footwork, Shugrue persuaded Ken to sub for a shipmate in a boxing bout with Punchin' Paul Delaney, a professional, at Crystal Pool, Seattle, one night. It was the first time in his life Ken had had boxing gloves on and he was meeting a fighter who had boxed the previous week in the star bout at the Los Angeles Olympic. But, after a wild brawl in which each had the other on deck several times, Overlin was declared the winner and collected twenty-five dollars. Thus was the most amazing boxing career of modern times launched. Ken weighed 160 pounds that night back in 1927 and he hasn't varied a pound in his fighting weight since then.

A Fight Every Week

The next week, Overlin fought Delaney a return bout, was the winner again and collected seventy-five dollars. Soon he was boxing almost every week, wherever his ship happened to call, up and down the coast from Tacoma to San Diego, and with each bout acquiring more speed and cleverness. Resolved to test himself against better opponents, he obtained a 55-day leave and went to Los Angeles to box in the Olympic. After fighting five times there, he convinced himself that boxing, not the Navy, was the career. But he had signed those papers and had to serve out his enlistment. So, tired of the coast, he arranged for his transfer to the Atlantic Fleet and joined the Idaho at Newport News.

At that time, boxing was illegal in Virginia but bootleg bouts of two-minute rounds were being held in Norfolk, Portsmouth and other towns. In Portsmouth, a chap named Arthur Emmerson conducted a gym and ran weekly boxing shows, patronized chiefly by sailors. One day a tar strolled into his place, threw his bag on the floor and said: "I want a main bout. I can sell three hundred tickets on my ship if you sign me up."

"Sure, that's fine," said Emmerson, "but can you fight?"

"Got anyone you want me to work on?" asked the saucy sailor.

Walter Kirkwood, a middleweight boxer of some local fame, happened to be in the gym and Emmerson gave him the wink, thinking he had a ship's simpleton on his hands who needed taming. After watching him box Kirkwood for a few minutes, Emmerson changed his mind and signed Overlin for the main bout of his next show. Ken sold $500 worth of tickets aboard ship and collected a purse of thirty dollars. The next week, he received eighty dollars. After that it was $150 and a main bout every second week. As the demand for his services grew, Ken decided he needed a manager and engaged Chris

Dundee, a young ex-newsboy, who had a stable of preliminary fighters in Norfolk. The two have worked together since 1931 without contract.

There's hardly a town in the United States that Ken hasn't fought in, Decatur being a notable exception. He has also boxed in Australia, the South Sea Islands, South America and Europe. In steaming Trinidad he fought for nothing in a circus tent in which the temperature was about 115, to help raise money for a stranded American circus troupe.

Starting out as a steady patron of cut-rate bus lines, this globe-trotting glove merchant is really air-minded. In 1939 he traveled 25,000 miles in the clouds. While Ken was known up and down the United States and in many foreign ports for a dozen years, his name didn't mean a thing in New York until recently. The Garden once offered him a bout but, after he had signed, his prospective opponent withdrew. On another occasion, Mike Jacobs booked him for the Hippodrome in New York. Ken was supposed to be the sacrificial goat for Fred Apostoli, who was being built up for a title bout, but no one let him in on the plot so he cuffed Freddie around in a most disrespectful fashion. For this breach of etiquette, Ken was sentenced to go back to the whistle stops.

Playing the Tank Towns

The good-looking sailor with a sweetheart in every port and two or three in most of the inland towns was kayoed by Dannie Cupid in Virginia Beach in the summer of 1932. As an added attraction to the bout between Overlin and Spike Webb of Florida, the promoter of the Virginia Beach boxing club announced that a wedding would be performed in the ring. This unusual double feature packed the arena. In one corner was Miss Madeline Smith of Portsmouth, Virginia, and, across the ring from her, Kenneth Edwin Overlin of the U.S.S. *Idaho*. The bride was becomingly attired in a white gown with flowing veil. The groom wore boxing trunks and ring shoes. The best man was Spike Webb, Ken's opponent. A shadow-boxing Baptist parson from Norfolk, his shoes covered with resin dust, tied the knot.

After the ceremony, with what amounted to remarkable foresight, the groom proceeded to knock the tar out of his best man and was himself declared the best man by the referee. Ken's married life, begun in the prize ring, continued along the same lines until he was divorced in 1938. Before that, he had divorced himself from the Navy so that he could devote all his time to being a playboy and Journeyman Jouster.

Like Johnny Appleseed, Ken wandered over the land, dropping left hooks instead of apple seeds. He fought on the average of twice a month and left a trail of red paint behind him in the "Great White Ways" of a hundred American hamlets. Sometimes, his manager would accompany him but more often than not Ken hit the trail alone. He would blow into a town, hire a trainer and some sparring partners and get ready for his fights.

Ken was most conscientious, however. Not only did he do road work in the morning but also in the cool of the evening, to the tune of a hot band in some small-town Rainbow Room. Once he didn't lay eyes on his manager for eighteen months but sent him his cut from fourteen fights in Chicago and a half dozen in Australia. Ken won thirty consecutive fights during this period, none of them, however, in that elusive metropolis on the banks of the Hudson.

It looked as though the meandering middleweight was doomed to eke out his fight career exploring the globe and playing the tank towns until he was matched to meet Freddie Steele in Seattle, in 1937, for the world's middleweight championship. On the way out to Seattle, Ken thought he detected a saffron tinge around his gills.

When he stepped off the train, Promoter Nate Druxman met him and commented: "You sure have a nice tan there, Ken."

The next day, Overlin felt so sick he consulted a doctor. The pill prescriber took one look at him and said: "Yellow jaundice."

"Gee, Doc, you'll have to keep this quiet," said Ken. "I'm Ken Overlin, the boxer, and I've got to fight Freddie Steele for the title here next week."

"Oh, yeah?" countered the doctor. "Well, I'm Dr. Thomas, the official physician for the boxing commission and you go right to the hospital. The fight's off."

The bout was postponed twice because it took Ken longer than usual to recover. When he finally did drag himself out of bed, he was in such a weakened condition that he was knocked out for the first and only time in his career. Steele finished him in four rounds.

It was back to the old routine of riding in buses and passenger coaches to the milk-train stops after this debacle but Ken faced the drab routine cheerfully. He fought in small towns all over the country against anyone selected for him.

"Dad, would you like to hear my part in the selection our school orchestra is practicing?" CARL ROSE

For Mike's Benefit

Ken was listening when Opportunity rapped on his portals for the second time. He was booked to fight a colored lad named Al Wardlow in Pittsburgh one night last winter. At ringside watching him was Mike Jacobs, who had come to Pittsburgh to sign up Billy Conn for some bouts. Billy, a superb boxer, sat with Mike and, as the bout progressed, marveled with him at Overlin's skill. Here indeed was praise from Caesar himself, and Mike knew it. Wardlow had come into Pittsburgh with twenty-four straight wins and was a heavy favorite to beat Overlin. Ken floored him three times in the first three rounds, an unusual performance for a clever boxer who doesn't go in for slugging. To demonstrate his versatility, Ken then concentrated on giving Wardlow a boxing lesson and won going away. On the way out of the ring, he stopped in front of Promoter Jacobs and asked: "Am I good enough to fight for you now, Mike?"

Jacobs didn't answer him. But the next day the promoter got in touch with Chris Dundee and signed Ken to fight Ceferino Garcia for the middleweight title in Madison Square Garden. Before they finally came together, the fight was postponed three times, proving that Ken's omnipresent jinx was still on the job. Until this fight, Overlin had never been to a training camp. Stuffy city gyms had been good enough for him and he had had no regular trainer. Now he hired Eddie Ross to get him ready. The old barnstormer actually felt that he was putting on the dog, treating himself to the "luxuries" that many preliminary boys accept as a matter of course. This time, Ken didn't muff his chance. The Filipino, a murderous puncher who had driven Fred Apostoli into retirement, couldn't lay a glove on the Decatur Dancing Master, and at the end of fifteen rounds there was a new middleweight champion. After thirteen years and over 200 fights, the Ring's Rover Boy had finally landed in Madison Square Garden and made good.

Of course there had to be a hitch somewhere. The title Ken won isn't recognized universally. The National Boxing Association proclaimed Al Hostak as the champion and, soon after Ken beat Garcia, Hostak was toppled from his throne by a comparative unknown named Tony Zale, out of Chicago. The logical thing to do now would be to match these two champions and recognize the winner as the undisputed title-holder. But it was just Overlin's luck that Zale happened to be managed by Sam Pian, one of Promoter Mike Jacobs' most rabid enemies. Mike has Overlin sewed up to fight for him in defense of his title but Pian swears he'll never let a fighter of his box anyone under Jacobs' auspices. So, unless there is a change in the situation there's no chance of an Overlin-Zale title fight. The next-best match available, one between Overlin and Steve Belloise for the title, has been set for November 1 in the Garden.

It took thirteen years of campaigning for Ken to reach the top and he didn't get there until he had reached an age when most fighters are all washed up. Having won his honors the hard way, you'd think he would be greatly impressed with his title. He isn't. Handsome, intelligent Ken would much rather be a radio commentator than a world's champion. Back in 1936, in Norfolk, he subbed for two months on a sports program that ran five nights a week and made a good job of it.

Ken's frankness often gets him in trouble. Yet he refuses to deviate from his policy of telling the unvarnished truth. Of boxing, he says: "It's a stinking racket but I like it." His estimate of himself and contemporary middleweights is: "We're just a lot of bums alongside Harry Greb and the other oldtimers. I think Harry could lick me and Garcia in the same ring the same night with no rest between skirmishes."

A flashy dresser, Ken has about five hundred of the flashiest ties ever worn by man. He used to carry forty-five suits around with him until he found they cramped his traveling style. Now he limits himself to a measly twenty.

Evil Eye Finkel, the professional hexer of the prize ring, has worked against Overlin seventeen times and Ken has won every bout. This has given rise to the suspicion in the fight racket that Ken and Evil Eye are in cahoots and that the gent with the baleful Slobodka Stare really puts the whammy on the men he's supposed to be working for, instead of hexing Overlin.

Home from the Wars

Ken, like George M. Cohan, has a peeve against his home town because of the painful memories of his boyhood days when he was Decatur's Number One Patsy. So, after being away from home for ten years, he returned one day in a fine sports roadster, flashy clothes and a bank roll big enough to block traffic on Decatur's main stem. The first thing he did was to send invitations to dinner to all the town smarties who had bullied him when he was a kid.

Decatur folk will tell you that the menu at Ken's coming-home banquet would have been the best the town ever heard of if it hadn't been for what they now suspect was a double Mickey Finn slipped in somewhere.

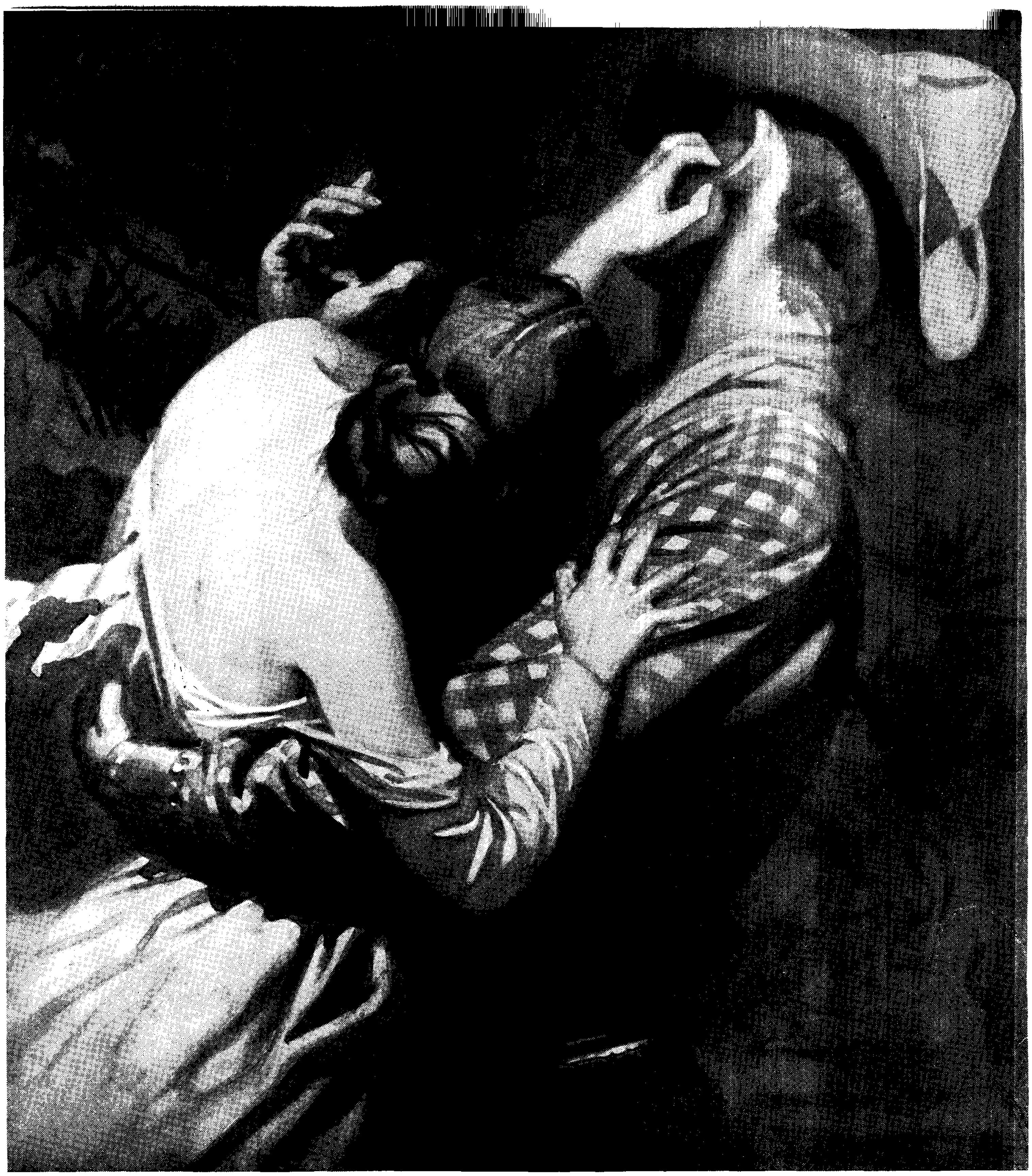
For Ken, Decatur has another painful memory. In 1937, during a visit home, he became concerned over his mother's failing eyesight and took her to an eye specialist. An operation for the removal of cataracts from both eyes was advised. Mrs. Overlin wasn't in favor of the operation but Ken insisted, and to please him she submitted to the surgeon's scalpel. She came out of it stone-blind! Overlin would give his middleweight title and all his worldly possessions today if he could restore to her even the impaired vision she had before the operation. Knowing this to be a vain hope, however, this lad who is a strange mixture of playboy and dutiful son is seeing that the dark world in which she now moves is brightened by all the comforts money can buy. She has a fine new home, and an expensive car and her every wish is gratified by indulgent Ken. To those who would commiserate with her she likes to say, "I'm not so blind I can't see I have the best son a mother ever bore."

As for Decatur, which couldn't see Ken even with good eyesight, it now recognizes him as another distinguished Navy man who has put the town on the map.

The Drifter

By Ernest Haycox

ILLUSTRATED BY DAN SWEENEY



She fought him with a blind and furious hatred, catching his face with her nails again and again

The Story Thus Far:

JIM KEENE, a wandering Texan, reaches the frontier town of Prairie City, where the cattlemen—led by Grat DePard, owner of the Broken Bit outfit—are persecuting the homesteaders of the region. He soon learns what is happening. Then, touched by the plight of a girl homesteader—Aurora Brant, whose father has just died, leaving her almost penniless—he decides to remain and see to it that she and her friends get fair play.

Financed by Tim Sullivan, a kindly saloon owner, Aurora starts a little store. DePard informs the homesteaders that they must not patronize her. Whereupon, Keene insults both DePard and Red John, his foreman, in the hope that they will engage in a gun battle with him. But the two men refuse to fight.

Portia Crews, daughter of the owner of Rafter T, tells Aurora that if Sheriff Ben Borders (a courageous man who is protecting *the homesteaders) is beaten in the coming* election by Jesse Morspeare, one of DePard's henchmen, no homesteader will be safe, and a reign of terror will start. . . .

The election is held in Prairie City. While the votes are being cast, Keene has an altercation with Cleve Stewart, a ranchman who is in love with Aurora. A fist fight ensues, and Keene gives Stewart a beating. To his surprise, however, Stewart insists on shaking hands with him; and from that moment on, the two men are friends. . . . The votes are counted, and it is announced that Sheriff Borders has been re-elected. Then, a few minutes later, Borders is shot to death by a killer named Naves—one of DePard's men. . . .

Keene has a shack near Aurora's cabin. Returning to it after the shooting, he finds that his team has been stolen. Losing no time, he rides straight to the Broken Bit headquarters. And there (as he had expected) he finds the team.

Also, he finds Grat DePard. Surrounded by Broken Bit hirelings, the two men have a long talk. DePard appears to be in a pleasant mood; Keene wonders what the fellow is up to. Night falls. Keene prepares to mount his horse, and ride away. Suddenly, he realizes that, in the darkness around the ranch buildings, *men are moving toward him cautiously.*

V

NAVES' voice rose again, thin with suspicion: "What's up?" His boots struck the yard, now at a steady run. Keene slapped his hand down against the butt of DePard's gun and seized it. DePard moved against him, hands still in his pockets; he felt DePard's muscles tighten. He lifted the gun from DePard's holster, murmuring: "Better take care of that fellow."

"Blackie," called DePard, "what the hell you doin'?"

Naves' boots went scuffing around the far side of the corral; he was circling it to reach the mouth of the hill trail in advance of Keene. DePard yelled "Blackie!" and threw all his weight against Keene. His hands came out of his pockets. Turning, he drove his knee at Keene's stomach. Keene stepped back and, with DePard's head a growing shadow in front of him, brought the barrel of the revolver hard down.

DePard dropped. Another crying voice pursued Keene: "Grat — that you?" Keene ducked under the head of his horse and let go of the reins, running at the corral. He threw a shot back of him and left the corral's protection. The dark mouth of the trail was fifty feet in front and as he ran he saw a little shape suddenly wheel before him and crouch like a cat. Naves had beat him to the mouth of the trail. He jumped aside, the flash and beat of the little man's gun in his face. He threw his shot and heard it tear through that little man; he watched Naves wind half around and drop.

He was in the trail, with the lead of other Broken Bit men whipping the earth at his feet and singing against the trees. The sound of that firing was odd and hollow and increasing. He turned about, sheltered by the trees but still in the trail, catching the steady flash of a gun near the corral. But the hollow sound grew until he knew it was not in the yard. Swinging, he saw blackness rush at him and rear high above him and one stunning, crashing force came down on him and the roar of a great waterfall swelled through his head.

He was down in the dust, bitterly grasping the tail end of consciousness, rolling beneath the feet of horses. One sharp hoof struck him in the head and light burst like an explosion in his brain; and his last thought, struggling with strangled effort through the smell of dust and of his own blood and the knife stab of pain, was a cold conviction of death; and then all light faded and he dropped into a bottomless black.

During the latter part of that afternoon Cleve Stewart rode down from Skull Ridge to the store and found Aurora chopping wood. Cleve was genuinely irritated. He took the ax from her. "That's something you never should do." He looked at the woodpile. "There's enough stuff split for a week."

"I have to keep busy."

"Where's Jim?"

"Broken Bit took his horses last night. This morning he went after them."

He took one swing at the wood on the block and came around. "He didn't go there *alone?*"

"Is it that bad?"

Cleve Stewart breathed out his astonishment. "I thought he was far too smart to fall into a trap like that." He paused. "If he isn't here by noon tomorrow, I'll go to Grat's."

Aurora found herself freshly interested in him. He showed the world a stubborn bulldog expression; his face, so square and outthrust, fell into aggressive lines without effort. But she had long ago noticed that his hardness was more apparent than actual.

"Why are you so concerned?" she asked. "You don't like him."

He gave her an almost embarrassed glance. "Matter of fact I really do. I got acquainted with him last night."

She said: "I wondered about that. Something happened. You followed him. You had a fight."

"We had a hell of a brawl. To tell you the truth, Aurora, he licked me." He shook his head. "I've heard of situations like that but never expected to participate in one. He licked me and we're friends." He showed her a kind of sheepish reluctance. "A good knock-down-and-drag-out seems to be good for the soul."

"Why, Cleve!"

"I know. Silly of a grown man with some pretensions of an education to get into a brawl. Or is it? Maybe I've been too damned educated."

She said: "Don't apologize for yourself, Cleve. I think I like you better."

"I've always heard," he said dryly, "that women liked a dash of the primitive in their men."

"I'm not so sure," she said.

"It all boils down to that," insisted Cleve Stewart. "One way or another we've all got to fight. It took me a long time to learn that. Your friend taught me something."

He moved back to his horse. From the saddle he spoke again: "I'll be by at noon. Aurora, do you have to stay here?"

"I've got to stay."

"All right. I worry about you a lot but I'll back you up."

She came beside his pony and laid a hand on his arm. "I like you a lot better," she said. He was quite sensitive and this praise and the touch of her hand got under his skin. He turned out of the yard at once.

He had shown her a tougher fiber than she had believed he possessed. Facing raw force and a kind of life he was really unfitted for, he had made the difficult change. It was a rare kind of courage; in one respect it was a greater courage than Keene's who, like a gambler in a familiar game, knew the exact odds against him at all times.

Still it was Keene she thought of during the afternoon. She changed the picket stake of her pony to give it a new range of grass. She watched the sun drop behind the western ridge in a brass flare of light and made her supper in the condensing twilight. Night brought its distinct coldness. She washed the dishes, brought up water from the river and put the horse in the shed.

Always her thoughts drifted back to Keene. She took up the lantern, and moved out to the storehouse. She faced the door, padlocking it, and turned to the other cabin; and at that moment saw the high shadow standing before her—the shadow and then the face of Red John.

THE complete silence of his approach and the shock of his presence went through her like terror. She had never known so complete and paralyzing a fear; she threw herself back against the storehouse wall, the lantern trembling in her hand.

"Sorry if I scared you," Red John murmured. "Would have made a noise comin' in, only I figured you'd use your gun."

She had no power to speak at that instant; her mind was moving too rapidly, she was watching him too closely. She knew why he was here but she could not yet discern how much a danger he was. She was aware of his reputation and she could see the depth of his boldness. He looked at her now with an insistent, masculine attention.

"You've got a lot of fire," he said. "When you turned the gun on Grat I admired your spunk. If it was me I'd never try to get you out of here."

If she tried to be reasonable with him it would only give him hope. So she said: "You get out of here."

"I'm not doing anything, am I?"

"Get on your horse and move along."

"You don't mean that."

"Don't I?" she said. The rifle stood inside the cabin's door and she moved toward it. Red John slid over to the door, blocking it. He turned still, watching her, reading her.

"If you want a man's help, pick a man that can do something for you. You've got the wrong one now."

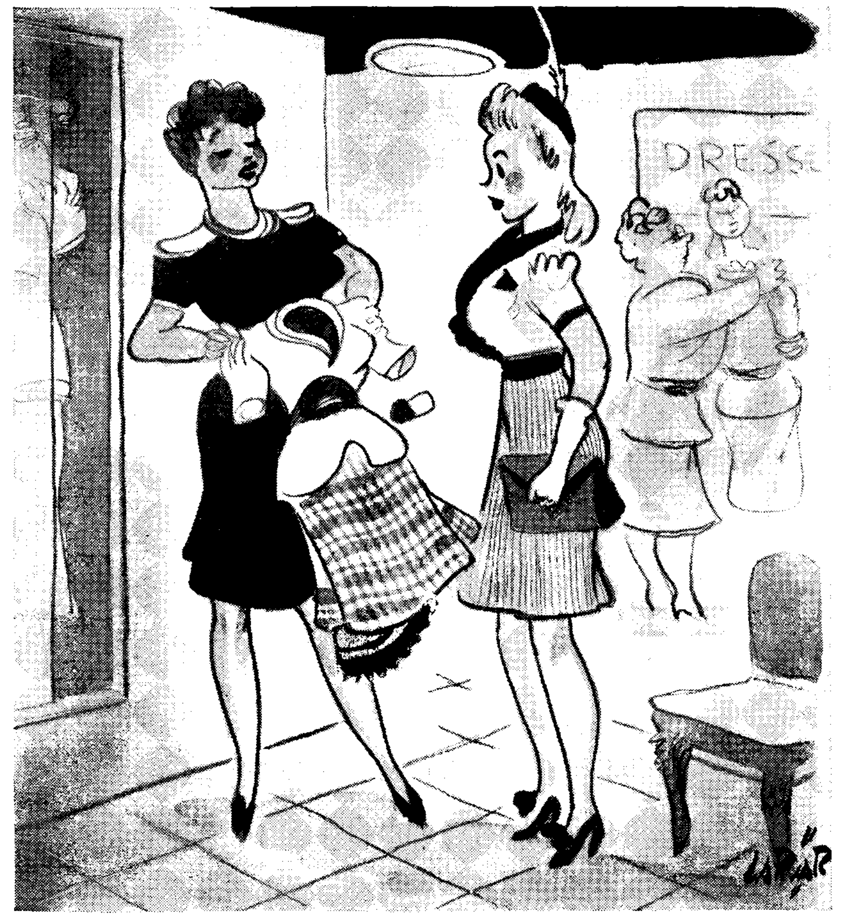
"Go on—get out of here."

He said: "Keene sleeps here and eats here, doesn't he?"

She threw the lantern at him, but never quite caught him off balance. He ducked, taking the lantern on the shoulder. She pushed at him, trying to get into the cabin. He reached out and caught her shoulders; he shook her and said something in a throaty, hard-breathing way. He pulled her in, his mouth searching her face with a hot anxiety. She hit him on the jaw and her fingernails dug through his skin and she felt him cringe away. His hands ripped at her dress and she heard it tear away and for a moment she fought him with a blind and furious hatred—a hatred intensified by fear—catching his face with her nails again and again until he had to break clear. She was exhausted and she had lost her sense of direction. She flung out her arms and found the door by accident, at once seizing the gun. But by then he was in the outer darkness, shouting at her.

"You're not cold, sister. If you were you wouldn't be keepin' a man around here. Why pretend to be something you ain't?"

She lifted the rifle and let go. He was on his horse, moving out from the cabin. She ran after him and fired a second time at his shadow, and missed; and then the shadow vanished and there was no use of wasting bullets. She was shaking, she was so weak that the gun pulled her arms down. Her heart throbbed in her throat, she couldn't pull enough wind into her lungs. She turned to the cabin, dully remembering the lantern, and got on her hands and knees to hunt for it; but the desire for light went as quickly as it had come, and she went into the cabin and dropped the bar against the door.



"This model comes with the slip already showing"

LAWRENCE LARIAR

She sat on the bed, bent over in the darkness. And she thought: "I must not tell Cleve. Cleve would go after Red John and be killed. Should I tell Jim?" Long afterward, in bed and still shaking from reaction, she tried to answer that question.

SHELTERED by the darkness, Jennie stood at the river's bluff and waited until she knew Red John wouldn't come. This was the second night she had waited in cold, fearful hope. Presently she turned and walked slowly toward the house. She walked with her head down, heavy-bodied and ashamed. She had pity for herself and nothing but a sick dread of the days to come—and that dread grew so powerful that she thought of the river bluff and its hundred-foot drop. She thought of it with a kind of sleepwalking fascination, and morbidly pictured herself floating dead in the river, her hair floating loose around the marble whiteness of her face.

SHE came into the yard and saw young Joe Spackman's horse there. Joe was in the house with her folks and she thought they were talking about her; the last few days it seemed that everybody had a strange way of looking at her, as though they knew. She stepped through the doorway and dropped her eyes from the strong lamplight. Her mother gave her a quick glance, and she was afraid of her mother now for the first time in her life. Young Joe put his hands in his pockets; he pulled them out. He was ill at ease and he was sorry because of the quarrel they'd had. Jennie met his eyes and knew that he was ready to forget their quarrel. But she hated him at that moment. He seemed to see that it was no use for he said, "So long," and left the room.

As soon as he stepped into the yard she was afraid he wouldn't come back. She followed him and found him beside his horse. He had one hand on the saddle but he came around and showed her a fiery, hopeful expression—that one expression which always made her forget he was just young Joe Spackman, slow and steady. She had nothing to say; she had lost her power to tease him and so she stood and waited for him to speak. And then, waiting, she noticed the expression fade. He spoke as a stranger would speak, even his bitter jealousy gone:

"I guess he didn't show up tonight."

"No," she murmured. "He didn't show up, Joe."

'That's too bad," he said, so distant, so civil, so lost to her.

He stared down at the dead set of her face and now she thought he knew; she had to drop her glance from that agony of suspense and reluctant suspicion showing on him. "I guess," she said in the humblest voice, "I've spoiled things for us. It wouldn't be much for you to kiss me any more. I mean it wouldn't really mean what it used to mean. Maybe you better not bother any more, Joe."

"Guess that's what you want."

"No, Joe. It isn't what I want. I guess that's all I can say. I used to tease you a lot. I never meant it, Joe. I never meant to make you feel bad. I'm awfully sorry."

He got on his horse and turned away. She called after him. "Joe," and he stopped the horse, listening to her but not looking back. "Joe," she said, "don't hate me. I hate myself, and that's hard enough."

He rode out of the yard. She heard her mother coming but she couldn't stop her crying; she cried without making a sound. Her mother said: "You quarrel with Joe?"

"No."

Her mother let out a long sigh and took Jennie's shoulders and pulled her around. She looked at that little girl's soft face smeared with its tragedy. Mrs. Cannon took her girl into her arms. "We will not tell your father, Jennie."

"You don't hate me, Mamma?"

"How could I hate my little girl?"

COMING down the valley as though a band of Shoshones were hot on her trail, Portia Crews met Cleve Stewart at Keene's soddy. Portia said, "Whoaa," and came to a sliding halt before Cleve.

Stewart said: "You'll break your neck some day."

"My friend," observed Portia, "I like things to happen suddenly. What does that serious look indicate?"

"Keene lost two horses day before yesterday and went after them. He's not back yet."

"He'll get them. That man will."

"DePard took the horses."

Portia Crews breathed, "Oh, Cleve," and all her gaiety disappeared. She was a pretty girl in every mood but this one; in this moment of complete soberness she was beautiful. "So he went to DePard's? Why did he do that? He knows what DePard—" She knew the answer before she had finished asking it. "Of course he knows DePard. And he wouldn't beat around the bush. Where are you going?"

"To find out what happened."

She swung with him. They rode upvalley side by side in a half-cold sunlight overcast by a gray, moving haze. They hit a brisk clip and not for a half mile did the inevitable thought occur to her. She turned on Stewart: "Why are you doing this, Cleve? You don't like Keene."

"Well," he said, "I kind of do."

Being a woman she made a quick inference. "Or would it be for the sake of Aurora Brant?"

"Certainly," he said. "But I said I liked Keene."

She watched the upper valley, her eyelashes touching; she was soft and thoughtful. "How strange," she murmured. "Yesterday nobody knew him. Today here we are riding to find him, because we like him. Tomorrow he'll be gone."

"Will he?"

She shrugged her shoulders. "That's the way he is."

Long later in the day, not far from sundown, they turned into Broken Bit's front yard.

Grat DePard came from the house, Morspeare trudging silently behind him. Grat, Portia noticed, threw an alert glance at her and at Stewart. He didn't say: "Step down." That courtesy was missing. All he said was: "You're browsing a long way from pasture."

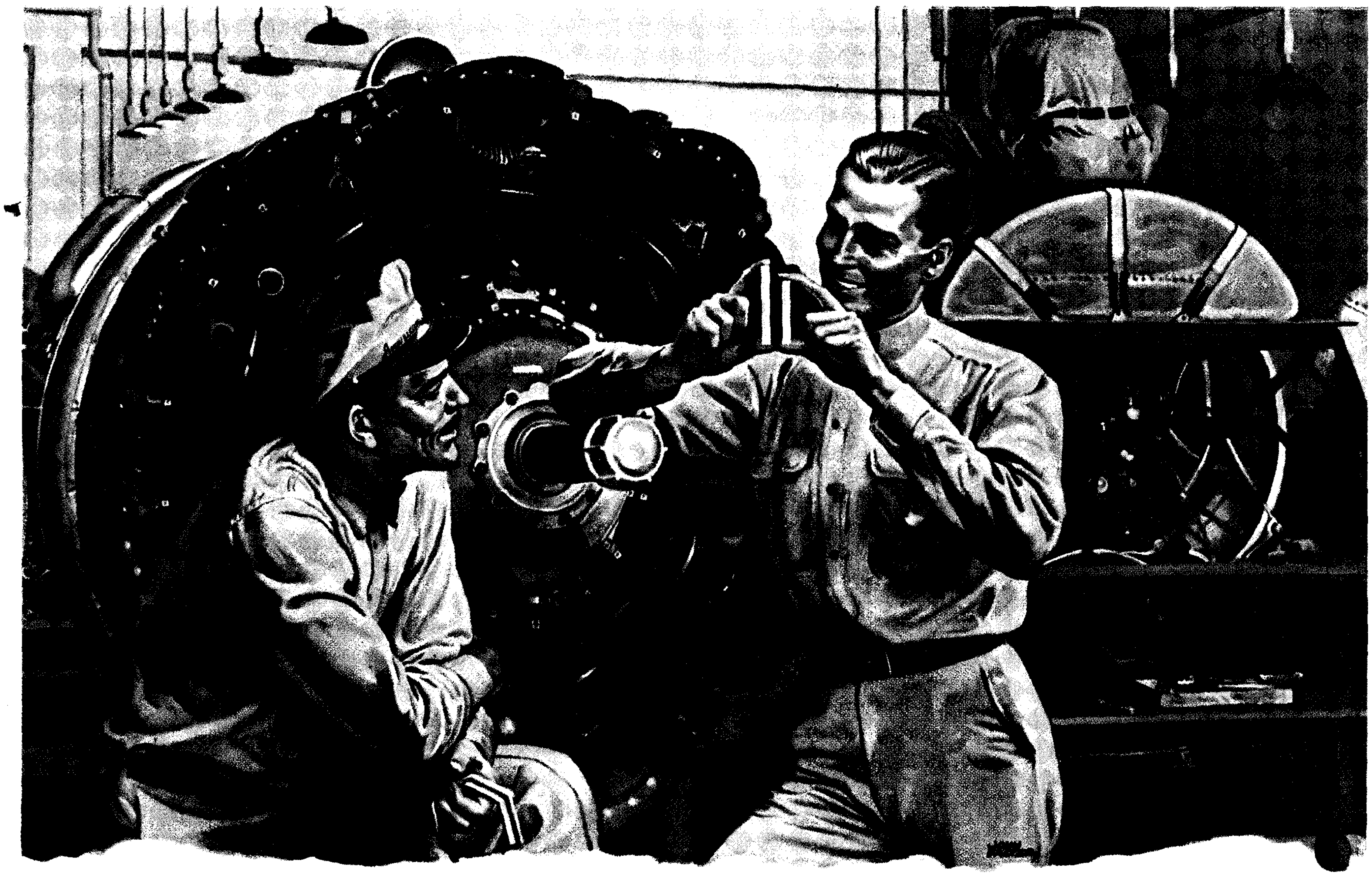
Stewart said: "Keene been here?"

"He was here."

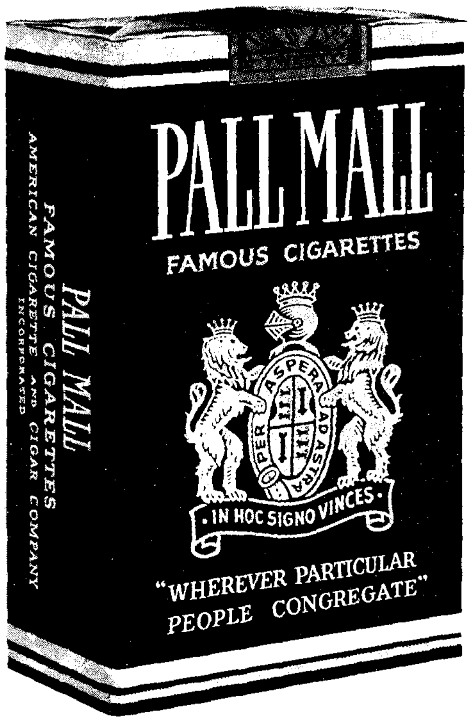
"Here now?"

"No—not here now."

Portia, possessing a woman's profound interest in men's reactions, noted that Stewart was relieved to have it pass



Compare Pall Mall with your old cigarette


PALL MALL
FAMOUS CIGARETTES
PER ASPERA AD ASTRA
IN HOC SIGNO VINCES
"WHEREVER PARTICULAR PEOPLE CONGREGATE"
PALL MALL
FAMOUS CIGARETTES
AMERICAN CIGARETTE AND CIGAR COMPANY
INCORPORATED

...FOR GENEROSITY

Place a Pall Mall beside your old cigarette. The difference in value is startling. Pall Mall is over 20 per cent longer.

And this longer cigarette brings you not only more tobacco, but the finest tobacco money can buy.

Moreover, you receive a definite service, too, for the additional length travels the smoke further, giving you a noticeably cooler cigarette.

...FOR SMOOTHNESS

The rich smoothness of Pall Mall is the result of re-discovering the almost lost art of BULKING — an old-fashioned, slow, deliberate method for mellowing fine tobaccos.

In BULKING, an unhurried miracle of nature transpires; harsh qualities grow mild, delicate aromas merge, permeating every shred of the superb Pall Mall tobaccos. The result is a mellower, really smoother smoke.

Yourself, try Pall Mall critically!

PLACE YOUR OLD CIGARETTE HERE

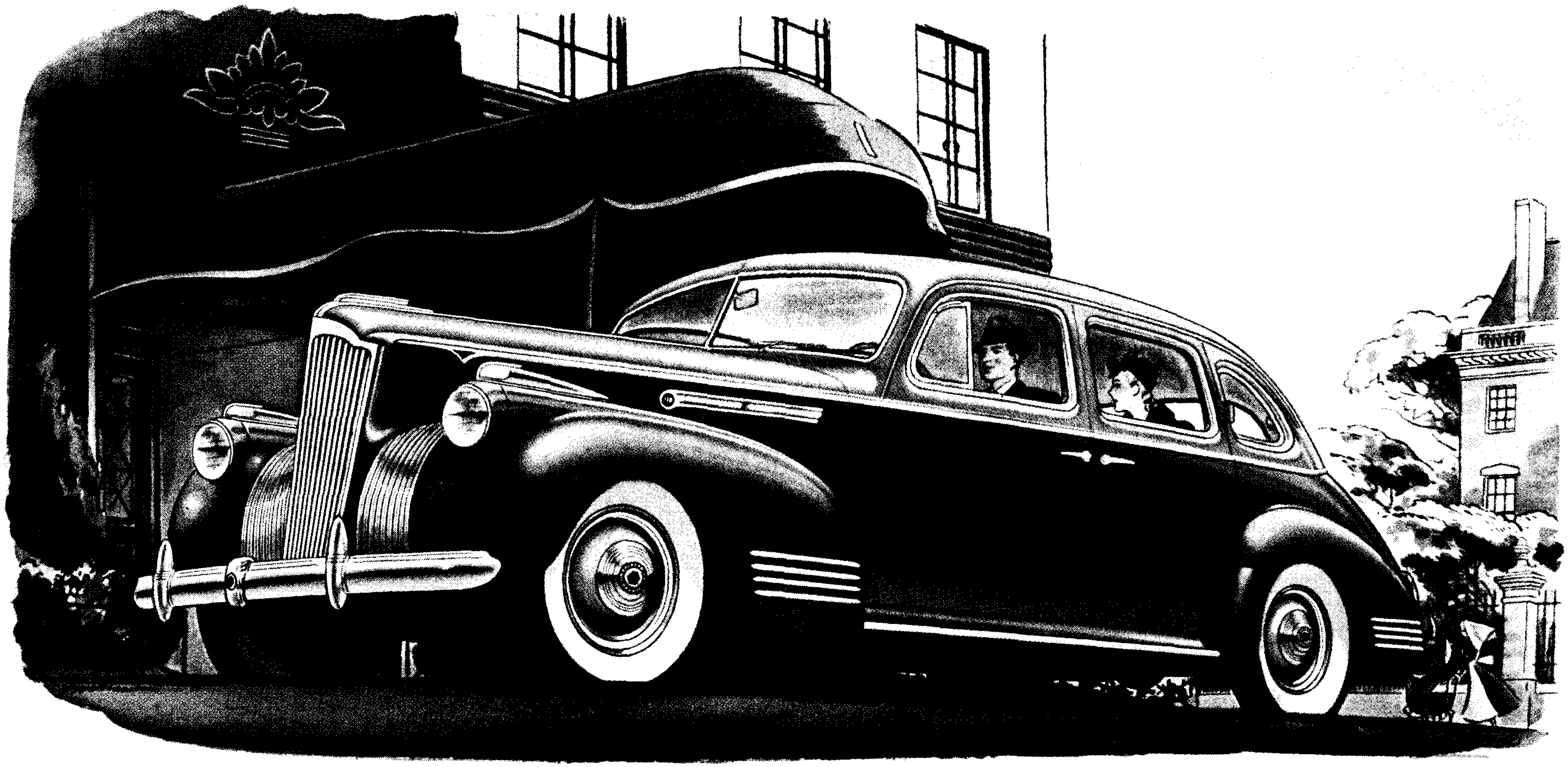
You'll see this better cigarette

"WHEREVER PARTICULAR PEOPLE CONGREGATE"

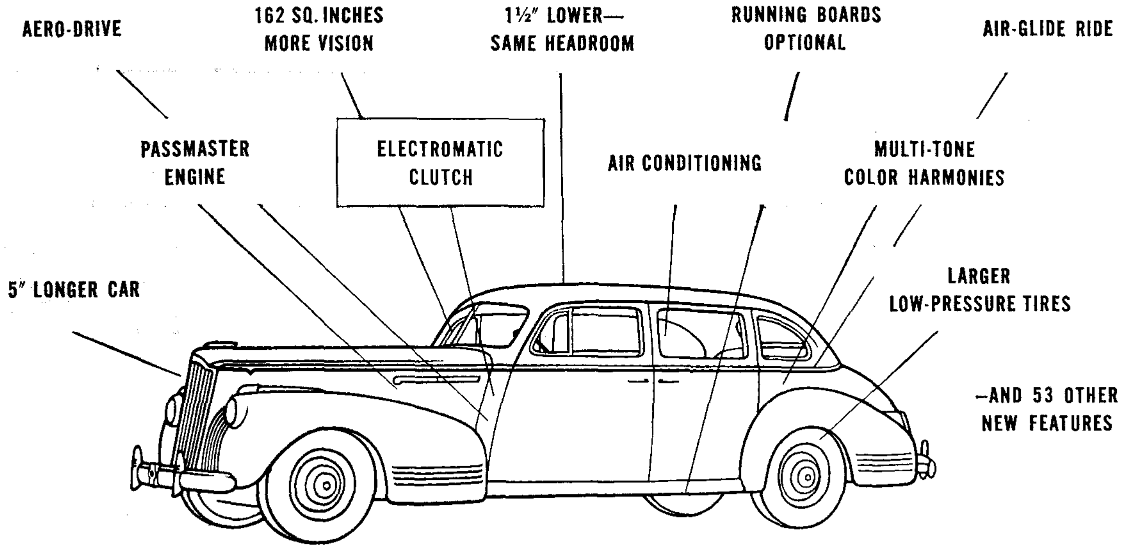
Copyright 1940, American Cigarette and Cigar Co.

Cuts your footwork in half!

Packard Electromatic Clutch.



Illustrated: the new Packard One-Ten Deluxe Touring Sedan


AERO-DRIVE
162 SQ. INCHES MORE VISION
1½" LOWER—SAME HEADROOM
RUNNING BOARDS OPTIONAL
AIR-GLIDE RIDE
PASSMASTER ENGINE
ELECTROMATIC CLUTCH
AIR CONDITIONING
MULTI-TONE COLOR HARMONIES
5" LONGER CAR
LARGER LOW-PRESSURE TIRES
—AND 53 OTHER NEW FEATURES

ONCE YOU TOUCH THE STARTER of the new 1941 Packard, you've opened the door to amazement in motion—new and more effortless than you ever dreamed of!

For in this brilliant new Packard, your left foot loafs. It just goes along for the ride, the *car itself* operates the clutch.

The Packard Electromatic Clutch takes over the clutch operation . . . the letting-out and letting-in that used to keep your left foot so busy. This moderately-priced Packard optional feature has none of the defects that marred earlier self-operating clutches. It engages at *just the right rate,* neither too slow nor too fast. A combination of electrical and vacuum control does a smoother job of operating the clutch than *you* would do for yourself.

It has the further advantage of making the conventional foot-clutch available, if desired, by touching a button. And, in combination with the Aero-Drive, this Packard improvement not only eliminates footwork on the clutch—but reduces gear-shifting as well!

The Electromatic Clutch is only *one* of 64 bright new features that make the 1941 Packards the most exciting cars of the year. There's glamorous new Multi-tone beauty—inside and out—with no less than 261 color harmony combinations.

There's the Passmaster Engine, 10% more economical than preceding thrifty Packards. There's Aero-Drive*, giving you a dividend of *one mile free in five!* There's Air Conditioning* (a Packard *first*) which puts heat and humidity to rout with real refrigeration. There's Feather-light handling ease, Air-Glide ride, —and these are only the starting points!

Make no mistake, the new 1941 Packard is *new* from stem to stern. Longer, lower, lovelier, infinitely more luxurious, it's truly the Class of '41. See it now, and—*Ask the man who owns one!*

$907

to $5550

Prices delivered in Detroit, white sidewall tires and State taxes extra. *Subject to change without notice.*

**Available at extra cost.*

NEW PACKARD—the Class of '41

off this easily. It had been difficult for him, she realized, to come here; he had obviously dreaded the trip. She liked him for the courage he had shown but she had a quick picture of Keene sitting on that same saddle, and knew how differently Keene would have spoken.

"Where did he go?" asked Stewart.

"Now how do I know?" asked DePard, becoming irritated.

Portia tried to throw him off balance with her question: "Did he get the horses?"

But Grat gave her a gray, smart look. "What horses?"

If she had doubted him before, she now knew he was lying. There was no reason for him to cover up the horses unless he had something else to hide.

His thoughts, always nimble in this sort of thing, marched parallel with her thoughts; he grew rough. "What the hell's the difference to either of you? You turned homesteaders?"

"Wait a minute, Grat," said Stewart.

"No," responded Grat, "I don't wait." He came forward until he stood at the head of Stewart's horse. He took the check strap in a hand, staring up. "Quit playing around, Cleve. You with me or not?"

Cleve set his jaw forward. He showed the tinge of paleness. His voice skirted uncertainty and drew away from it: "I'm not with you on any rough stuff."

"That's good," said Grat DePard, making his voice loud. "That's fine. You're with me as long as it don't cost anything, but you're not if it does. Damn a man that crawls on his belly. Where's your backbone? You want me to do all the fighting while you sit back reading a book somewhere? Now you get the hell out of my yard and don't come back. And don't expect anything from me."

"Portia," said Stewart, "come on."

He started down the incline but Portia called to him: "We'll take the hill trail, Cleve."

"No," contradicted DePard; "you keep going that way."

"Grat," announced Portia, "I take whatever trail I please." He moved toward her horse. He reached for its bridle. Portia's cheeks were red as dye. She called, "Cut that out," and jabbed her spurs deep in the pony. The horse surged at DePard, knocking him back. Morspeare ran forward and Stewart cried: "No, Portia." Portia followed DePard. She rode him down and slashed him with her crop and kept on going until she was near the hill trail. She turned to face him and saw him with his gun out of his holster. He hadn't pointed it, but she thought his intolerant anger might, in another moment, drive him to it. Cleve trotted up and cut in front of her.

He called: "Don't do it, Grat!"

"Portia!" yelled DePard.

"Don't do it, Grat," repeated Stewart.

There was a sudden and tremendous change in DePard. One moment he was out of control; and then he caught himself. "All right, Portia," he breathed, "all right."

"Come on," said Stewart, and herded Portia around.

They went single file up the steep trail, the view of Broken Bit's yard fading behind the trees. At the height of the ridge Portia stopped. "I'll take this short cut home, Cleve."

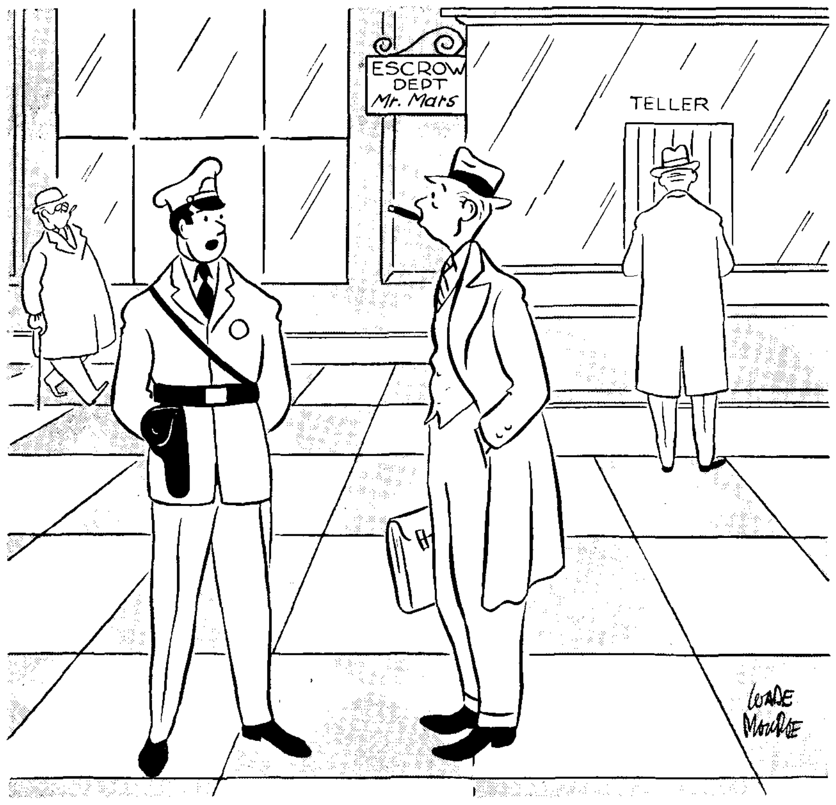
"You think Keene's back there on Broken Bit?"

"I don't know." Then she murmured: "You know something? Grat's really afraid of women. I just noticed that. He doesn't know what to do with them."

He said: "I'm going over the pass and see if he went that way." Then he rode around the bend of the trail.

Portia waited until the sound of his horse died in the pines. Thereafter she moved through the trees, eastward, riding a half circle around Broken Bit. Close to sunset she came to a ledge on the north side of the ranch, dismounted and crawled forward until she had Broken Bit's yard below her. Here at the same vantage point Jim Keene had used two days before, she waited, not knowing what she would do, yet certain that Keene was in DePard's house. She added one dismal qualification: He was there—if alive.

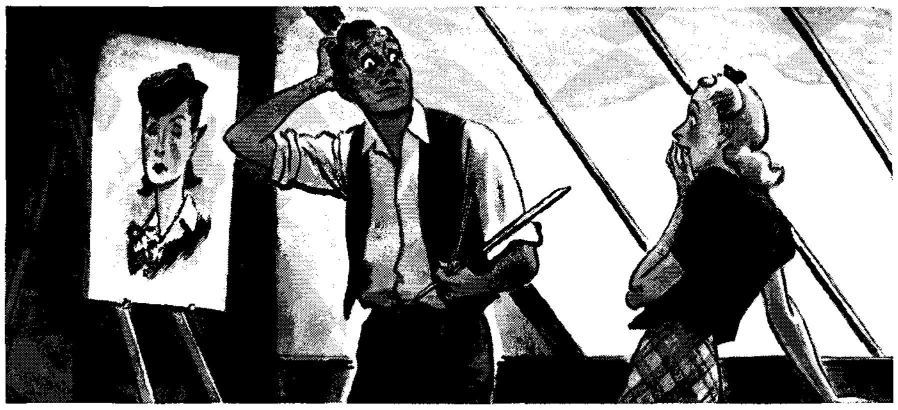
KEENE struggled up through unconsciousness like a strangling swimmer fighting toward air. He moved through whirling, indefinite sensations of light and sound and unrelated stabs of feeling. The first tangible thing was pain. It began to take root in his head, in his chest, along his left side, setting up its steady attack. Light was a brilliant flame in front of him; gradually as his sight fo-



"Sometimes I wish something would happen—just to see what I'd do"

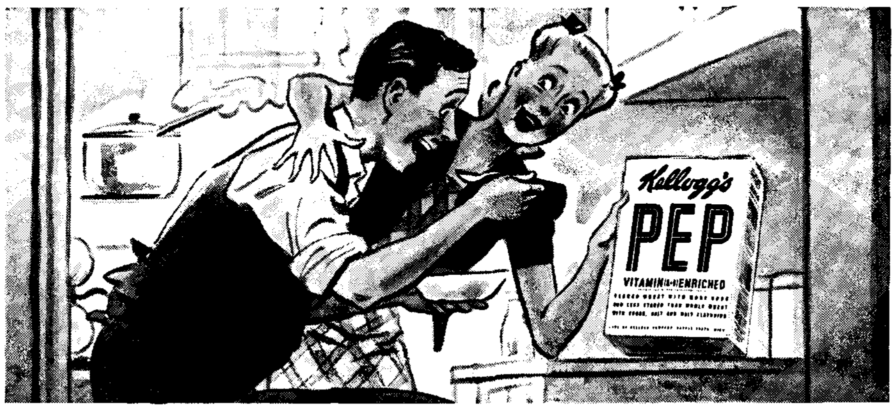
WADE MONROE

How's your "Pep Appeal"? —by Williamson



Mrs.: But George! No magazine would buy that!

Mrs.: It hasn't any "oomph"—any pep appeal. And neither have *you!* I know what's the matter. You haven't been eating right. You're not getting all your *vitamins.* And we're turning over a new leaf this very minute!



Mrs.: Lesson No. 1, my languid maestro! Right in that crunchy cereal you're tasting—appropriately called KELLOGG'S PEP—are extra-rich sources of *two* of the most important vitamins, B_1 and D.

Mr.: Say! Why don't people *tell* me about these things? PEP is delicious!

Mr.: And now, my dear, that I'm on the road to vitamins—just watch me become the "pep appeal" boy! Why, I'll put girls on the magazine covers the like of which have never been seen in this or any other age!

Mrs.: Well—where there's pep there's hope!

Vitamins for pep! Kellogg's Pep for vitamins!

Pep contains per serving: 4/5 to 1/5 the minimum daily need of vitamin B_1, according to age; 1/2 the daily need of vitamin D. For sources of other vitamins, see the Pep package.

MADE BY KELLOGG'S IN BATTLE CREEK COPYRIGHT, 1940, BY KELLOGG COMPANY

cused he looked beyond the light and discovered Snap impassively near him. Snap crouched now in the corner of a room, he sat motionless, a cigarette in his lips; his eyes were round and gray and empty.

Keene moved his legs, at once rousing long runners of pain from muscles hard battered by whatever had struck him. He rolled a little and brought a hand over his eyes. Directly above him were the slats of an upper bed; he was in the bunkhouse. Men's voices set up an odd clack in the outer night. He distinguished DePard's voice: "Tuck, you ride for Ellenburg." A few moments later DePard came into the bunkhouse, followed by Red John.

DePard said: "Friend, you took a fall."

HE WAS cool about it. In a way he was even amused; it was a drab amusement, without the grace of pity. That was the kind of a fighter he was, Keene realized; one way or another DePard would get what he wanted, unhindered by any scruples. And always he was cool. Looking beyond him, Keene noticed the flicker of triumph in Red John's eyes—the reviving memory of an old score that remained still unsettled. It was Red John who came over to the bunk and looked down on him. "Not so tough now," murmured Broken Bit's foreman. "Just another sucker who made a bad bet. Know what happened to you?"

"No."

"I rode you down," said Red John. "You went under the horse, rollin' like a keg." He enjoyed the memory of it, he relished it. "I heard somethin' break and I thought it was your neck."

DePard spoke: "Naves is up in the house with a bullet hole clean through him. Maybe he'll pull out of that. But maybe he won't. Somethin' for you to think about, friend. You put the hole there." Then he turned to the little man crouched on the floor: "He stays in that bunk, Snap."

Red John's hazel eyes showed a dancing light. "You don't look so big any more, Keene. You come in this country like a tall breeze and folks got the idea you were a terror with rings on your tail. Just a sucker, kid." His smile stretched wide. "You won't be much help to that girl." He turned out of the bunkhouse with DePard.

Keene lay on his back, a hand over his eyes. The fear of increased pain kept him still, yet pain pulsed all through him, so that he had the sensation of motion. He had never known more brutal misery. Heat burned at him, drying him out. He murmured: "How about a drink of water, Snap." Snap crouched against the wall, making no answer.

He braced himself against each long wave of pain, like a man meeting a strong surf head on; the effort wore him out. He tried to think of Broken Bit and his own position here, painstakingly reviewing what had happened and what was yet to happen. That too was a failure. Pain broke through every ordered thought; it reduced Keene to the lowest stage of life—the bottom level of muscle and nerve screaming for ease, with sensations of agony eating at his control. At last, exhausted and hard-racked, he closed his eyes and tried to swing with the recurring pulses, mentally rolling back with each oncoming shock. That one thing helped; and at last—long later—he fell into a half sleep.

He woke and found the light still burning. He thought Snap was still in the room, though he was too tired to turn his head. His senses faded to a kind of half rest, threading in and out of troubled dreams and strange feelings that were not dreams; he heard riders coming into the yard, their voices sharp through the night silence. From the corner of his eyes he saw gray light in the windows. Not long after that he dropped into real sleep.

When he woke again sunlight showed through the bunkhouse window and Snap was gone. Riders crossed the yard, inbound. He heard DePard speaking. For a little while Keene lay still, half afraid of what he might find when he moved. Pain had left him during the night, to be replaced by a cementlike stiffness. Moving his arms he felt his muscles draw slowly. There was a great sore patch along his chest and as he gradually doubled his knees he felt an instant ache in his thighs. He had met Red John's horse with his chest and in falling had turned to the right; most of his soreness was on his left side. He felt the swollen patch on his left thigh.

He lifted himself with a good deal of effort. He bent over on the bunk's edge, pulling the warp from his back. He teetered carefully up and down, strain biting him at each motion. He put his teeth together; he was too dried out to sweat but the effect of sweat worked along his face like nettles. He heard a man moving toward the bunkhouse; and he was flat on his back when Snap came in.

Snap waggled a thumb at him. "Over to the kitchen."

Keene swung from the bunk with a deep grunt. He stood up and rubbed a hand across his face, his fingers catching a bump on the side of his chin. He stopped in the doorway, putting a shoulder point to the casing. Snap said: "Go on, go on." Keene stepped down from the bunkhouse sill, grunting again at the drop. He moved with a short, stringhalted limp. One ankle began to throb and he walked on his heel to remove the pressure from it. Horses stood in the yard and men waited in front of the house for something to happen. Keene went into the kitchen and sat on a cracker box. He drank three cups of black coffee before he touched his breakfast; and ate with a hunger that had no end.

Snap was sleepy. He stood at the doorway, the long night's guard loosening him. He was irritable. He said, "All right," and waggled his thumb again. Keene moved back across the yard, seeing Red John in the saddle. DePard stood near the foreman's horse, talking to him. Keene watched those two until Snap grumbled, "Cut it out." As soon as he got inside the bunkhouse, Keene rolled on the bunk full length and built a cigarette. He took his long drags on it, watching the smoke break against the slats of the upper bunk. Snap had stopped at the doorway. He watched Keene a moment and disappeared, leaving the door open.

KEENE heard riders go out of the yard at a fast run. He finished his smoke and dropped it on the bunkhouse floor. He laced his hands across his belly, his thoughts moving slowly across his chances. He thought of Snap who was ready to fall asleep; his mind came to a full stop on Snap. Snap was outside but when he came in he would crouch at the base of the far wall, cross-legged and nursing his thoughts, whatever they were, in dry silence. It was twelve feet from this bunk to that wall.

He put Snap aside and reconstructed Broken Bit's yard in his head. It was a ten-yard run from the bunkhouse to the corrals; fifty feet more to the pines. A quick run without a horse. The horse was out of it now. He was tired again and his thoughts were slower and slower; the night and its misery caught up with him. He had no knowledge of falling asleep.

DePard's voice said: "Friend, you're in trouble."

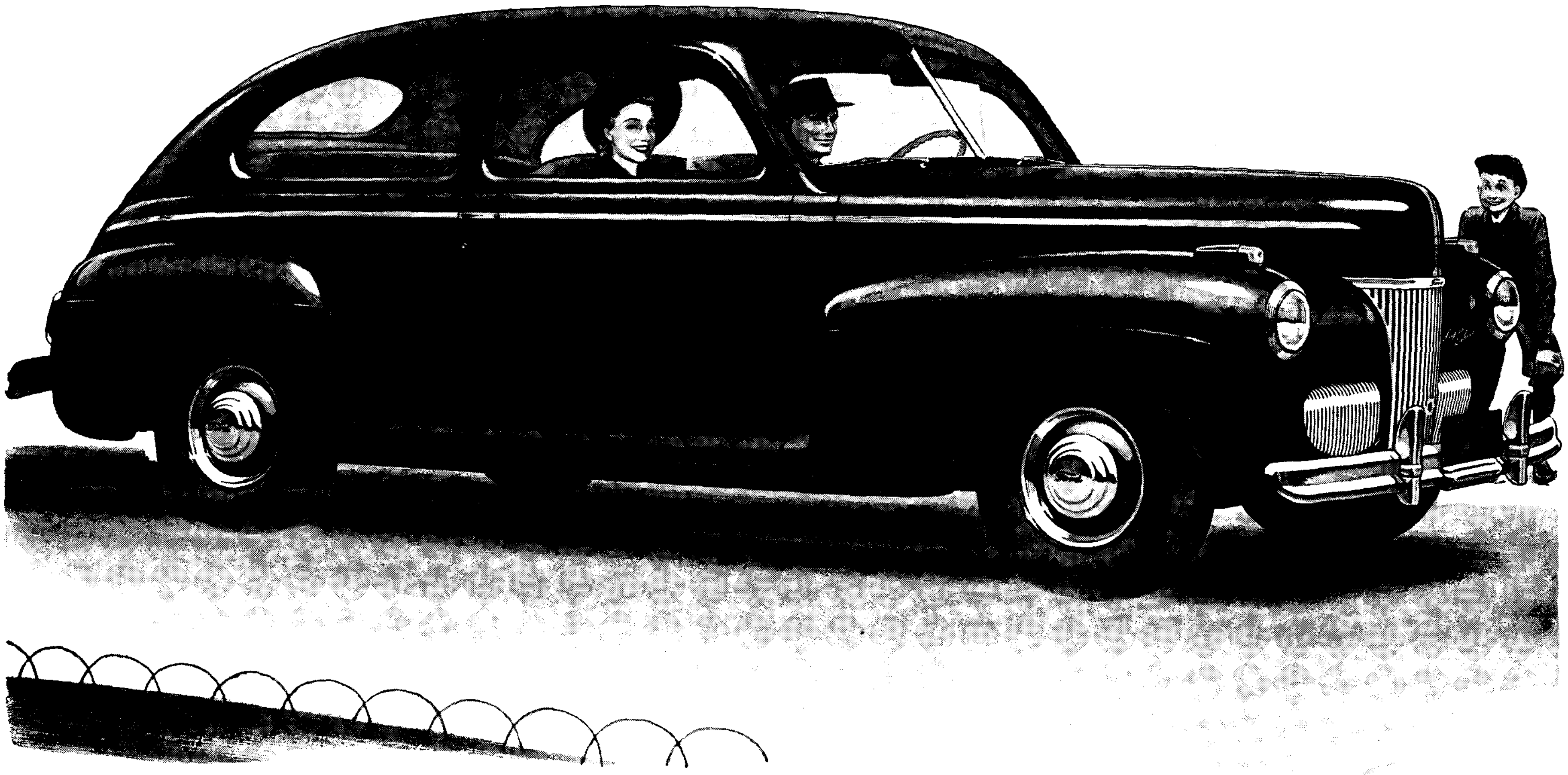
He opened his eyes. DePard was in the room. Red John stood beside him and Morspeare blocked the doorway

PEP-O-MINT
LIFE SAVERS
LIFE SAVERS

"**Her husband** wouldn't be such an old bear if she sweetened her breath with PEP-O-MINT LIFE SAVERS."

Everybody's breath offends sometimes after eating, drinking, or smoking. Let PEP-O-MINT LIFE SAVERS save yours. There are also 13 other delicious mint and fruit flavors. Sold everywhere. 5¢

You expect BIG things from FORD!



THE Ford Rouge Plant is world-famous for doing big things in a big way. Now it's producing *the biggest Ford car ever built!*

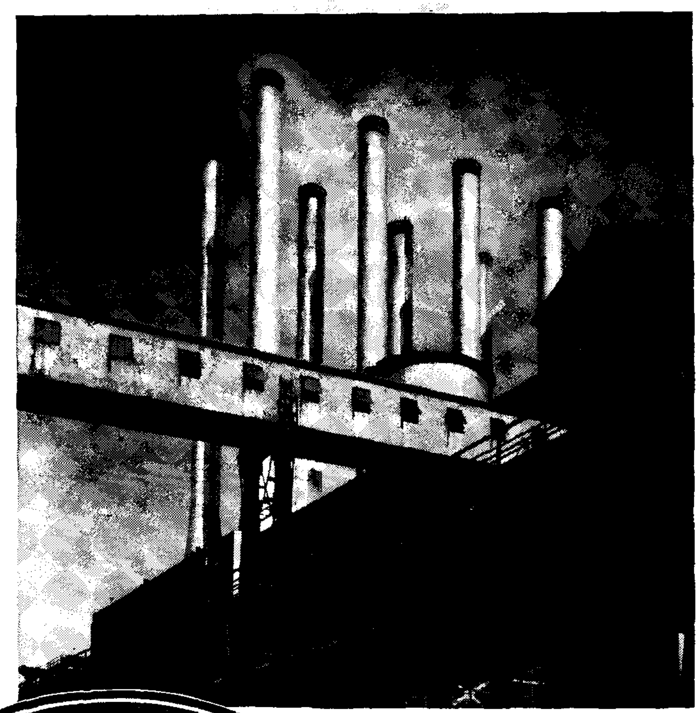
The 1941 Ford has *an entirely new body*—longer and wider. It has *a longer wheelbase.* Seating width has been increased *as much as seven inches!* Larger windshield and windows provide as much as *33% more glass area.*

After you *see* the beauty and bulk of this big car, *feel* its faster acceleration and soft new ride—a ride produced by new, slower-action springs, improved shock absorbers, and *a newly designed stabilizer* that eases steering and helps maintain balance on curves or in cross winds.

How is it done? *How can such a big, comfortable car have more cylinders, more equipment and more costly construction than other low-price cars?*

The answer goes back to the Ford way of doing business—to the fact that Ford has built *millions more cars* than any one else and is satisfied with a *smaller profit per car.*

Get the full story from any Ford dealer. See how little it costs to trade in your present car. *A 1941 Ford means a good deal!*



Ford

The Great Ford Rouge Plant provides the finest manufacturing facilities in the world. Here the genius and experience of Henry Ford, plus the efficiency of Ford engineers, produce quality cars in huge volume to sell at a low price with small profit—so that when you buy a Ford, you get value far above the price you pay!

Get the facts and you'll get a FORD!

Lessons for men from a child's picture book

G. MEN WITH LONG NECKS may look giraffe-like in the *wrong* collar. They can side-step this in Arrow's Sussex shirt. Its widespread collar makes necks look shorter, handsomer! $2.

B. MEN WITH SHORT NECKS may look beaver-like in the wrong collar. They can avoid this with the Arrow Bruce shirt. Its low band, long-point collar makes necks seem longer, thinner! $2.

H. MEN WHOSE COLLARS wrinkle like a hippo's neck should get Arrow Dale. Its collar won't wilt all day! Like *all* Arrows, Dale is Sanforized-Shrunk (fabric shrinkage less than 1%). $2.50.

P. MEN FEEL PROUD as peacocks in Arrow Shirts! Arrow's exclusive "Mitoga" figure-fit is shaped the way a man is built. Young men pick Arrow Gordon Oxford, with button-down collar. $2.

ARROW SHIRTS

Made by Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.

Sanforized-Shrunk—a new shirt free if one ever shrinks out of fit

with his immense shoulders. Morspeare stood with his head ducked, faithfully staring at DePard. Snap was gone and the sunlight didn't show in the immediate yard. It was late afternoon, Keene realized. He had slept through the day.

He pulled himself from the bunk. He forgot about his ankle and put weight on it fully, and grabbed the upper bunk. He was wide awake.

"Naves died," said DePard.

Jesse Morspeare, answering the only impulse he knew, stepped tentatively forward and showed a red immediate desire in his eyes—a desire to use his clublike hands. Left to himself he would have killed Keene at that instant. Red John's face held the same gray amusement. He murmured: "Sucker." But DePard was cooler than the other two, less controlled by either hatred or the need of satisfaction. His mind had moved ahead. He was seeing things the others did not see, he had made his own plans. All he said was, "You should have joined me, friend," and left the bunkhouse. The other two followed him.

Keene sat on the edge of the bunk, bent over, his hands gripped together. He stared through the doorway, across the narrow vista of the yard. The Chinese cook came out of the kitchen, sloshed a kettle of water across the dust and went back. It was edging toward evening then and another set of riders went away. Presently he heard a man run forward. The man appeared in the doorway and looked at him a moment, and slammed the door shut. In a few minutes he caught the voices of Portia Crews and Cleve Stewart.

He heard that talk, the quarrel and DePard's last phrase. Later, with Stewart and Portia gone from Broken Bit, Keene got up and moved toward the bunkhouse window. He stood away from the window, looking out of it at the farther yard. DePard and Morspeare were by the front porch. Presently Red John stepped from another corner of the house and joined them.

KEENE cat-walked around the bunkhouse, his glance seizing every article in it. He moved along the bunks, he ran his hands beneath the straw ticks in hopeful search. He walked in a steady circle, the old feeling beginning to sing. There was one table and one chair in the bunkhouse and a stove in a corner. He lifted the stove lid, hefting it in his hand; he calculated its possibilities and laid it back. He paused by the chair, looking down at the lamp on the table. He gripped the chair's top with his arms, swinging his weight against it. Then he moved the chair to another side of the table, within arm's reach of the bunk he had been using. Slowly circling the room, he noticed one thing he had missed—a mirror tacked to the wall. He faced the mirror and saw a blurred face come back to him. Darkness had begun to settle through the bunkhouse. He moved nearer the mirror, noting the dark-whiskered surface of his cheeks, the heavy red scar gouged along the left jaw. He murmured, "Tight, friend. Tight." The man in the mirror showed a hardmouthed grin; that man looked bad enough to scare a horse. The supper triangle suddenly made a long ringing racket in the yard. A set of riders came rapidly into home quarters.

DEPARD sat in the porch rocker, with Red John before him and Morspeare a great, dull shape beside him. Red John said: "If Ellenburg tells it around that Naves got shot people will know where Keene is. They'll be lookin' up this way."

"Who's goin' to look?"

Red John said: "All right. What you thinkin' about now?"

"Tonight we're cutting every piece of homestead wire on the Silver Bow."

"You leavin' Keene here?"

"Jesse will stay to watch him."

"Sure," said Morspeare. He was a great, dull lump in the gathering dark, faithfully watching Grat to find what was required of him. He moved so that he might catch DePard's expression.

"Just watch him, Jesse," said DePard.

"Sure."

Red John gave out his warning: "Don't fool with that fellow too long."

"No, not too long," said DePard.

"Then there's that Brant girl. She says she's stayin'."

"She had a man to help her. She ain't got him now."

"Suppose," said Red John, "you don't scare 'em by cuttin' their wire?"

DePard looked at his foreman. "You afraid of something, Red?"

"Me?" said Red John, and tried to wave it away. "Always got to think of the other fellow's hole card, Grat."

"If I didn't know this game," said DePard, "you think I'd be playin' it?"

"I guess not, Grat."

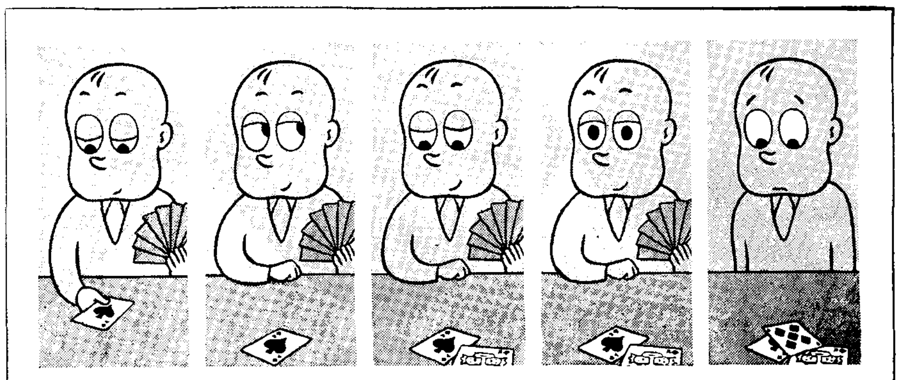
"They don't know me. Nobody knows me, Red. I never make a move unless I mean it. Sometimes I don't move—and maybe somebody thinks I'm bluffing. I never ran a bluff in my life and I never backed up. Those homesteaders think they can wait me out and eat me up little by little. I know what they're thinkin'. They figure that they've got somebody to do the fightin' they ain't able to do. That's Keene. I hear it said he's the man they're countin' on. If it ain't enough to cut their wire then I know something that will clear up the Silver Bow overnight."

"I don't get it, DePard."

DePard rose from the rocker, absorbed by his speculations. Red John, possessing his weaknesses of flesh and his moments of doubt, had his uneasy intimations of a trouble he could not name or see. What he feared was DePard's inhuman faith in himself.

"Keene's the Dutch courage for those homesteaders," said DePard, "and for the girl. Remember that box-elder tree at the ford, Red? If those people found their Dutch courage swingin' from that tree with his neck crooked they wouldn't stay." He stared straight at Red John. "You don't know me very well, either, Red. I'll do what's got to be done."

(*To be continued next week*)



Partner's Trump

CROCKETT JOHNSON

$50,000.00 IN PRIZES for having fun!

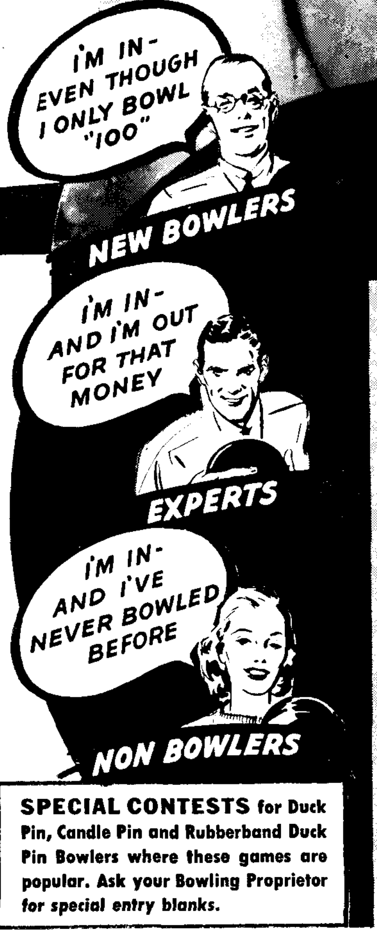
BOWLING CARNIVAL

17,526 CASH AND OTHER AWARDS!

EVERY WEEK
2,190 PRIZES

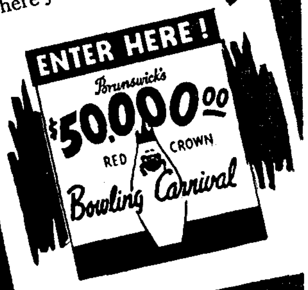
- 6 prizes of $100.00
- 6 prizes of $50.00
- 12 prizes of $25.00
- 60 Brunswick Mineralite Bowling Balls
- 150 Pairs Brunswick Bowling Shoes
- 1356 Brunswick Sharpshooter Trophies
- 600 Free $1.00 Bowling Coupon Books

6 GRAND PRIZES OF $1,000.00 EACH



EASY TO ENTER

CALL WESTERN UNION for names of bowling establishments featuring this Bowling Carnival, or enter where you see this sign.



THE FIRST NATIONWIDE, OPEN PLAY BOWLING CONTEST EVER CONDUCTED—SIMPLE RULES. START ANYTIME—ALL YOU DO IS BOWL 3 GAMES

Enter early! Bowl often! The more frequently you enter and bowl in the Carnival, the more opportunities you have to win prizes. So bowl several times a week and enter the Carnival each time.

All you need to do to compete is bowl three lines in open play and enter your scores on an official contest entry blank. Men and women of all ages—experts, beginners, and average bowlers—all will be in this contest. All have an equal opportunity to win!

Feel no hesitancy about entering. Even though you've never bowled before, you've a good opportunity to win in your class—"Beginners." You will compete only with others of equal ability.

Mornings and afternoons, or Saturdays and Sundays are especially good times to participate in the Carnival—enjoy wholesome fun on uncrowded alleys. Don't delay—enter today!

SPECIAL CONTESTS for Duck Pin, Candle Pin and Rubberband Duck Pin Bowlers where these games are popular. Ask your Bowling Proprietor for *special entry* blanks.

NO EXPERIENCE NEEDED— READ THESE HIGH-SPOT RULES

1. There are six classes of competition from beginners to experts. The score you bowl in 3 consecutive games will determine the class in which the entry will be judged.
2. There are weekly contests for each of the six classes, ending December 7th. The prize list in each class is the same.
3. Maximum prize award to any one contestant is limited to $1200.
4. *Double weekly cash awards for winning entries in special "target number" event.*
5. Decision of the judges on all matters affecting the contest will be final.

G.R.S.
BRUNSWICK
MINERALITE
5030L

BOWL BETTER AND HAVE MORE FUN. OWN YOUR OWN MINERALITE BOWLING BALL, CUSTOM-FIT. Available at leading bowling establishments, credit jewelers, sporting goods stores, department stores and Brunswick Salesrooms.

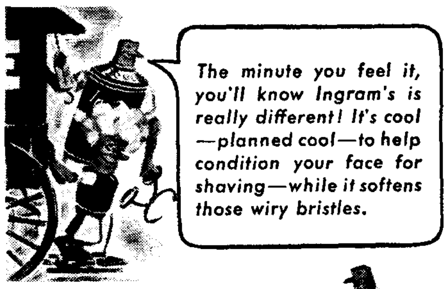
Copr. 1940 by The Brunswick-Balke-Collender Co.

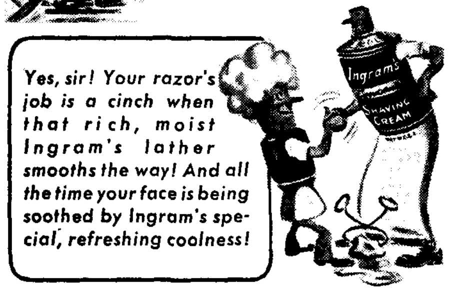
Cool Shaves

bring swift relief from shaving terrors!

Ingram's
SHAVING CREAM

Does shaving leave your face "scraped" and burning? Then—you'll cheer the soothing touch of Ingram's C-O-O-L, quick-acting lather!


The minute you feel it, you'll know Ingram's is really different! It's cool—planned cool—to help condition your face for shaving—while it softens those wiry bristles.


Yes, sir! Your razor's job is a cinch when that rich, moist Ingram's lather smooths the way! And all the time your face is being soothed by Ingram's special, refreshing coolness!
Ingram's SHAVING CREAM

With Ingram's you'll get cleaner, quicker shaves. Your face will look more attractive—feel refreshed for hours. No lotion needed. Get it in tube or jar—the same COOLING, economical cream.

INGRAM'S

SHAVING CREAM

IN TUBE OR JAR

Stress Stuff

Continued from page 16

main spar, as well as for nine heavy stiffener angles running diagonally from the rib stations outward and upward along the web. This was precisely the technique he had used in trying to reinforce the wing after the two previous failures.

"I feel awful sorry for this guy," Skip said to Stubby. "If he keeps on going like this, Bagley's going to tie a can to him. He's a good engineer and all that, but he's just too close to his problem. What he ought to do is—"

"Yeah, I know," said Stubby wearily. "I heard you last night. He ought to beef up the front and rear shear webs. But don't tell him that this morning. He'll cut your throat. . . . Besides, it don't make sense. Not to me, anyway. With me, if one part's weak and keeps busting, *that's* what you've got to make stronger. Not two other parts, three feet away."

"Look," said Skip, condescendingly. "Have you ever seen a cantilever bridge? What do you suppose supports the roadway? They hold it up with overhead trussing. And," he added, "that trussing is sometimes *two hundred* feet above the roadway."

"A bridge," said Stubby firmly, "ain't any airplane wing. . . . Besides, D'Arcy ought to know more about it than you do. He's got twelve years' experience."

"Experience isn't *everything*," said Skip. "Why do you suppose I've got the job I have around here? A year ago, I was pushing a material truck. Now look at me. Why? Because I'm efficient. And why am I efficient? Because I studied the business. . . . Where's D'Arcy?"

"You better lay off," said Stubby, in alarm.

SKIP laid an arm on his shoulder. "Look," he said. "Let me tell you something: If you're afraid of people, they'll climb your frame. If you aren't, they won't. D'Arcy will be all beaten down, this morning. I'll bet I can sell him my idea. . . ." He hitched up the canvas, dodged under it, and went over to the test model. The wing had given way almost at its attachment fittings; and from its center a series of dents and bulges ran out in little waves like a catspaw driven up by a stray breeze on the surface of a mill pond. At one point, the spar had twisted and snapped off short, so that its heavy cap angle—the member that would correspond roughly to the road girders of a cantilever bridge—had torn its way out through the duralumin sheet-metal skin plating.

"Pretty, ain't it?" said Stubby.

"Beautiful," said Skip. "Matter of fact, it's even worse than the last time. Did the front and rear shear webs go?"

Stubby nodded. "Sure."

"Ah!" said Skip.

"But that don't make you right about beefing them up," said Stubby. "They're lighter than the main spar. If *it* went, they'd go with it."

"Sure," said Skip. "And vice versa. . . . I'll bet a month's pay the shear webs are what went first. . . . Where's D'Arcy?"

Stubby jerked his thumb at an experimental mock-up of the new bomber's radio operator's cockpit. "In there," he said. "But I'm warning you. He hasn't had any sleep, and he's savage."

Skip crossed the cement floor to the mock-up. It was a wooden structure made to the exact size and shape of the bomber's radio operator's enclosure. Inside, it had a full set of radio-instrument dummies, navigation instruments, a radio operator's table, and a fully upholstered and very comfortable swivel chair. The mock-up had been made for the purpose of assuring the engineers that their calculations of the bulk and placement of the various instruments had been correct. Mr. D'Arcy, however, had preempted it to his use as an office. He was a thin, sallow-faced individual, with wild blue eyes; and he needed a shave very badly. He was leaning forward in the swivel chair, alternately glaring at a slide rule and scribbling savage figures on a scratch-pad.

As Skip climbed the wooden ladder that led up into the cockpit and perched himself on its edge, D'Arcy transferred his glare from the slide rule. "And what do *you* want?" he demanded.

Skip decided to use diplomacy. "I hear you had a little trouble last night," he said gently.

D'Arcy fixed him with a gleaming eye. "That's right."

"I was sorry to hear about it," said Skip. He paused and added: "I don't want you to think I'm playing smart when I make a suggestion like I did yesterday. I'm just trying to help you out."

"The best way you can do that," said D'Arcy grimly, "is to get me another test wing. When can I have it?"

Skip was picking up a little speed. He pulled the change sketch from his pocket, and pretended to examine it. "With this setup, not before next Friday. Of course," he added craftily, "if you want to leave the spar like it is and beef up the two shear webs, I could—"

"Listen, my friend," said D'Arcy, in a flat and deadly voice, "we had that out last night; and this morning I'm in no mood to be trifled with. I don't like you. I never will like you. And I don't see why the good Lord ever put me in a position where I had to work with you. But I've got to have that wing by not later than Thursday evening; and you're the cooky who's going to get it for me. Otherwise, I'm going to do some phoning on my own hook."

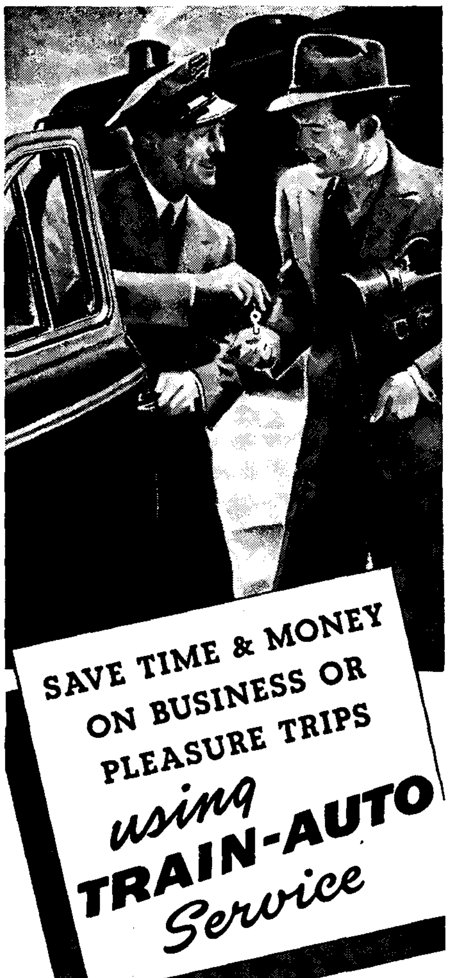
Skip looked at him pityingly. "I know just how you feel," he said. "You haven't had enough sleep. You're worried about your work. Your judgment is warped, and you hate everybody. Take my advice, and get some shut-eye. Then, when you wake up all refreshed and everything, think about what I said. It isn't the main spar that's failing first. It's the front and rear shear—"

D'Arcy blew up. Skip was leaning well inside the cockpit, with his forearms hooked over its edges. The first notice he had of D'Arcy's homicidal intent was a scream like a treed leopard's. His next was when D'Arcy picked up the twelve-inch leather sheath of the slide rule and began belaboring him over the head with it.

Skip started hastily to descend the ladder. The ladder slipped, and he lit in a seated position on the floor. Before he could collect his senses to continue his flight, he discovered that D'Arcy was pulling balsa-wood instrument dummies from their mountings, and hurling them at him with the dexterity of a juggler. He scrambled to his feet and departed without delay.

FIVE minutes later, he stumbled into the Production Office, and found a note on his desk. The note said, "Come into my office when you get back. I want to see you." It was signed, "Tony Marlin." Tony was Western's production chief, and Skip's boss.

Skip read it several times, said, "Oh! Oh!" and laid it down on his desk. He


SAVE TIME & MONEY ON BUSINESS OR PLEASURE TRIPS
using TRAIN-AUTO Service

To your destination by TRAIN—at your destination an AUTO

A few of many comments:

"I was well pleased with your service. It fills a long existing gap in the transportation system of the nation. I'll always carry one of your Identification Cards."

"Well satisfied with the plan in every respect. I figured I saved in the neighborhood of $20.00 and a day's time by using your service for my last trip."

"The most restful vacation we ever had. We took air-conditioned trains to and from the mountains and a *TRAIN-AUTO Service* car at the resort. No more long distance driving for us."

"The convenience of obtaining the car at the station pleased me, and I can tell you the most courteous and efficient service was given."

"I think your insurance is a particularly fine feature. Please send me one of your Identification Cards, because I plan to use this Service frequently."

"I was surprised at the reasonable rates I was charged. I would like more of your Identification Cards to present to the staff in my office and will be glad to explain my experience with the Service."

TRAIN-AUTO Service is available at more than 100 cities of the West and South. Consult a railroad ticket agent or any traffic representative of the railroads shown below.

TRAIN Service AUTO

***TRAIN-AUTO Service* is offered by these railroads, in cooperation with Railway Extension, Inc.**

BURLINGTON LINES • CHICAGO AND EASTERN ILLINOIS • CHICAGO, MILWAUKEE, ST. PAUL & PACIFIC • CHICAGO, NORTH SHORE & MILWAUKEE • CHICAGO AND NORTH WESTERN • CHICAGO, ST. PAUL, MINNEAPOLIS & OMAHA • GREAT NORTHERN • ILLINOIS CENTRAL • NORTHERN PACIFIC • ROCK ISLAND LINES • SANTA FE SYSTEM LINES UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD

Copyright 1940, Trans-Continental Passenger Association

borrowed a pocket mirror from Miss Wayne, the office secretary, and inspected his left eye in it. The eye was somewhat discolored by reason of its having stopped the dummy of the radio compass. Skip fingered it gingerly. "Not so good," he said aloud. "It's going to be black."

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Smith?" said Miss Wayne.

"I'm going to have a black eye."

"Tsk! Tsk!" said Miss Wayne. She was fortyish, a spinster, and delighted in mothering the office—even Skip, of whom she did not entirely approve, and whom she understood even less. "You haven't been fighting, I hope?"

"No, no!" said Skip hastily. "I just ran into a—a compass with it. By the way," he added, "don't say anything about my having been here. I haven't time to see Mr. Marlin, just now. I'll be back in about an hour." He commenced easing his way toward the door. Halfway to it, he caught a look on Miss Wayne's face. He turned. Tony Marlin was standing in the open door of his private office. The unlit cigar he chewed by preference was stuck in the corner of his mouth. It was at an extremely aggressive angle.

"Where are *you* going?" he growled.

SKIP thought fast. "We've got to build another wing," he said. "D'Arcy ruined the last one this morning. I thought I'd—"

"You been doin' too much thinking lately," said Tony. "Come in here."

Skip followed him into his private office.

"I thought I told you a couple of days ago to lay off D'Arcy," said Tony. "What were you doing down there this morning?"

"I—I was just looking around," said Skip. He moistened his lips.

Tony regarded Skip fixedly for perhaps a minute without speaking.

"Smith," he said finally, "you talk too much. That's nothing new. You know it yourself."

"Yes, sir," said Skip.

"D'Arcy just called up here. He said if you didn't lay off giving him screwy suggestions, he was going to call the front office."

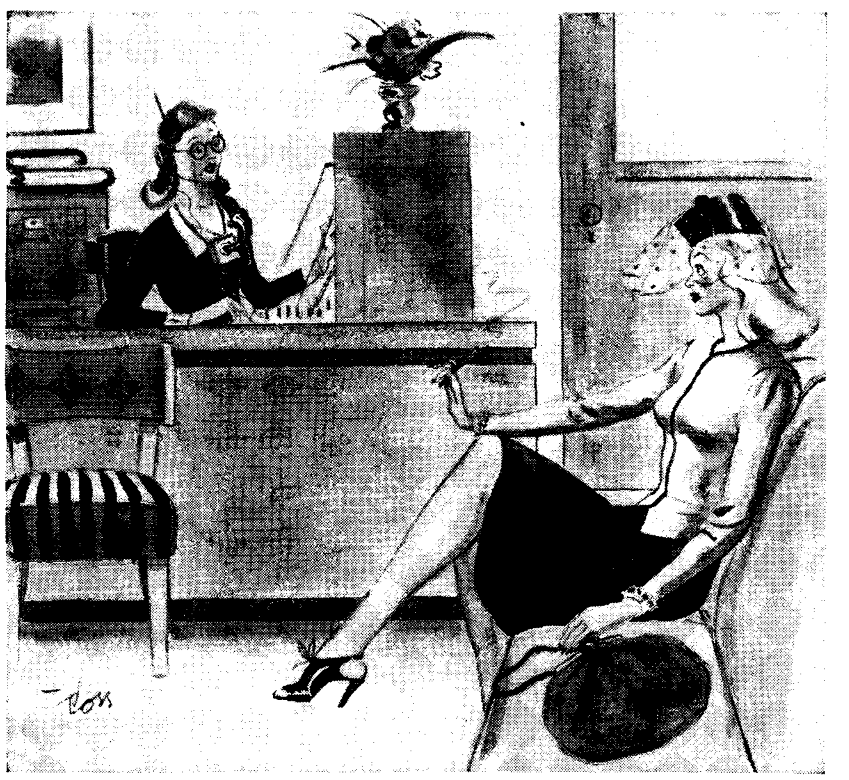
"Look," said Skip righteously. "They're not screwy. If he says that, he's all wet. I've figured the thing out." He hitched a chair over to Tony's desk, seized a scratch-pad and started sketching a schematic diagram of the attack bomber's wing. It was quite an assembly; and three years before, if any engineer had dreamed up anything even remotely resembling it he would have been scoffed at as a megalomaniac. In these days of high-performance military jobs, however, speeds of three hundred seventy-odd miles an hour—even in medium-weight equipment—are the rule rather than the exception. And to get these speeds, you have to be pretty fancy.

THE XAB-212 had ridiculously short and stumpy wings; for, to get her high speed, she had been designed to leave the ground at one hundred and twenty-five miles an hour. Her wing had only one longitudinal spar, and that single spar carried the full flight load of the entire airplane. The problem the engineers had run into was how to strengthen or support that single spar, without making the wing so heavy as to lose the weight advantages of single-member construction.

As a solution, the designers had thrown in one shear web which ran parallel to the spar near the leading edge of the wing, and another near the trailing edge. But the wing kept failing, nonetheless. . . . It was D'Arcy's theory that the *spar* was built too light, and that it collapsed first under load. Skip, on the contrary, was convinced that the shear webs were not built heavily enough; and that *their* failure weakened the spar. Reinforcing the spar, said Skip, would hence not strengthen the wing. . . .

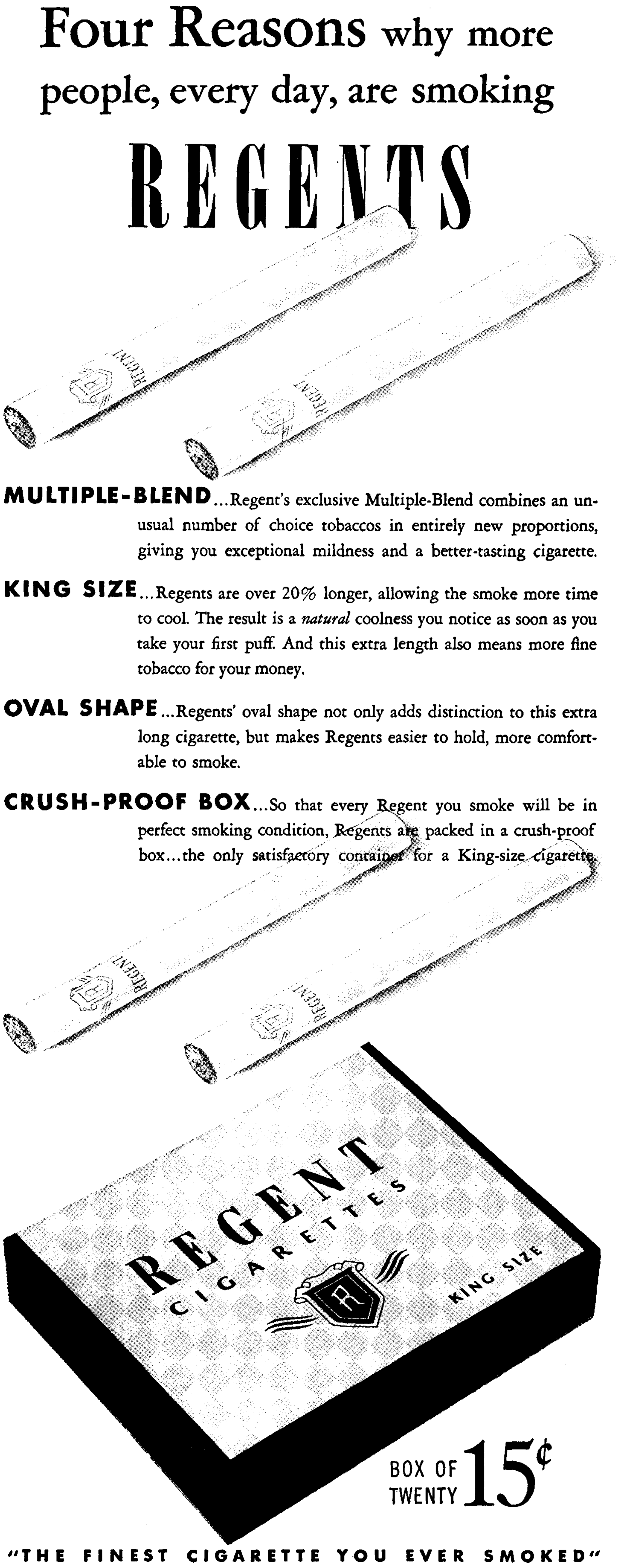
Tony shrugged. "I see what you mean. But I don't think you're right. There ain't nothing but shear load on the webs; and that's what they're built for. In a structure like that, the whole business is tied together like a bridge truss; and generally, when *they* fail, the supporting member goes first. In this case, that would be the spar. . . . But that ain't my point. All this second-guessing is in D'Arcy's department. Now, the guy's in a spot. Bagley's on his neck, and he's almost nuts. You've got to lay off him. Get that fixed in your mind.

"Now listen to me. I'm tellin' you, not askin' you. I want a forty-eight-hour schedule on them test wings, if



"For whom are you waiting to be seen?"

AL ROSS



Four Reasons why more people, every day, are smoking

REGENTS

MULTIPLE-BLEND...Regent's exclusive Multiple-Blend combines an unusual number of choice tobaccos in entirely new proportions, giving you exceptional mildness and a better-tasting cigarette.

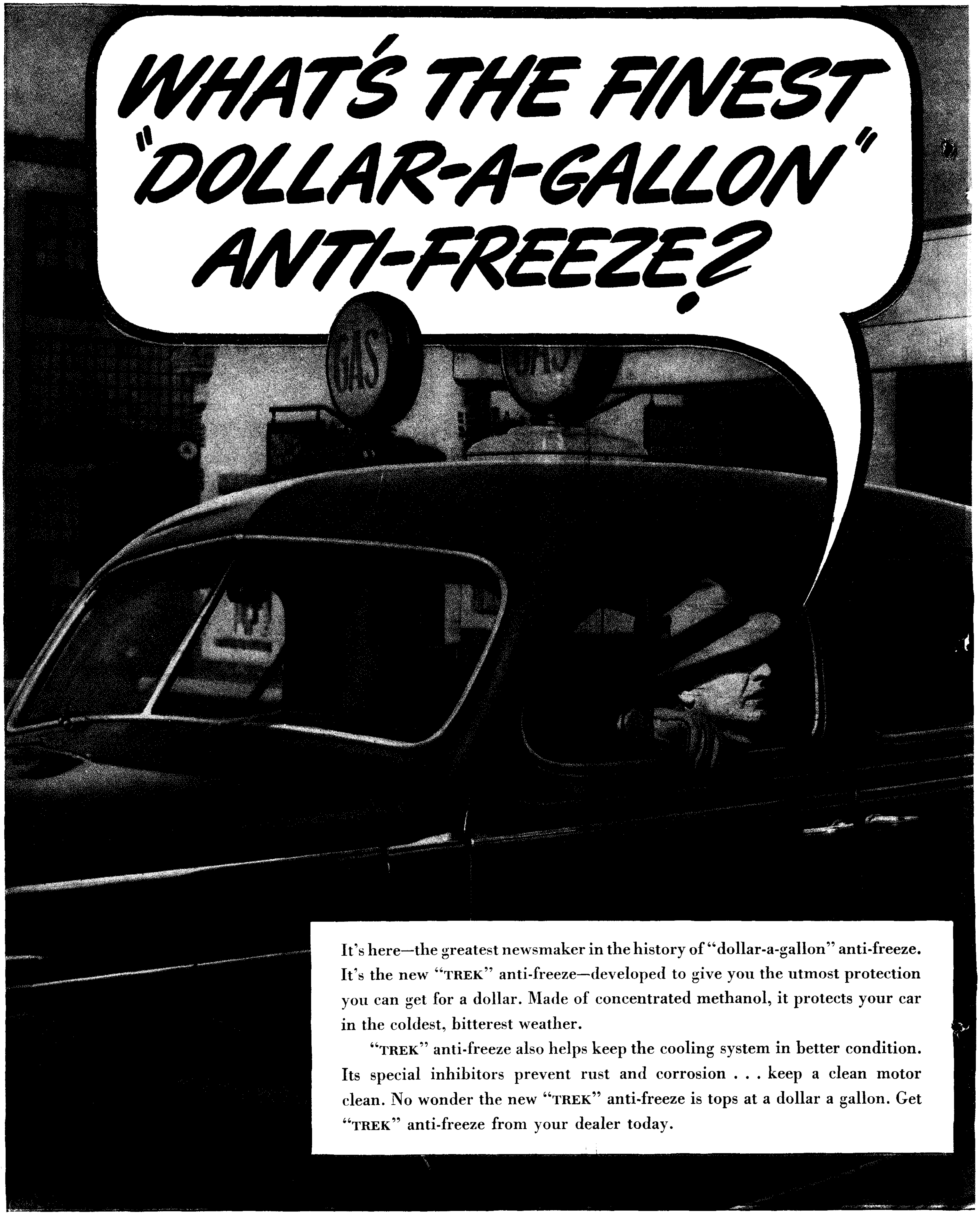
KING SIZE...Regents are over 20% longer, allowing the smoke more time to cool. The result is a *natural* coolness you notice as soon as you take your first puff. And this extra length also means more fine tobacco for your money.

OVAL SHAPE...Regents' oval shape not only adds distinction to this extra long cigarette, but makes Regents easier to hold, more comfortable to smoke.

CRUSH-PROOF BOX...So that every Regent you smoke will be in perfect smoking condition, Regents are packed in a crush-proof box...the only satisfactory container for a King-size cigarette.

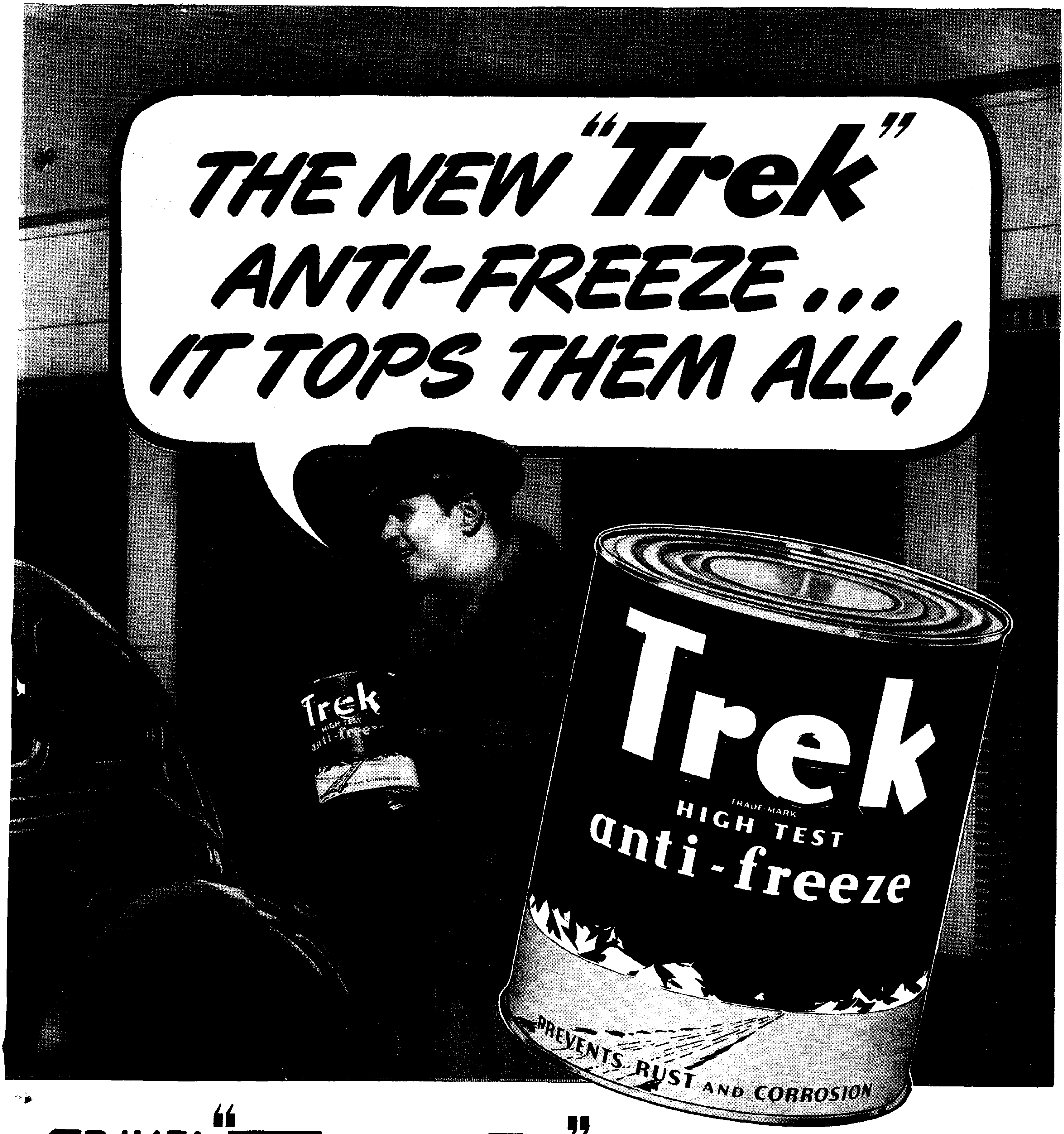
BOX OF TWENTY 15¢

"THE FINEST CIGARETTE YOU EVER SMOKED"


WHAT'S THE FINEST "DOLLAR-A-GALLON" ANTI-FREEZE?
GAS

It's here—the greatest newsmaker in the history of "dollar-a-gallon" anti-freeze. It's the new "TREK" anti-freeze—developed to give you the utmost protection you can get for a dollar. Made of concentrated methanol, it protects your car in the coldest, bitterest weather.

"TREK" anti-freeze also helps keep the cooling system in better condition. Its special inhibitors prevent rust and corrosion . . . keep a clean motor clean. No wonder the new "TREK" anti-freeze is tops at a dollar a gallon. Get "TREK" anti-freeze from your dealer today.


THE NEW "Trek" ANTI-FREEZE... IT TOPS THEM ALL!
Trek
TRADE-MARK
HIGH TEST
anti-freeze
PREVENTS RUST AND CORROSION

TRAVEL WITH "Trek" ANTI-FREEZE

A PRODUCT OF NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY, INC.

MEET THIS NEW
Flyer
FACE TO FACE!
HOLLOW GROUND
Schick FLYER

Now, for only $12.50, you can get the New Schick Flyer with the 2-M Head—*Hollow-Ground* for close shaves—30% quicker, easier, *better!*

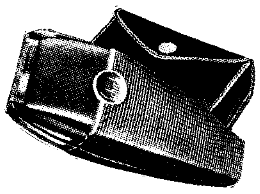
This New Schick Shaver certainly has a head for business when it comes to whisker-cutting.

Its new 2-M Head is hollow-ground to arch the skin surface and make whiskers stand up to be sheared off—30% *quicker, easier, cleaner.* Makes no difference if the beard's a fuzzy first-timer or a wiry crosspatch.

No moving parts can touch the skin. No muss or fuss either—for all beard clippings are caught in the ingenious Whisk-Its that empty with a flick of your finger after you shave.

That's the story of the New Schick Super-Slick Shaver. And it's a Schick-exclusive story, for *only* Schick gives you these features—*all of them.*

• • •



New Schick FLYER, *with the 2-M Hollow-Ground Head—styled in burgundy plastic with silver-colored Whisk-Its. Complete with genuine leather case,* $12.50.

New Schick COLONEL, *executed in rich ivory plastic with gold-colored Whisk-Its. Built-in radio static suppressor. Complete with 2-M Head and simulated alligator tuck-away case,* $15.00. (*Or, packed in de luxe Dress-Kit, $17.50.*)

Stack one of these whisker-whippers against your face for 30 days' trial. Be tough and stern—don't take anything but perfect shaves for an answer.

Either you get them—or your dealer will refund your money.

This means you get the best shaves of your life . . . And it means you have nothing to lose—but your whiskers!

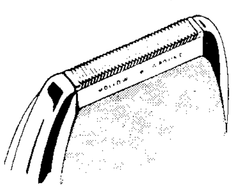
SCHICK DRY SHAVER, INC., STAMFORD, CONN., U. S. A.

Only Schick offers all this!

- **NEW 2-M SHEARING HEAD**—hollow-ground to arch the skin surface—makes the whiskers stand up to be cut off. That's why it gives close shaves—30% quicker, easier, *better.*
- **FLYING SHUTTLE SHEARER**—powered by an improved, faster motor—performing more than 14,000 shaving operations per minute.
- **WHISK-ITS**—to catch all beard clippings. No other shaver offers this feature.
- **BRAND-NEW STYLING** by Raymond Loewy—world-famous designer.

Schick prices begin as low as $9.95 for the popular Schick CAPTAIN with straight Speed King Head and Whisk-Its. *Many Dealers Offer Easy Payment Terms.*

ATTENTION, SCHICK OWNERS!



. . . Get this 2-M Head for your shaver!

We made this marvelous new 2-M Head so that it can be used on any of the 2,500,000 Schick Shavers now in service!

And it's yours for only $3.00! You get the new head expertly fitted, and the whole shaver inspected, cleaned, lubricated, and adjusted free of charge. Simply take your shaver to your nearest dealer — or send it to us at the factory in Stamford — or take it to a Schick Shaver Service Office in:

ALBANY
ATLANTA
BALTIMORE
BOSTON
BROOKLYN
BUFFALO
CHICAGO
CINCINNATI
CLEVELAND
COLUMBUS, O.
DALLAS
DENVER
DES MOINES
DETROIT
HARTFORD, CONN.
HOUSTON
INDIANAPOLIS
KANSAS CITY, MO.
LOS ANGELES
MIAMI
MILWAUKEE
MINNEAPOLIS
NEW ORLEANS
NEW YORK
NEWARK, N. J.
OKLAHOMA CITY
OMAHA
PHILADELPHIA
PITTSBURGH
PORTLAND, ME.
PORTLAND, ORE.
PROVIDENCE
ROCHESTER, N. Y.
ST. LOUIS
SAN FRANCISCO
SEATTLE
STAMFORD, CONN.
WASHINGTON, D. C.

(See Classified Telephone Directory for street address)

nothing Quicker nothing Slicker **NEW SCHICK SUPER SLICK SHAVER**

you have to call everybody in the plant back on overtime. And I want you to lay off D'Arcy. I know you're worryin' about how you'll look being four weeks late on your first contract. I also know you've got some screwball notion about helping D'Arcy, which is very kind of you. But the thing ain't in your department. The way things sit now, nobody can blame *you* for us being late; but they *could* blame you if it came out that a Production man was trying to tell Physical Test how to work. Get me?"

"Yes, sir," said Skip.

"You do what I say," said Tony in a kinder tone. "Build those wings, and build them fast. That'll help him out more than any screwy suggestions you've got. And if I hear of you sayin' another darn' word to him about beefing up them shear webs, I'll personally see that you get a two weeks' layoff. In other words, what happens to D'Arcy is none of your business. . . ."

Skip went out of the office, brooding about the inhumanity of man to man. He sighed, and spread D'Arcy's change sketch out on his desk. Studying it, he could not see how—even with the unlimited overtime Tony had told him to use—he could get the wing finished in anything less than three days. He had a main spar already built; but if he followed D'Arcy's sketch, it would have to be torn down and rebuilt, and the main spar was the first item that had to go into the jig. If only he could convince D'Arcy that—

VERY slowly, he laid down his pencil and sat bolt upright. Then his homely face split into a wide grin, he snapped his fingers briskly three times, and said, "Hot dog!" After which he dialed the number of Wing Assembly, and asked for Jack Crotty, the foreman.

"Look," he said. "I got a change sketch from old D'Arcy up here. He wants another left-hand test wing for the XAB-212. Throw that spare main spar into the jig and start tying ribs to it. I'll be down in a couple of minutes and pick up the two shear webs. They have to be beefed up, and I want a crew in on overtime tonight. . . . Yeah, I'll take care of the shop orders and bring them down to you. Yeah, it's urgent. We've got to have it out in forty-eight hours. . . . Yeah, and for cripes' sake don't call up D'Arcy and ask him any fool questions about it. The guy's touchy as the dickens, today. He'll climb down your throat. . . ."

He hung up the phone. "And that is that," he told himself. "It seems kind of funny, though, that you have to help a guy without his knowing it."

He pulled the change sketch out of his pocket, and set about revising it according to his own ideas. Arbitrarily, he increased the gauge of metal on the two shear webs from forty-five to sixty-four thousandths of an inch; and he adapted D'Arcy's idea about the spar stiffener angles. He had been fortunate enough to find in the excess-parts stock some stiffeners left over from an earlier contract that suited his purposes admirably, which enabled him to get by without making any special tools. "I might even," he told himself, "have this thing out by Thursday morning. . . . *That* would help D'Arcy like the dickens, poor devil."

He had his calculations complete, and the two shear webs into subassembly for rework by noon; and by four-thirty, when he was ready to go home for the day, they were already torn down, and he had the assistant night superintendent's assurance that they would be back in Wing, and in work not later than midnight.

After he got home that night—as a final precaution—he took the stress manual of the correspondence course in aeronautical engineering he was studying and checked his new design, carefully and in detail. "Perfect!" he told himself. "Absolutely perfect!" . . .

Just after lunch, on Thursday, Skip descended to Physical Test, lifted the tarpaulin and crawled under it. His new wing, clean and shining, was bolted in place against the center section; and the test gang stood around it ready to load it with lead. D'Arcy was there, too. He was squinting through a transit at the deflection sticks that hung from the underside of the wing. When he looked up from the transit and saw Skip, his manner was almost cordial. "I want to thank you," he said, "for getting this wing to me so quickly."

"It's perfectly okay," said Skip. "I'm always ready to help a guy out when he's in a jam."

"Especially, I suppose," said D'Arcy, "when he's a partner of yours."

Skip nodded. "Did you get your sleep, like I suggested?"

D'Arcy gave him a thin smile. "Yes," he said, "I got it."

"That's swell," said Skip. "Mind if I watch?"

"Not at all," said D'Arcy. "But don't talk. . . ."

Everything went fine for the first hour. D'Arcy alternately squinted through the transit, and had the test crew pile lead on the wing. Skip watched with growing elation as the hydraulic loading gauge ran up from a hundred and two per cent to a hundred and ten. "It *was* those shear webs," he told himself elatedly. . . . After a while, though, he noted that D'Arcy was waiting for increasingly longer intervals before increasing the loading.

"What's the matter?" Skip asked.

"I don't know," said D'Arcy. "The tip tortion's only six-point-twenty inches. It should be around nine. I can't understand it."

Skip felt a cold hand take hold of his throat. "Think it's all right?" he asked.

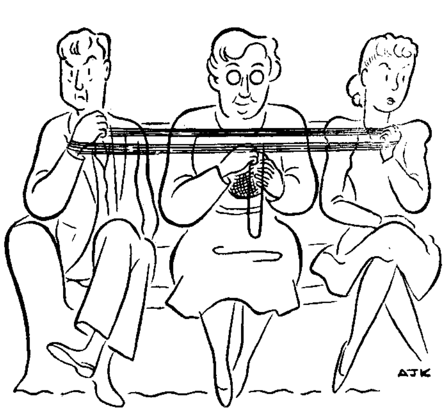
"I don't know," said D'Arcy. "I've been doing this work for twelve years and never, since the day I started, have I ever seen as cockeyed a deal. I think we're all right this time, though." He turned to the test-crew foreman. "Throw on another sixty pounds at Station Seventy-five, Jerry. And watch yourself. Something may turn loose; and I don't want anyone to get hurt."

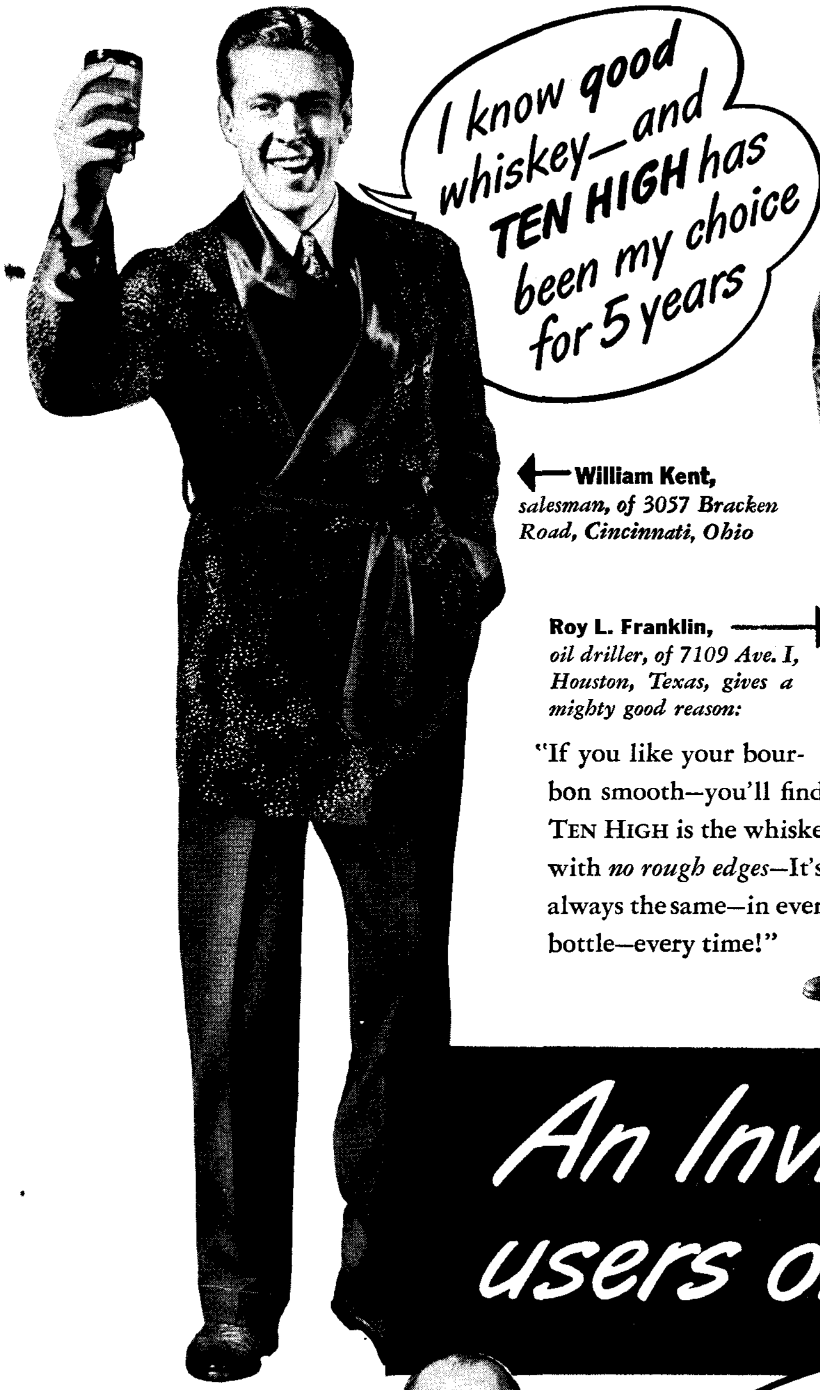
The foreman crawled up onto the scaffold beside the wing, and carefully placed twelve five-pound shot bags on the rib. With the last of them, a horrible groaning sound set up. The hydraulic load gauge went to a hundred and twelve per cent, and quivered there, like an aspen in the wind. Inside the wing, terrific stresses of thousands of pounds to the square inch were working on rivets, webs and stringers. . . .

"Watch it!" shouted D'Arcy. "She's going!"

It did. The groaning became increasingly louder. Then, all at once, the whole structure folded in upon itself and collapsed with a thunderous crash, catapulting fifty-pound pigs of lead in all directions.

Skip dodged a shot bag that came

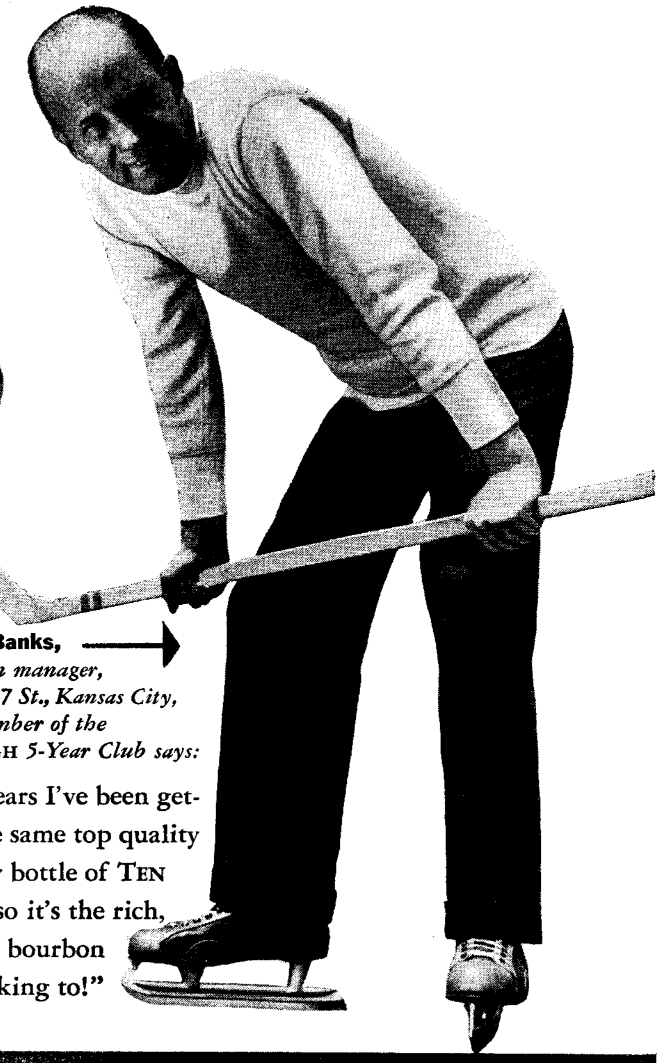



I know good whiskey—and TEN HIGH has been my choice for 5 years

William Kent,
salesman, of 3057 Bracken Road, Cincinnati, Ohio

Roy L. Franklin,
oil driller, of 7109 Ave. I, Houston, Texas, gives a mighty good reason:

"If you like your bourbon smooth—you'll find TEN HIGH is the whiskey with *no rough edges*—It's always the same—in every bottle—every time!"



Vernon Banks,
promotion manager, 422 W. 47 St., Kansas City, Mo., member of the TEN HIGH *5-Year Club says:*

"For 5 years I've been getting the same top quality in every bottle of TEN HIGH—so it's the rich, straight bourbon I'm sticking to!"

An Invitation from 5-year users of this Fine Whiskey

Fred L. Wehr,
die maker, of 813 West First Street, Royal Oak, Michigan, says:

TEN HIGH is a deliciously satisfying whiskey at a very thrifty price

Double your enjoyment with—

THE EMBLEM of FINE WHISKEY
Hiram Walker's
TEN
A rich straight Bourbon whiskey distilled by a firm founded in 1858
STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
DISTILLED BY Hiram Walker & Sons, Inc. Peoria, Illinois, U.S.A.
HIGH

The whiskey with "no rough edges"

All over America, men just like these you meet here, discovered the deliciousness of TEN HIGH 5 years ago. This rich whiskey satisfies the old taste-spot all ways—in highball, cocktail, or "neat"!

It's so smooth there's not a "rough edge" in a barrelful. Its price is "easy-to-take," so Double Your Enjoyment by asking for TEN HIGH at your liquor store or bar!

90 PROOF
HIRAM WALKER & SONS, INC.
PEORIA, ILL.

TEN HIGH
STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
STRAIGHT RYE WHISKEY

THE HANDS OF
Fannie Hurst
Author

She wrote drama, adventure and romance into the lives of plain people. She found inner radiance beneath the outer drabness of their work-a-day lives. Her PRESIDENT IS BORN, IMITATION OF LIFE, LUMMOX and BACK STREET, rank high in American literature; a world-honored author and humanitarian.

Miss Hurst's watch is a Longines Vivre

THE WORLD'S MOST HONORED HANDS
WEAR *Longines*
THE WORLD'S MOST HONORED WATCH

Longines watches offer four appealing advantages: greater accuracy, long life, interchangeable parts, and world-wide service facilities. They have won 10 world's fair grand prizes, 28 gold medals, and more honors for accuracy than any other timepiece. It is natural that in 77 countries the world's most honored hands wear Longines, the world's most honored watch.

Longines watches are priced $40 upward; Wittnauer watches from $24.75, at Longines-Wittnauer jeweler-agencies.

LONGINES-WITTNAUER WATCH CO., INC.
580 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

LONGINES Par Avion Watches $44.50 Each

hurtling past his head, listening, meanwhile, somewhere in his subconscious, to D'Arcy's loud and profane remarks anent all airplanes, and the basic insanity of people who had anything to do with them. . .

SKIP spent the better part of an hour wandering around the plant, trying to decide what to do. During the course of that time, several things became apparent to him, among them the inescapable fact that he would have to tell D'Arcy what he had done, and take the consequences—which would undoubtedly be the loss of his job. . . . Meanwhile, he cursed himself for a fool and an idiot. Tony had been right. What had made him think he knew more about stress work than a man like D'Arcy?

Mentally, he checked over the calculations on which he had based his theory. They still seemed to be flawless. He would have sworn, even now, that the shear webs had failed first, those first three times. But if that were true, why had the wing failed now—? Any way you put it, though, the thing had been his fault, and he was the guy who'd have to take the rap.

By this time, the big shots upstairs would know the wing had failed. They'd blame D'Arcy for that; and he knew D'Arcy's job would not survive this catastrophe. . . .

When he got down to Physical Test, he found quite a collection of talent gathered around the wreck of the wing. Bagley, the Chief Engineer, was there. So was Raylson, the General Manager. So, also, Skip noted with trepidation, was Tony Marlin. . . . Skip tried to swallow a lump that refused to be swallowed, and dodged under the canvas. . . . As he passed the floor desk, he noticed that Stubby Brown was avoiding his eyes. A sibilant whisper, however, drifted to his ears: "They're giving D'Arcy the works," it said.

They were. Bagley, particularly. And Skip noticed that D'Arcy's eyes were wild again, and that he looked whipped.

"I can't understand it," he was saying. "It should have been right this time. I know it should have been right."

"It broke down, didn't it?" said Bagley, belligerently.

"Yes," said D'Arcy, frantically. "It did. But I can't see how it happened. That spar was heavy enough for a flying fortress. This whole thing's getting me down."

Bagley looked at him coldly. "There's been considerable criticism upstairs of the way you've handled these tests. The general feeling is that one failure should have been enough to give you the data to correct whatever was wrong."

"Yes," said Raylson. "About your reinforcing the spar, for instance. None of the engineering crew I've talked to was sure that it was the spar that was at fault."

Skip noticed that Tony Marlin was staring at him. He avoided Tony's eye, and looked directly at D'Arcy. "Look, sir," he said. "I'm the guy who did it."

"Did what?" said D'Arcy, impatiently.

Skip told him.

"So *that* was the reason there was no tip tortion!"

"Yes, sir," said Skip.

THERE was a brief silence. Then Skip heard Tony say under his breath, "So you've finally done it? I suppose you know what's going to happen?"

"Marlin," said Raylson, interrupting him. "I want Smith cleared out of here before he can do any more damage. Write him an order for two days' pay in lieu of notice."

Skip said, "That isn't necessary, sir. . . . I don't want the money . . ." Beside him, Tony said under his breath, "You'd better take it, kid. It won't be easy for you to get another job."

Skip's throat was tight. "I know it, sir. I—I'm sorry I let you down. I should have listened to what you told me. But I thought I was right. . . ."

"Forget it, kid," said Tony, softly. "I've never had any kick on what you did. Take care of yourself. And if I can help you any on the outside, let me know."

Quickly, almost furiously, Skip brushed his hand across his eyes. "Thanks," he said. "Thanks a lot." Then he was walking blindly away from there. . . .

Upstairs in the office, he sat down at his desk and ran his fingers over its scarred surface. It was an old desk—as old as Western Aircraft—and there were initials carved in its top that belonged to men who had been kids like him, fifteen years before, and who now were high in the industry. Tony Marlin's initials were there. So were Raylson's. . . . Western was a place where they promoted you from the ranks; and if you stayed with them, the sky was the limit. . . . If you stayed with them . . .

He opened the top drawer and commenced to clean it out. There was a strange assortment of stuff in it—things he'd forgotten were there, but each of which now brought him its own memory of the six months he had sat at the desk. . . . He put everything on the top of the desk in small, neat piles.

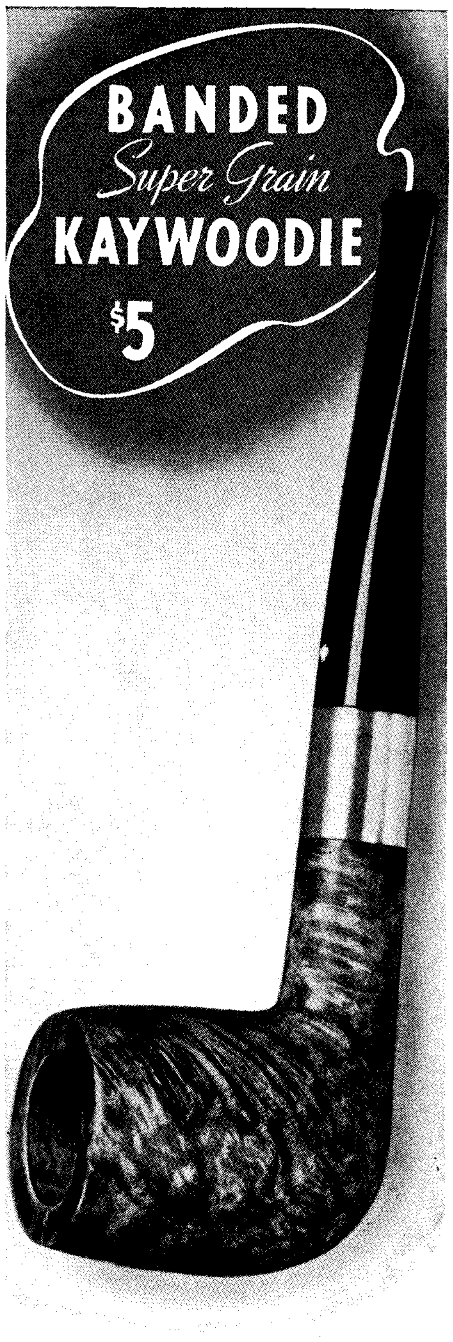
He became aware that Miss Wayne was watching him. He tried to grin at her. "Is there anything wrong, Mr. Smith?" she asked him.

"I got canned," he told her, and explained how it had happened. She was his friend, too. She would be sorry to see him leave, he knew. And so, astoundingly, would Tony Marlin. Tony. He was tough. You wouldn't think to talk to him that he gave a darn for anyone. And yet in the pinch, he turned out to be your friend. He remembered Tony's, "If I can help you any on the outside, let me know. . . ." "On the outside!" . . . Well, he'd let Tony down. Raylson and all of them would blame Tony for having kept him. They'd remember that—and that he, Skip, had been responsible for the failure of the wing. . . .

HE FROWNED. He still couldn't understand how it had happened. He had been so dead sure that it was the shear webs that were going first—so absolutely certain of it. . . . He retracted every step of the calculations on which he had based his theory. Everything fell into place. Every part of his reasoning, apparently, was perfect. And yet the wing had failed. . . . Was it somehow possible that D'Arcy was right; and that it *was* the main spar that was weak? . . . He remembered what Tony Marlin had said to him: "In a structure like that, the whole business is tied together like a bridge truss; and when *they* fail, the supporting member goes first. . . ." But that wasn't right. He remembered a line from the correspondence-school textbook. "The interrelation of longitudinal members to diagonal or horizontal members in any structure must always be considered . . ."

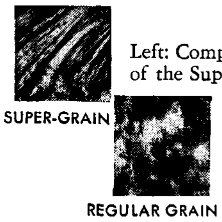
Suddenly he sat bolt upright in his chair. *The horizontal members! In* an airplane wing, the horizontal members would be the ribs. The ribs! But that still wouldn't explain it. Because when he'd looked at the ribs in the three first wings that had broken down, they had showed no signs of failure. But—but, if it wasn't the shear webs or the spar, it *had* to be the ribs! And he was certain it wasn't the spar. . . .

The truth came to him then with dazzling clarity; and for a moment, he sa and considered it, checking it agains



In your collection—a special place

A connoisseur-quality super grain briar, specially set apart for its extraordinary beauty of grain-markings—embellished with an opulent wide band that refuses to tarnish and keeps its brilliant lustre permanently. In your collection of fine briar pipes, the Kaywoodie Banded Super-Grain will take an honored, a special place; it is a superb gift for any man who *really knows* pipes. It is a pardonable human weakness to want to own a Kaywoodie **Banded Super-Grain** pipe. Succumb to it: buy one. Five dollars. Shown above, No. 22.



Left: Compare the beautiful marks of the Super-Grain briar with the markings of the usual (good) briar. Briar experts selected it.

Yours for the asking: Pipe-Smoker's Almanac
21 interesting facts about pipes

KAYWOODIE COMPANY
Makers of Fine Pipes since 1851
New York *and* **London**
In New York, Rockefeller Center, Fifth Avenue

the facts. And when, finally, he was sure of it, he let out a whoop that brought Miss Wayne out of her chair like a jack-in-the-box. Skip seized her in his arms, and hugged her. "I've got it!" he told her. "I've got it!"

She adjusted her spectacles on her nose. "Got what?" she asked him. "Aren't you still fired?"

"I don't know," said Skip. "I probably am. But at least, I know what was wrong with that wing."

THE post-mortem crew were still down on the Physical Test floor where he had left them, when Skip burst into the enclosure.

"D'Arcy! D'Arcy!" he shouted. D'Arcy turned, and Skip saw that he looked old and beaten.

"I thought I told you to get your time," said Raylson, angrily.

"You did, sir," said Skip. "But I found something out that Mr. D'Arcy ought to know."

"You shouldn't have come back here, kid," said Tony Marlin. "It won't help anything."

"I know, sir," said Skip. "But I wanted to tell him." To D'Arcy he said: "We were both wrong, sir. It was the ribs."

"What are you talking about?" snapped Bagley.

"Mr. D'Arcy'll understand," said Skip.

"Do you?" said Bagley to the engineer.

For a long moment, D'Arcy stared at the crumpled wing. "I know what he means," he said finally. "But I don't think he's right. None of the other wings showed failure in the ribs."

"Pull the wing, and look at the inboard rib," said Skip. "I'll bet it's got cracks in it four inches long. It's got to have. I beefed up the shear webs, didn't I? Where would that throw the strain?"

D'Arcy looked at him. Suddenly he smiled. "I've got you!" he said. "And thanks."

"That's okay," said Skip.

D'Arcy turned to the test-crew boss. "Pull that wing off, Jerry," he said. "I want to take a look at it. . . ." The test crew pulled the drive pins and lowered the wing to the floor. Skip watched breathlessly while the engineer knelt briefly beside it. When he stood up again, he saw that D'Arcy didn't look whipped any more. "The kid's right," he said. "It was the darn' ribs all the time."

"Why didn't you find this out before?" said Bagley. "It seems to me as if—"

D'Arcy looked at him scathingly. "I'm supposed to be a mind reader," he said. "But this time I'd have had to be more than that. Why don't you get some stress men up there, Bagley? *I don't* design these things. I only test them. What happened was this: The kid and I were both wrong, at first. I couldn't see any signs of failure in the ribs, so I thought the spar was weak. He kept telling me to beef up the shear webs. I knew the shear webs were strong enough, so I wouldn't listen to him. But he was right about one thing. The shear webs *were* failing before the spar. Your whole distribution of stresses was wrong.

The cracks in the ribs didn't show up before; because—on the other tests—the ribs were so flexible they just bent enough to let the shear webs go.

"After that, the main spar went, and it took the load off the ribs. And naturally, they snapped back into place. They were buckled when I looked at them, of course. But the original stretching wrinkles were gone. If the kid hadn't beefed up the webs and thrown the full strain on the ribs, we might have been building wings for the next five years."

"Oh," said Bagley. "I—ah—"

Skip heard a low voice in his ear. It was Tony Marlin's. "Take a powder, kid," it said.

"Yes, sir," said Skip, suddenly feeling better. "But, anyhow, I *was* right about those shear webs going first. I thought the thing out, sir."

"Beat it, before they remember that you're here," said Tony. "And come up and see me in a little while. I've got a job for you. It'll take about two weeks, and it doesn't pay any wages. Of course, you'll have to take a layoff from the plant while you're doing it, but you won't mind that, will you?"

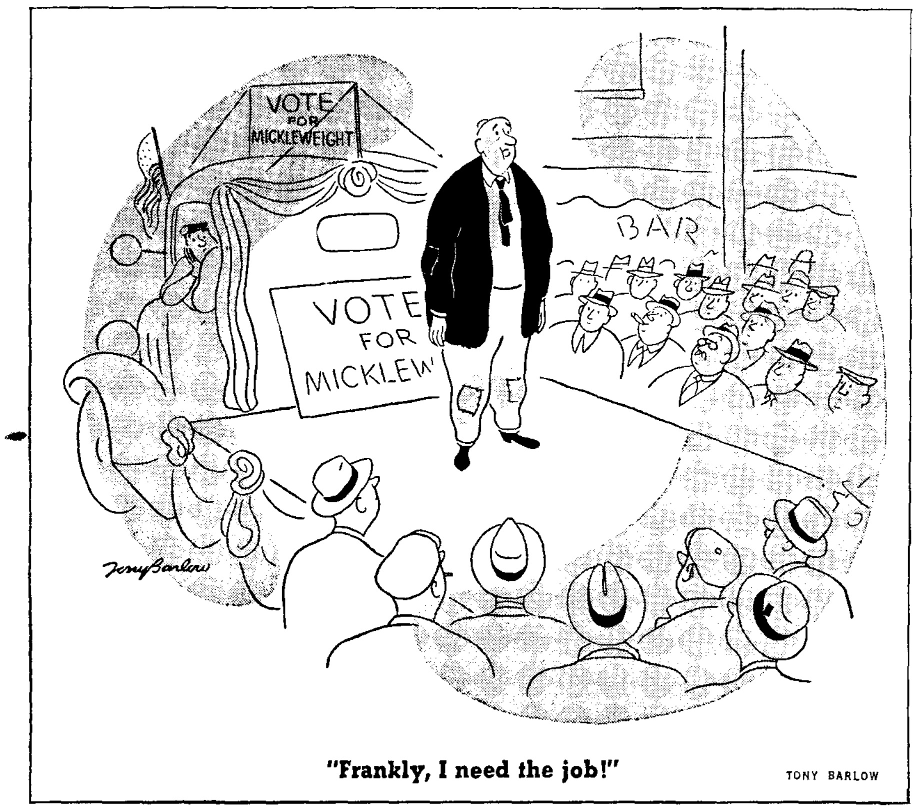
"No, sir," whispered Skip gratefully. "I'm getting off easy. What's the job?"

Tony chewed his cigar reflectively. "I just bought a ranch," he said. "And we're putting in an irrigation system. It's pretty complicated, and I thought you might help us out."

"Oh," said Skip eagerly. "On the engineering end?"

"No," said Tony, glaring at him. "On a shovel. I'm going to cure you of thinking if it kills me."

Skip grinned at him. "Yes, sir," he said.



"Frankly, I need the job!" TONY BARLOW

Plenty of energy in these quick SCHOOL LUNCHEONS!

LEADING AUTHORITIES insist upon the importance of a hot dish for a school lunch. And there's nothing more nourishing, convenient or economical as a hot luncheon dish than Heinz delicious Home-style Soups! These rich old-fashioned favorites are made the small-batch way to brew in their home-tasting goodness. No additions are needed—no milk or cream, or extra seasonings. Heinz Soups are ready to heat and set on the table—or pour piping hot into a thermos bottle.

READY TO SERVE
HEINZ
VEGETARIAN
VEGETABLE
SOUP
WITHOUT MEAT
57 VARIETIES

FOR FRIDAY'S LUNCH
Heinz Vegetarian Vegetable Soup
Egg Salad Sandwiches
Brownies
Raw Fruit
Milk

● *Why nag* at a child to drink his milk—finish his vegetables? You can help solve the milk problem half a dozen delightful ways with Heinz tempting cream soups—Cream of Tomato, Mushroom, Pea, Celery, Asparagus—all full-cream soups made with delicate purées of prize vegetables. Children are keen about Heinz Vegetable Soups, too—the old-fashioned kind with a rich beef-and-marrow stock, as well as Heinz nourishing, tasty Vegetarian Vegetable Soup prepared without any meat.

57

FAVORITE FOODS
Heinz Cream of Tomato Soup
Meat Loaf and Lettuce Sandwiches
Oatmeal Cookies
Orange

READY TO SERVE
HEINZ
CREAM OF
TOMATO
SOUP
57 VARIETIES
H. J. HEINZ COMPANY

Professional Shopper

tells why she shops through the Classified Telephone Directory

Emilie Pleydell, member of The Associated Purchasing Agents of New York, who shops for clients from all over the Western Hemisphere, says:

"Whenever I have an order for a hard-to-find product, I just turn to the 'yellow pages' to find who sells it. They're packed with buying information that helps me get my clients exactly what they want, when they want it."

Let this handy buying guide make shopping easy for you, too. Just thumb through the 'yellow pages' and see for yourself the wide range of products, services, trades, business and professions listed there. Then, next time you need buying help for occasional or everyday wants . . .

LOOK IT UP IN THE CLASSIFIED SECTION.

The Bible Boys' Cotton

Continued from page 11

Though the rain had worn itself to a slow drizzle, the Widow Duck waddled imperviously to the bayou bridge. She baited the hook and played the salt pork near the top of the water. In no time at all, she had attracted a half-dozen gar to her bait. With the wire she twisted a noose and set it on the water so that when a gar nibbled the bait, he would have to put his long, bony jaws through the noose. She yanked two young gars from the water. "Dis'll do for Giles and Betsy," she decided generously, "and I'll git me one."

THE third fish came as easy as the first two, so expert was she with the wire noose. The Widow Duck was no waster, but she did hate to see uncaught fish swimming around in the water. "I'll git jest one mo'," she thought. "Dat'll be for B'r Charlie. He a widow man widout no wife to fish for him whilst he up at de shop blacksmithin'." Presently, with four gars on her wire, she shouldered her pole and went off to deliver her catch.

"You hadn't ought to tromp about in de rain like dat," cautioned Betsy, the foreman's wife. "Totin' fish 'round to people's house and hit rainin' and all!"

"Efn hit wa'n't rainin'," the Widow Duck pointed out reasonably, "I'd be choppin' cotton and I'd be wet wid sweat. De Book say, 'Rain is rain and sweat is sweat, and either one will make you wet.' So say de Sperrit, Betsy."

"Amen, soul," Betsy laughed. "But efn you ketch de chawley-mawbusses out in dis rain, don't die befo' you hollers for he'p."

At the blacksmith shop, the Widow Duck found the one-legged blacksmith-preacher sitting near the door. B'r Charlie, his one leg cocked high upon the workbench, was reading from a tattered, soot-smudged, paper-backed volume entitled "The Sixth and Seventh Books of Moses, or The Magic Arts Practiced by the Ancient Hebrews."

"What you settin' for?" the Widow Duck demanded. "Hit ain't sundown yit and you r'ared back readin' a book, jest cause you know Giles ain't makin' de rounds in de rain."

B'r Charlie arose and adjusted his crutch. "Hit's rainin'," he said.

"Not in de shop hit ain't."

"Yeah, but when hit's rainin' outside, de metals in de plow p'ints don't ring right, and I'm li'ble to burn 'em up. Hit ain't good to sharp de plow p'ints endurin' de rain."

"Den why ain't you out yonder under de wagon shed goin' over dem cotton beds?" the Widow Duck asked. "You knows dey got to be goed over befo' us kin haul de cotton off dis fall."

B'r Charlie nodded toward the door. "Rain," he reminded her. "Hit might not be no cotton to haul off."

The Widow Duck was silent for a moment during which she removed a fish from the wire and handed it to B'r Charlie. He mumbled his thanks but she did not hear him. "Hit's a piece in de Bible," she said, "dat say a man got to work ninety days and he git a crop er cotton in de fall."

"De Bible," B'r Charlie contradicted her importantly, "don't speak nothin' 'bout cotton, on account er hit wa'n't no cotton in de Bible."

"You sho about dat?" the Widow Duck asked.

"Nary a boll," B'r Charlie stated with authority. "Ev'ybody in de Bible raised sheeps and goats." He remembered the Widow Duck's gift fish, and added magnanimously, "And done a little fishin'."

The Widow Duck was deeply hurt. Most of her biblical lore was either secondhand or imagined and she had built up a parallel between the struggle of mankind to live with spiritual spotlessness in a troubled world, and the struggle of a young cotton crop to come through adverse weather and Johnson grass to an ultimate harvest of spotless white. It had never occurred to her that there was not something sacred about cotton.

She pondered B'r Charlie's words.

"De Bible folks jest raised sheep and fished?" she repeated. "Dat don't seem like enough work to keep 'em busy."

"Well, in de slack times," B'r Charlie elaborated, "dey used to drap over to Egypt and make a few bricks."

"Yeah, I 'members," the Widow Duck said sadly. "Made 'em widout no straw."

"Didn't had no straw," B'r Charlie said. "I reckon de goats et hit all up."

The Widow Duck left, her mind sorely troubled. As she approached the bayou bridge her eye caught the long drapes of Spanish moss that hung from the trees. "Efn dem Bible folks didn't had no straw, whyn't dey use moss?" she demanded to know. "Hit mo' better'n straw efn you lets hit dry out good." She spoke from experience, for many a "dirt dobber" chimney jamb had she filled in with sun-dried mud-and-moss brick.

"Raise sheep and go fishin'!" the Widow Duck snorted in disgust. "Bricks widout straw! Humph! Raisin' sheep ain't work, and fishin' is a pleasure, and bricks widout straw will crumble apart quick as de fire hits 'em. Sorriest bunch er no-'count people I ever hyared about!"

She looked heavenward. "Onderstand, Lawd," she explained hastily, "I ain't low-ratin' You. You done mighty good, 'scusin' de no-count people You had to do wid. I don't reckon Giles hisse'f could er done much wid dem kind er people."

On friendly terms with the Lord once more, the Widow Duck felt somewhat better. It still seemed unreasonable, however, that the Bible could have overlooked anything as important as cotton. "Maybe hit's in de Book and B'r Charlie jest ain't read dat part," the Widow Duck thought hopefully. "Hit's mighty hard readin' for me and I knows I'm got mo' sense den him."

SHE hurried home as fast as her bulk would allow to get out her spectacles and her Bible.

She was determined to comb the Bible from beginning to end to see if B'r Charlie were not mistaken. She sat on the porch and began with Genesis. This was familiar ground and most of the words came easy. When she reached Cain and Abel the going was harder. "Co'se hit ain't no cotton 'round dar," she grunted. "Dat Cain was a strickly no-good."

Flipping over the pages, the first words to catch her eye were: "And it came to pass."

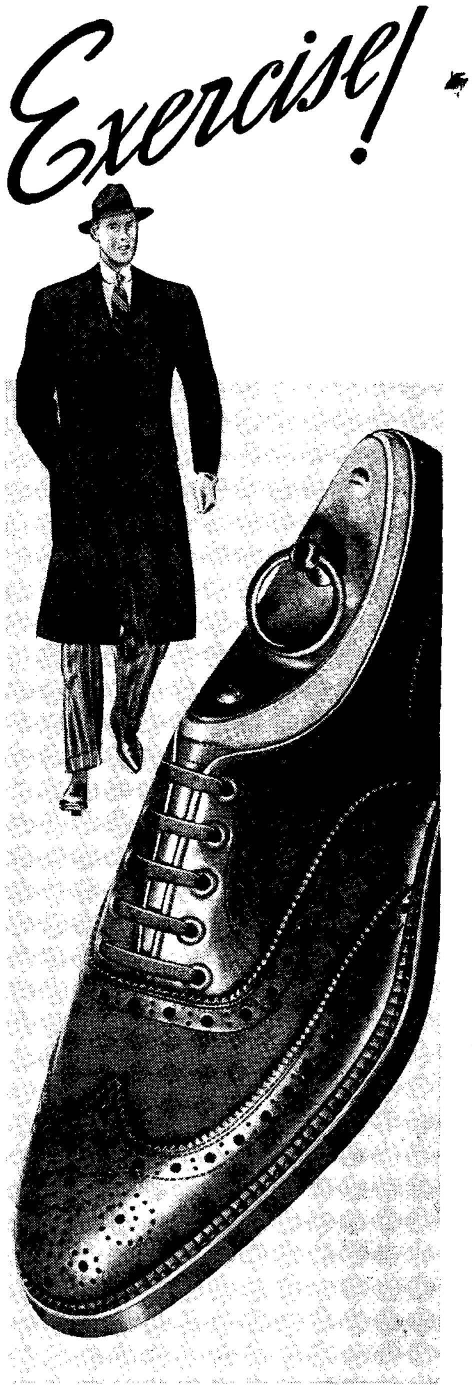
"Dar, now," she thought, "efn I had made me a wish, hit would 'a' come to pass." This was a game she played often, and it always worked, if you ignored the times it didn't.

She studied the fresh page carefully, and came to the inevitable conclusion: "I can't read good enough to read ev'ything in dis hyar Bible," she said dolefully.

The practical thing was to get someone to read to her. Giles, of course, could read anything, but her private religious feud with him prevented her

FEET TIRED?

BUILD THEM UP WITH



HAVE your feet got "soft" or stiff? Can't take it the way they used to? Maybe all they need is this Athletic Action Shoe by Walk-Over.

It gives your feet a "daily dozen" while you walk. Every step helps strengthen foot muscles, building up your resistance to fatigue. It's all in the athletic action of the Spring Arch* and the Superflex Soles. BELMAR: Antique finish bootmaker-brown calf. Also black. $10.

Other Walk-Overs from $7.50 to $12.50. (*Slightly higher West.*) Geo. E. Keith Company, Brockton, Mass.

*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Walk-Over

Athletic Action Spring Arch

asking him. Many of the younger people on the plantation could read even better than Giles; but as the Widow Duck was Senior Usher of the Old Ship of Zion church, what would people think if the Senior Usher, who was supposed to know more about the Bible than anybody else, next to B'r Charlie, should ask some youngster to read it to her?

The Widow Duck had an inspiration. "Cissy Ringgold!" she exclaimed.

CISSY was the hoodoo woman. Everybody else called her Modom Aw-Bear and believed her story: that she was a French mulatto from Isle Brevelle, down on Cane River, and could do magic. The Widow Duck remembered her when she was a long-legged no-good from Ringgold's plantation who "took up" with a levee camp worker forty years ago. No doubt but what she had lived among the French mulattoes on Cane River, and perhaps the strange talk she jabbered was the patois of Isle Brevelle, but she was still Cissy Ringgold to the Widow Duck.

Modom Aw-Bear and the Widow Duck were neither friends nor enemies. The Widow Duck had no time for hoodoo charms. But Cissy was a widow woman, not strong enough to work hard; and selling an occasional Three-S toby to some unhappy lover for four bits was no skin off anybody's back.

The Widow Duck gathered up her worn Bible and set off for the hoodoo woman's cabin. Few people went there during the day. A toby was thought to be more potent when Modom Aw-Bear made it at night, mixing the soot from the chimney, the sand from the hearth and salt from the box, saying French words over it during the process.

The rain had now stopped, and as the Widow Duck approached the hoodoo woman's cabin, the sun broke through the dull haze of late afternoon. "Dat's a good sign," the Widow Duck said to herself. "De sun gonter set clear."

"Open up de do', Cissy!" she called from the porch. "Dis is Duckie Miller."

Silence followed; and then a sepulchral voice from inside croaked: "You go 'way. I no like you."

The Widow Duck pushed the door open and stepped inside. "Hysh dat kind er tawk," she ordered. "I'm got a Bible in one hand stuck out in welcome, and I'm got my yuther hand drawed back for a lick. I'll friendly wid you efn you wants to ack friendly, or I'll smack mo' hell outn you wid one lick den you kin ketch back f'm now to Christmas!"

"Set," the hoodoo woman invited.

"Not ontwell I opens up dis window." The Widow Duck walked to the batten blind. "Whyn't you let light and air in hyar? Dis place smell bad!"

"Non-non-non!" the hoodoo woman protested. "Hit's mo' gooder in de dark."

The Widow Duck opened the window and sniffed fresh air. "De dark ain't no good. De sunlight make hit feel better."

"Me, no," said Modom Aw-Bear. "Me, I don't feel too good, nohow. I feel mo' gooder in de dark."

The Widow Duck ignored the objections. "I want you to do some readin' for me," she stated, "and you can't read good in de dark. You kin read, can't you?"

Modom Aw-Bear sighed. "I c'd read *my* book purty good," she admitted. "But somebody stole my book."

"Did, hunh?" The Widow Duck was surprised. "Stealin' offn a hoodoo woman look to me like purty low-down roguin'."

"Dat book you got, dat de Bible, no?"

"Sho, hit's de Bible."

"I can't read it," Modom Aw-Bear said. "I tried hit one time, but I couldn't cut hit."

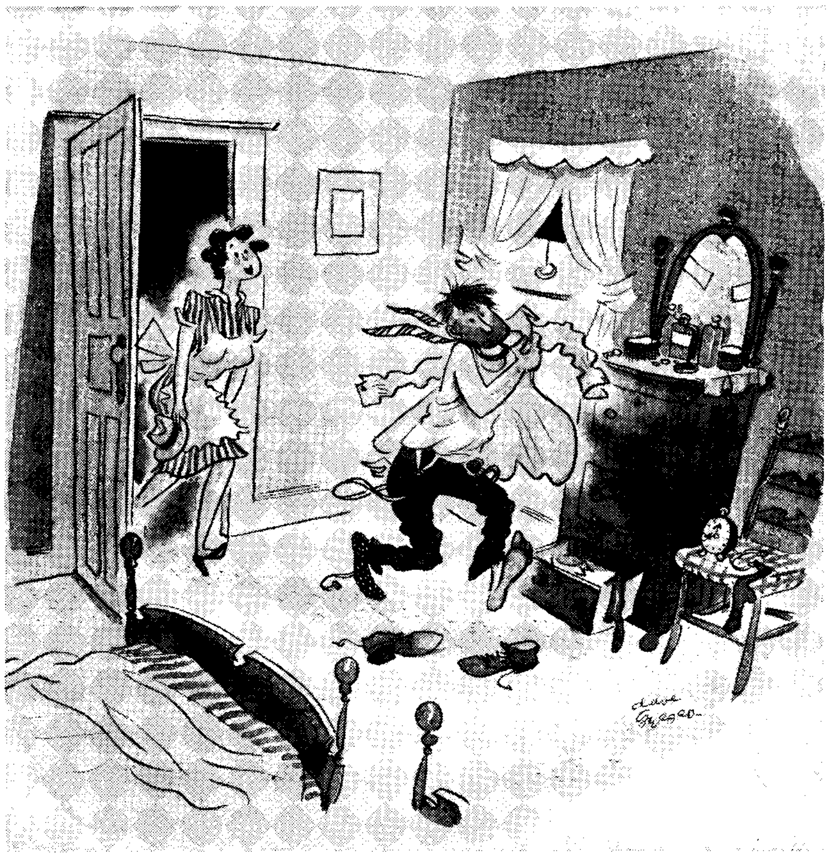
"Hmm," the Widow Duck said. "I always figgered efn you c'd read one kind er book you c'd read another kind."

"Nawp," the hoodoo woman denied. "I got used to readin' my book."

"Sissy, you ain't got to lie to me," the Widow Duck told her. "I bet you can't read your own book. I bet you jest reads at hit, 'bout like I tries to read de Bible."

Modom Aw-Bear admitted the truth of this.

"Well, dat's one lie offn yo soul," the Widow Duck said. "O' co'se you feels


Dave Gerard

"Mr. Muller is certainly a nice man. He just called to ask if you'd like him to bring the office out here today"

DAVE GERARD

Aunt Jemima helps mother win honors
FROM HER BRIDGE CLUB!
JUNIOR! WHAT HAVE YOU DONE? YOU'VE EATEN ALL THE FOOD I FIXED FOR MY BRIDGE CLUB, AND THEY'LL BE HERE ANY MINUTE!
GEE, MOM! I DIDN'T KNOW IT WAS A PARTY!
LISTEN HONEY! EVERYBODY LOVES MY PANCAKES... AND THEY'RE FINE EATIN' IN A JIFFY... JUST PUT YOUR FAITH IN MY READY MIX! IT NEVER FAILS!
WHY, OF COURSE! GOOD OLD AUNT JEMIMA WILL SAVE THE DAY!
AUNT JEMIMA
SUCH A WONDERFUL LUNCH, LAURA! AUNT JEMIMA'S ARE ALWAYS A TREAT TO ME!
AND WHY DIDN'T I THINK OF AUNT JEMIMA'S WHEN YOU GIRLS WERE AT MY HOUSE!
LAURA ALWAYS WAS THE ORIGINAL ONE IN THIS GROUP!
WELL, GIRLS, I DON'T CLAIM MUCH FOR MY BRIDGE PLAYING BUT I CAN ALWAYS MAKE A GRAND SLAM WHEN I SERVE AUNT JEMIMA'S!
THE WHOLE SECRET OF DE WORLD'S MOST FAMOUS PANCAKES IS RIGHT HERE IN DESE BOXES! MY SECRET RECIPE'S ALREADY MIXED FOR YOU ... JUST ADD WATER OR MILK AN' POP ON DE GRIDDLE. YOU GET LIGHT, TENDER PANCAKES EVERY TIME - NOURISHIN' AN' EASY TO DIGEST! RESULTS GUARANTEED!
AUNT JEMIMA READY-MIX PANCAKE
AUNT JEMIMA READY-MIX

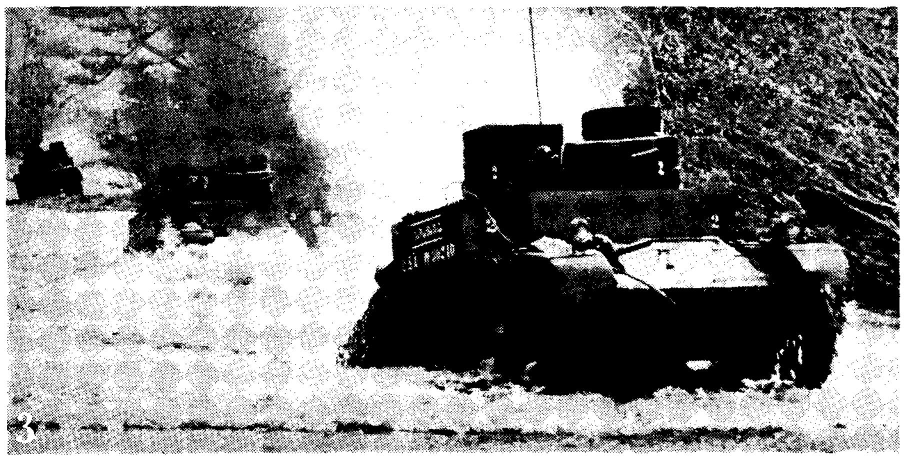
"No failures with Aunt Jemima's", *says Eleanor Howe,* **famed home-economics expert. "You get light, fluffy, tender pancakes every time—without fuss or bother."**

TRY WAFFLES MADE WITH AUNT JEMIMA'S READY-MIX—DEE-LICIOUS!

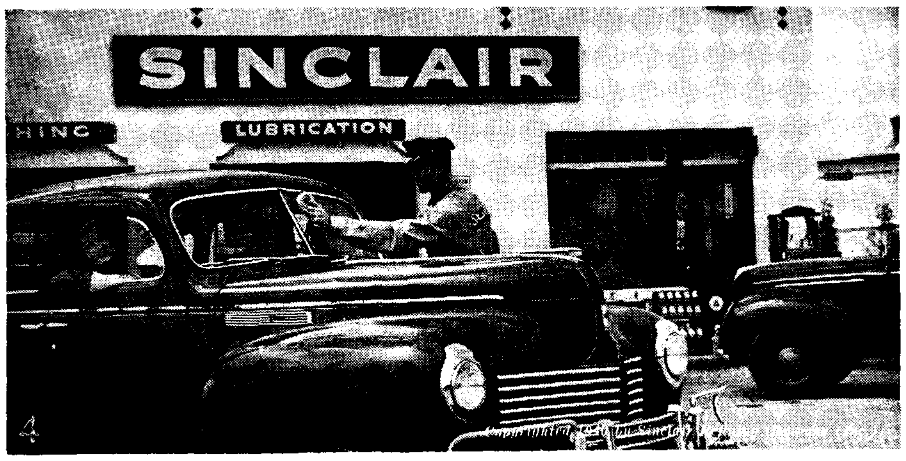
Get both kinds of genuine Aunt Jemima's Ready-Mix from your friendly grocer today—the red box for pancakes and waffles, the yellow box for buckwheats.

Like all Americans, Carole Landis, star of the Hal Roach production, "Road Show", is highly interested in...

...this year's U. S. Army maneuvers such as those at Ft. Benning, Ga., in which 45,000 men took part. While at Ft. Benning, practically all of the army's 7,000 trucks...



...tanks and other motorized equipment were powered with the new Sinclair H-C Gasoline -- famous for Double-Range Anti-Knock performance. For high anti-knock at all speed ranges, use...



...the new Double-Range H-C in your car. It sells at the price of regular grade. And when you fill up with H-C, ask your dealer about his special Sinclair-ize for Winter service. It makes starting quicker, shifting easier, driving safer.

bad cause somebody stole yo book—I'd feel bad efn somebody stole my Bible. But I wouldn't set in a dark house and mope about hit."

The hoodoo woman shivered and moaned. "I ain't had me no luck since my book was stole. Folks come for toby, but me, I can't make 'em. I ain't got no book."

The Widow Duck's practical mind raced to a realization.

"Efn you don't make no toby, you don't git no fo'-bitses; and efn you don't git no fo'-bitses, you don't eat." The Widow Duck went to the kitchen.

"Gal," she demanded, "how long since you et?" Modom Aw-Bear shrugged.

"Too long. One day, maybe two."

THE Widow Duck had come seeking help. She liked the new role better. "Git yo' bonnet," she ordered. "I and you is goin' to de commissary, right now. You got to git you some grub."

"I ain't got de credicks," Modom Aw-Bear protested.

"I makes a crop and I'm got plenty credicks," the Widow Duck stated.

She led the hoodoo woman down the muddy turnrow to the commissary. She hoped to find Giles or Dock in the little plantation store, in which case she would order what she wanted, saying nothing about supplies needed for Modom Aw-Bear. When she discovered the Bossman's son in the store, working on the commissary books, she felt some sort of explanation was necessary.

"Mist' Junior," the Widow Duck wanted to know, "you reckon dis here rain sot de crop back too far for me to git me a piece er meat and a bucket er lard and a can er dem molasses and a sack er meal and a sack er flour—"

"Hey, hold it!" interrupted Mr. Junior. "Let me write it down. And what's this long-faced talk about your credit when you know your credit's good enough to buy out the whole store. What's got you down?"

"Dis here rain, and all," explained the Widow Duck. "Hit li'ble to shawten down de crop."

"Sure," Mr. Junior agreed, "and run up the price. Don't you know it averages up? Short supply, high demand—long supply, slow demand. That's the way the price of cotton is fixed. So what are you worrying about?" The young man had studied economics but he had never tried to borrow money at the bank on next year's crop prospects. "And besides," said Mr. Junior, tossing the Widow Duck's order into a bag as he talked, "you've heard about the war that's going on, haven't you?"

"Yassuh, I b'lieves I ricollect hyarin' hit spoke about."

"Well," said Mr. Junior, "there'll be fighting in Egypt and you know what that means?"

"What do hit mean?"

"It means that the Egyptian cotton won't get to market. We'll get a big price and a big premium."

The Widow Duck held her breath. "You mean, suh," she asked slowly, "dat dey grows cotton in Egypt?"

"The best in the world."

"How long dey been growin' hit?"

"Thousands of years."

The Widow Duck swallowed and plunged. "Since—since endurin' de Bible times, maybe?" she asked.

"Long before the Bible times. Why, they've found cotton in the tombs of the—" But the Widow Duck had left, dragging her groceries and the hoodoo woman with her.

"You see dar, Cissy?" she said excitedly. "You can't beat hit. Hit'll do you like dat ev'y time."

"Which will do like which?" the hoodoo woman wanted to know.

"De Book say—my Bible say," the Widow Duck answered, " 'Do good unto yo neighbor and hit'll come back seven times seven, but wharfo' you doeth bad, you shall abide tharin.' So say de Sperrit, soul. Be not disencouraged, cause God done changed conditions."

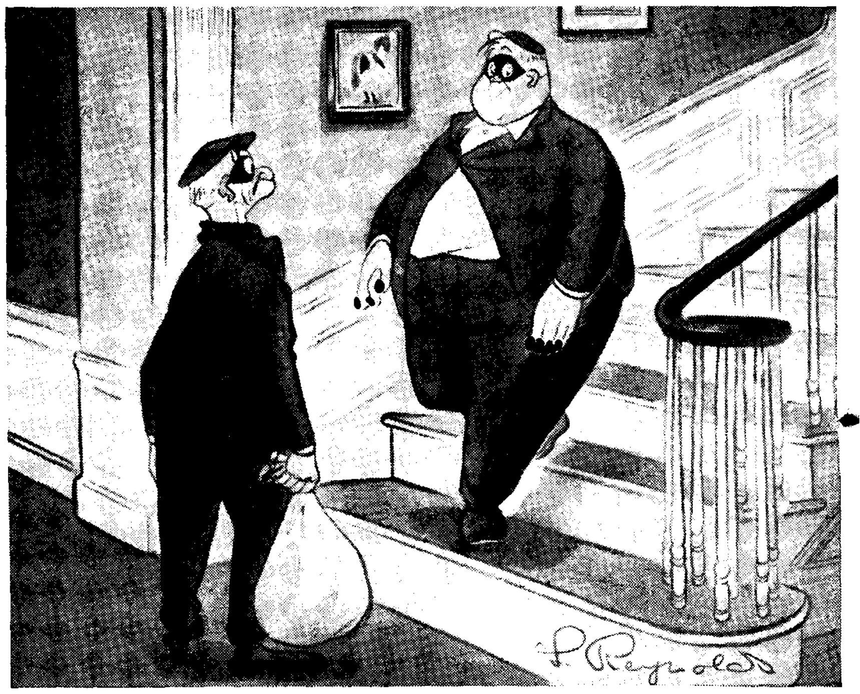
"Me, I don't know what you mean," declared Modom Aw-Bear.

The Widow Duck explained: "You ain't been doin' good to yo neighbor, and you been settin' over in yo house, abidin' tharin. But me, I was good to you cause you's my neighbor. I buyed you two dollars and fawty centses er grub, and you ain't smart enough in yo mind to know how much good I done already got outn dat."

"Jest buyin' me grub done you good?"

"Hit make me feel good, sho," the Widow Duck told her, " 'cause hit's right, and I always feels good when I do's right. But you hyared Mist' Junior say dey been raisin' cotton in Egypt ev'y since endurin' de Bible times? Dem words come rollin' outn his mouf like crumbs offn Dives's table. You jest come wid me by de blacksmith shop. I wants you to see me do somethin' to my pastor dat I wouldn't want nobody but a hoodoo sinner woman like you to see."

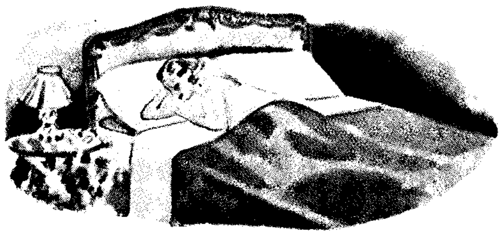
At the blacksmith shop, the Widow



"Find anythin' in th' dame's dressing table?"

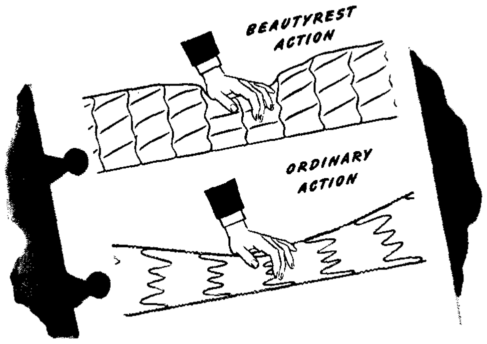
LAURENCE REYNOLDS

The 6 most intelligent questions you can ask about a mattress



1. What kind of comfort does it give?

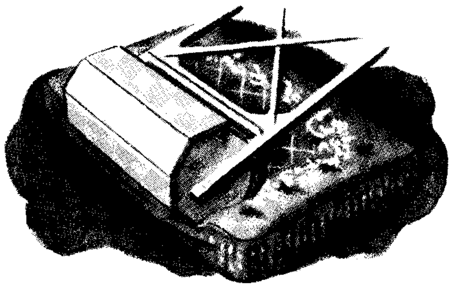
All mattresses *look* comfortable in the store. But remember . . . there are many *degrees* of comfort. A mattress with only the "usual" construction can give you only the "usual" type of comfort. But Beautyrest has developed a construction all its own. It gives you Beautyrest's supreme *luxury* comfort . . . glorious, blissful comfort no other mattress has ever given before.



2. What type of spring action does it have?

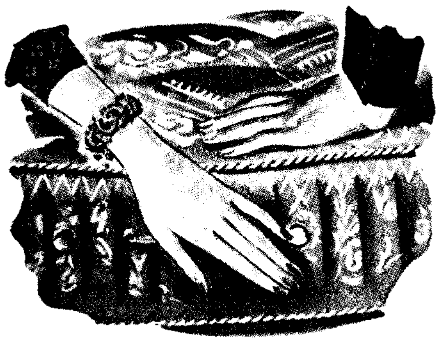
The usual type of spring construction ties the springs together by wire. As your body presses some springs down, all the others go down too—forming slopes and hollows.

Beautyrest features the radically different "independent coil" construction . . . where each of the 837 springs yields *independently* to the various weights of the different parts of your body . . . giving you buoyant, luxurious support that no other mattress gives. *We know.* We make both kinds: the luxurious Beautyrest and the "ordinary action" mattress.



3. How long will it last?

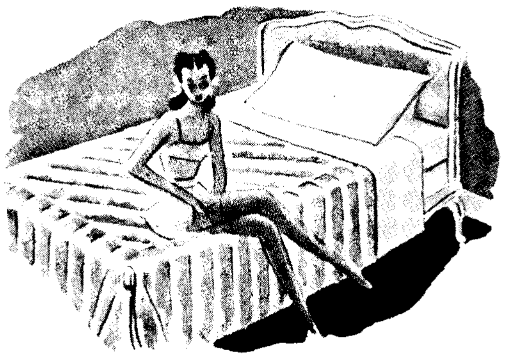
A mattress should be an investment in comfort *over the years.* One that loses its usable comfort in a few years is no bargain *at any price!* At the United States Testing Company, Inc. (Certified Test No. 11760), 17 different makes of mattress were tested. Beautyrest stood up *three times longer* than any other mattress tested. We guarantee Beautyrest for 10 years' service. But we honestly believe it will give you more than 10 years of Beautyrest luxury comfort.



4. Will it stay clean and sanitary inside?

Over the years many a mattress grows musty, stale, and "unclean" inside. But *not* Beautyrest. It has 8 real ventilators (not artificial ones) that "breathe" in clean, fresh air throughout the *entire* mattress . . . keeping it always sanitary and fresh.

Let your common sense lead you to the glorious, luxury comfort of the New, Deeper Beautyrest . . . for only a penny a night!



5. How will the mattress keep its shape?

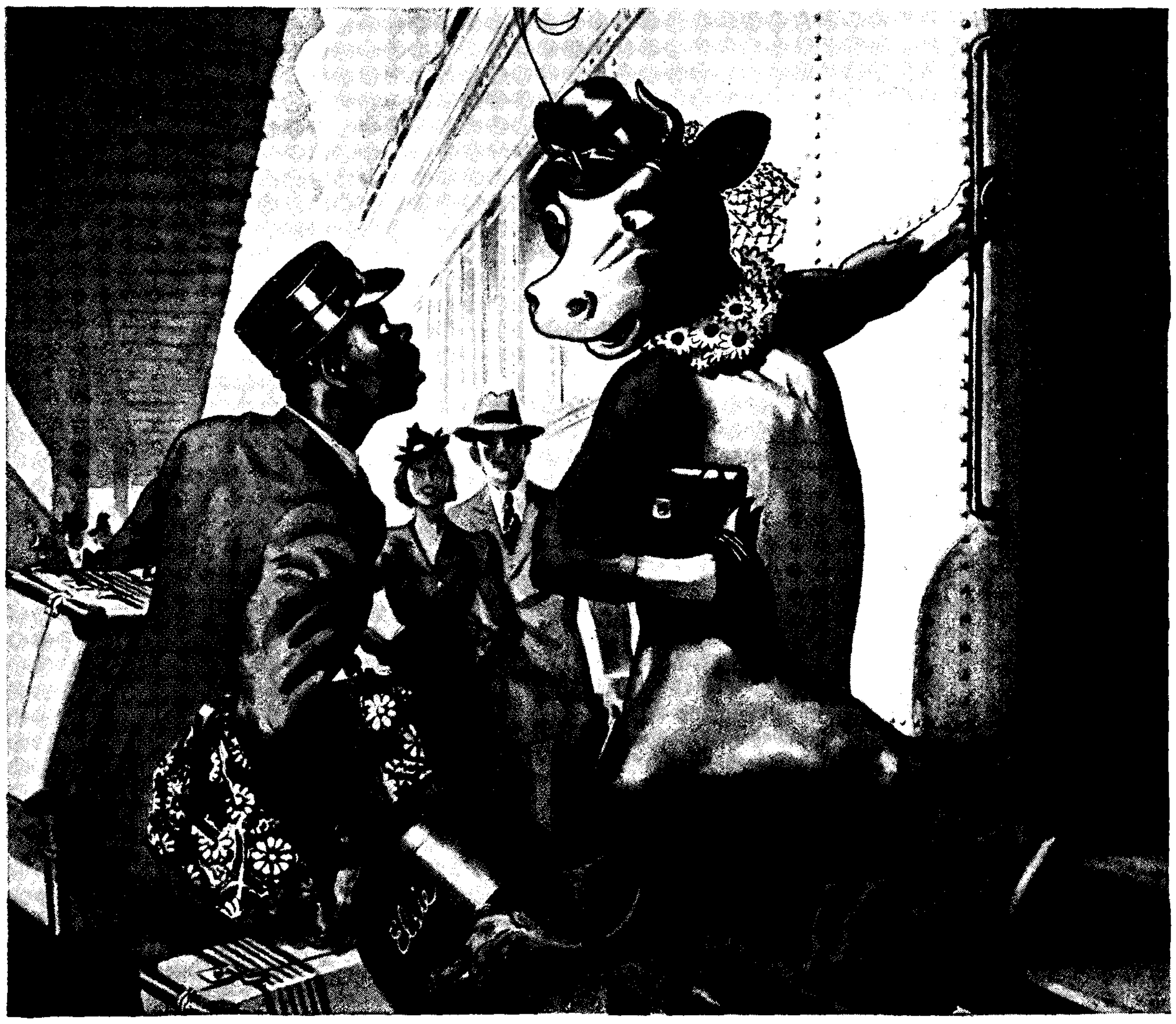
Some mattresses just don't stand up. Lumps form. The edges break down and sag. But Beautyrest has a patented sag-proof edge that stands up under all kinds of abuse, keeping the edges neat and firm during the entire life of the mattress. (P.S. Beautyrest never "lumps" up. So it needs less turning. After the first few months, 4 or 5 turnings a year are plenty.)

THE NEW
Beautyrest
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
BUILT FOR SLEEP
PRICE $39.50
GUARANTEED AGAINST STRUCTURAL DEFECTS FOR 10 YEARS
GUARANTEED AS ADVERTISED IN GOOD HOUSEKEEPING MAGAZINE
SIMMONS COMPANY

6. How much should I pay?

The New Beautyrest costs $39.50. Based on our 10-year guarantee alone, this price comes down to *a penny a night* . . . cheap enough, don't you agree, for the most luxurious mattress ever made? Buy a Beautyrest. Accept no mattress "just as good." For Beautyrest has imitators. *But* no other mattress can give you ALL its advantages. Simmons Company, Chicago.

Beautyrest Box Spring, for use with Beautyrest Mattress, $39.50. Or get the Ace Coil Spring, $19.75.



"What's so funny about *me* going to Hollywood?"

ELSIE, THE BORDEN COW, glared haughtily at George, the Red Cap.

George stopped his chuckling. After all, he hadn't got his tip yet. He tried to explain: "Ah was jus' thinkin', ma'am, dat your type—well, you may find it pretty tough makin' good out there."

Elsie retorted: "I've already made good—that's why they've asked me to come."

"They *has?*" said George in amazement. "But has they *seen* you? Ah mean, you got to pass one of them screen tests, you know."

"Pooh!" said Elsie, confidently. "That'll be easy—after the way I keep passing every test Borden experts and veterinarians can think up."

"B-but, ma'am," queried George, "has you got *oomph?*"

"Better than that," replied Elsie. "I've got milk that's got more oomph than you can shake a valise at.

FOLKS LOVE BORDEN'S MILK!
Borden's

Furthermore, it's such wonderfully pure, good milk, it helps to make loads of *other* things that are just brimming with oomph.... Do you know Liederkranz?"

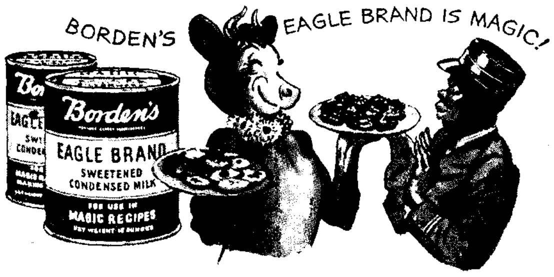
"N-not unless he's dat stout gentleman Ah just helped into Lower Nine," admitted George.

Elsie explained patiently: "Liederkranz is a creamy, golden-crusted Borden Cheese. It's the famous American dessert cheese of strictly 100% American origin—and a noble example of the score of delicious *Borden's Fine Cheeses* I have to my credit. They're all *me* to begin with, you know—just as my two best-known *canned* super-productions are."

LEAD ME TO LIEDERKRANZ!
LIEDERKRANZ
CHEESE

"My, my," breathed George, admiringly, "you is talkin' like Hollywood already!"

"Well, those two *deserve* it," insisted Elsie. "All over the land, there are cooks who wouldn't dream of making cake frostings or cookies or candies with anything but *Borden's Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk.*"


BORDEN'S EAGLE BRAND IS MAGIC!
Borden's
EAGLE BRAND
SWEETENED CONDENSED MILK
FOR USE IN MAGIC RECIPES

"M-m-m," smacked George. "Dat sure sounds reasonable to *mah* sweet tooth!"

"And as for *Borden's Irradiated Evaporated Milk,*" went on Elsie, "that not only gets a great hand from cooks for helping make lovely cream soups and mashed potatoes—it also is suggested by physicians for infant formulas, because it's so digestible and rich in Vitamin D."

BORDEN'S EVAPORATED IS RICH IN VITAMIN D!
Borden's
IRRADIATED
EVAPORATED MILK

"Slap me down," exclaimed George, "if you hasn't more on de ball dan any movie star *Ah* ever see!"

"I'm so glad you think so!" beamed Elsie. "Especially when you haven't even heard about two of the very best ones. For instance, I'm terribly proud of the *Borden's Ice Cream* my milk and my cream go into—

M-M-M BORDEN'S ICE CREAM!

as luscious and smooth a treat as ever delighted your throat."

"And de other?" queried George.

"The other," replied Elsie, "is *Borden's None Such Mince Meat.* True, that doesn't happen to come from my milk. But it does get its spicy flavor and wholesomeness from the same kind of Borden skill and care that have put all my products where they are. So—shouldn't that help to build up the standing of my oomph?"

NO MINCE MEAT LIKE BORDEN'S NONE SUCH!
Borden's
NONE SUCH
MINCE MEAT

"Ma'am," replied George enthusiastically, "it sounds to me like you is just *spoutin'* oomph!"

"You're sweet to say so," gushed the grateful Elsie, handing him a shiny new nickel. "I'm sure those Hollywood directors are going to learn what so many other folks have learned—that *'if it's Borden's, it's GOT to be good!'* "

* * *

To bring you the best of dairy products, more than 100,000 dairy farms provide milk for Borden ... and to guard the goodness of all Borden foods and deliver them to your home, more than 27,500 employees work in partnership with 47,000 Borden owner-stockholders.

-if it's Borden's
its got to be good
ELSIE SPECIAL

COPYRIGHT 1940 THE BORDEN COMPANY

Duck handed the groceries to Modom Aw-Bear, and balanced the Bible on her own right hand. B'r Charlie was still reading from the paper-backed Sixth and Seventh Books of Moses, when the Widow Duck walked in. Before he could move, she had smacked him with a sweeping swing of her right arm. The Bible connected with B'r Charlie's jaw and he went sliding across the shop.

"Mind out!" yelled B'r Charlie. "What you mean?"

Modom Aw-Bear at that moment screamed, "My book, my book!" grabbed the volume B'r Charlie dropped, and clutched it eagerly. "My charm book is come home!"

The Widow Duck halted her advance. "Dat yo' book?" she demanded.

"Sho, he my book," the hoodoo woman said happily. "See? Hit say Six and Seven Book f'm Moses!"

THE Widow Duck came to a quick decision. "Shet de door and latch hit f'm de inside, Cissy," she said. " 'Cause I don't want no young church member to see what's fixin' to take place betwixt me and B'r Charlie."

"Mis' Duck," B'r Charlie whimpered, "you ain't got no call to come hyar smackin' me."

"I hit you wid my Bible," the Widow Duck informed him. "Dat's de closest you been to de Good Book in a long time."

"Yeah, but don't go hittin' me."

"Dat was for yo lyin' to yo' Senior Usher."

"I ain't lied!"

"You say hit ain't no cotton in de Bible," the Widow Duck accused, "and Mist' Junior say de best in de world come f'm de Bible."

"Dat ain't got nothin' to do wid you hittin' me on de jaw."

"Hit ain't nothin' to what I'm fixin' to do to you," the Widow Duck warned him. "You stole Cissy Ringgold's book."

"I didn't! I jest tuck hit to see what kind er stuff hit had."

"You lied and you stole!" the Widow Duck repeated. "And dat makes you a roguin' hypercrit and a double-bar'l roguin' hypercrit. You monkeyed wid de hoodoo and dat's a sin and I ain't gonter have my pastor doin' sin." She doubled her fists. "You's a one-laigged ole man and I's a two-laigged ole 'oman. I's heavier den you and you's stouter den me. Dat figgers us about even. So hit's gonter be me and you, and de Lawd to pick de winner."

The Widow Duck sailed in with both fists. B'r Charlie did his best, but it wasn't enough. He begged for mercy.

"Pray!" ordered the Widow Duck. "Ax de Lawd to wash yo sinful soul clean er roguin' and lyin'!"

"I can't git on my knee to pray wid you settin' on my belly," B'r Charlie sputtered. "I can't hardly breathe."

The Widow Duck raised a hard chubby fist over B'r Charlie's face.

B'r Charlie prayed. He asked for general forgiveness for all his sins, and then went into detail, begging specific pardon, not only for stealing Modom Aw-Bear's hoodoo book and reading it but for having in his mind the sinful intention of learning the black arts and practicing them during the slack season.

"And, Lawd," he finished, "give de Bible boys over in Egypt some good cotton-growin' weather for dey crop. Amen."

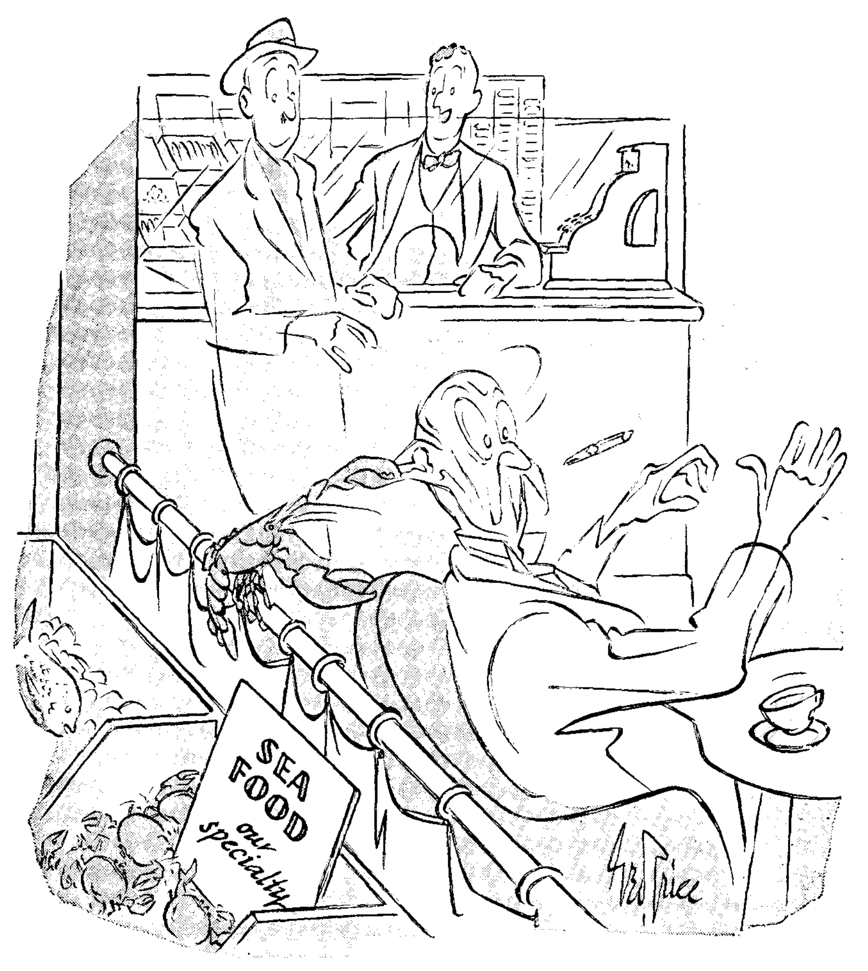
The Widow Duck got up and brushed her hands. "You's a rogue and a no-good, Charlie," she told him, "but I swear you kin pray a good prayer."

She picked up her Bible, nodded a pleasant farewell to Modom Aw-Bear and started for home. When she reached the tree-lined bayou she looked at the drooping gray Spanish moss.

"You know, Lawd," she said, "jest betwixt me and You, I bet de Bible boys put moss in dem bricks, didn't dey?" She shut her eyes and opened her Bible and placed her finger on the page.

She read: "And it came to pass. . . ."

The Widow Duck laughed softly. "I knowed hit, Lawd. I knowed dem boys was too smart not to."



"Usually the diner selects his own lobster, but sometimes it is vice-versa"

GEO PRICE

Towing and Repairs...$48.75
—AND HE KNEW IT WAS COMING!

THESE DANGER SIGNALS TOLD HIM!

ENGINE MISSES
Pitted distributor points? Worn insulation on ignition wiring? Fouled spark plugs? Carburetor dirty?

SLOW STARTING
Low or discharged battery? Is coil weak? Are starting motor bearings, commutator or brushes worn?

MOTOR OVERHEATS
Improper timing? Clogged radiator hose? Water pump bearings frozen? Thermostat out of adjustment?

Preventive Service by Auto-Lite Experts Saves Needless Expense

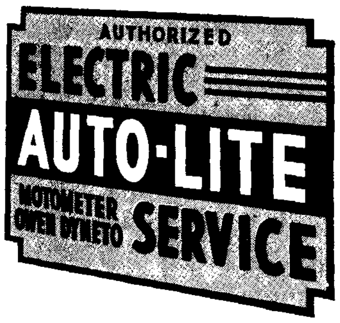
EVERY car owner can avoid unnecessary repair costs by following these simple rules of Preventive Service. Have your car checked by a qualified service man when danger signals warn of trouble ahead. Insist on service parts built by the original equipment manufacturer. This is particularly important when the electrical units—the "nervous system" of your car—are affected.

Watch for the symptoms that warn trouble is coming. Let your Auto-Lite service man prevent little troubles from getting big. More than half of America's car manufacturers standardize on Auto-Lite electrical equipment. And wherever you see the Auto-Lite sign, you'll get expert workmanship and original Auto-Lite parts at a fair price.

THE ELECTRIC AUTO-LITE COMPANY
TOLEDO, OHIO SARNIA, ONT.

AUTO-LITE SERVICE

He is an expert, with special training and equipment, who can prevent minor car troubles from causing major repair bills. It will pay you to get acquainted with him.



Stop AT THESE SIGNS

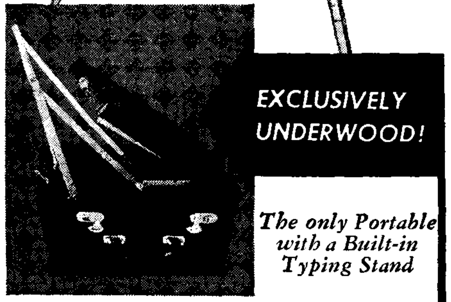
Wherever you see these signs, you will get expert automotive service and original Auto-Lite service parts.

Original
AUTO-LITE
SERVICE PARTS
SOLD HERE

ORIGINAL PARTS ASSURE "LIKE-NEW" PERFORMANCE

WOULD YOU LIKE A FREE TRIAL OF THE UNDERWOOD THAT STANDS ON ITS OWN FEET?

Liberal Terms



The only Portable with a Built-in Typing Stand

IMAGINE . . . an Underwood Universal Portable with its own Built-in Typing Stand folded right into the carrying case. No need for makeshifts such as a card table now. You can set up your Underwood anywhere indoors or out and with three adjustments for height you can always type in comfort. The Built-in Typing Stand *absorbs* vibration too . . . provides even *quieter* operation.

No typewriter but the Underwood offers this *complete* typing unit. You not only get the exclusive Underwood Built-in Typing Stand . . . you get the famous Champion Keyboard plus Touch Tuning plus the Sealed Action Frame and many other time-tried Underwood features.

See the Underwood Universal Portable with Built-in Typing Stand at our Dealer's . . . or mail the coupon for a free trial of the complete unit in your own home or office.

MAIL COUPON FOR FREE TRIAL

Portable Typewriter Division
UNDERWOOD
ELLIOTT FISHER CO.
One Park Avenue, N. Y.

Please let me know how I can get—an Underwood Universal Portable with Built-in Typing Stand for free trial and without obligation to buy. Also tell me about Liberal Terms.

Name ______________________

Address ______________________
C 11-2-40

City ______________ State ________

Copyright 1940, Underwood Elliott Fisher Company

There Was No Peace

Continued from page 10

in an hour or so the sound of a siren tore the silence apart to warn the city of approaching enemy planes again, as they did almost every fair day. There was a bomb shelter built under the peony court but being alone she did not trouble to go to it. "Bombs will not pick out one old woman," she thought peacefully. She thirsted for more and more loneliness. "Besides," she thought, "perhaps death itself is only this empty quiet, but forever." She had never been afraid of death, but now it occurred to her that death might even be pleasant.

It was at this moment that the explosion struck. She glanced at the sky and saw a solitary plane shine silver. Something dropped from it like thistledown, like an egg, then suddenly lightning was above her and thunder roared.

"It is to be death," she thought, and closed her eyes and did not move.

BUT it was not quite death. The bomb struck the street outside her barred gate. She heard the clatter and crash of the falling wall. She rose then and went out. The wall was a ruin of dust and broken brick. She looked at it, and then up and down the street. So far as she could see, no one had been passing.

Yet even as she watched it, the street ceased to be empty. Around the far corner she saw a horde of men pouring in a mob. They swarmed around her and over the ruins of the wall. They passed her without seeing her. Every face was staring ahead, every mind intent on escape from some desperate danger.

"They are retreating," she thought, and she knew that the enemy was at hand.

She had for many days expected the enemy, but she had reasoned that when they came, as of course they would come, they having the better arms, she would live somehow under their rule. So long as she could keep her secrets she could live under any rule, however alien. Besides, an old woman was valuable to no one, and then she marveled that life was still so sweet to her. Husband and children and duty had ceased to have meaning for her, but there were all her secrets whose meaning she had never had enough time to pursue, nor peace enough.

This peace she now gave up in the instant between one breath and another. While she drew one breath she stood upon her own ground and when she drew the next she had stepped into the midst of the fleeing men as one steps into a rushing stream. The stream closed about her and carried her onward. There was no escape from it and no turning back. She gasped once or twice.

"I must remember I am not in retreat," she thought, and recovered herself while she felt herself swept on. She laid her hand upon the arm of the man next to her.

"Why are you retreating?" she called into his ear.

He turned a dazed face to her and she saw he could understand nothing because of the panic in which he was engulfed with all the crowd.

"You are all stupid!" she called loudly, and found a pleasure in saying aloud what she had so often thought secretly of men. "You are stupid to run away from those little dwarfs—shame on you, sons of Han! Shame—shame—shame!"

Imperceptibly they heard her, or perhaps they did not so much hear her as feel her in their midst as a force of some sort strong enough to oppose their flight. Certainly at last some stayed and then many stopped. They stood packed together in the street about Madame Chien, their faces red and their eyes still wild, and they wiped their faces with torn and dusty sleeves.

"Where are you going?" she asked them.

No one answered and then a young man answered in a rough voice, "Anywhere for escape! Why should we stay to be killed? The enemy has foreign cannon and all our captains gave us were these!"

He held up his little gun to show her. She took it and examined it. It was the first time she had ever had a gun in her hand, but among her secrets there was one about modern weapons. She had found in the old shop she frequented, as other women frequent temples, a book in English entitled The Science of Modern Warfare, and there were many pictures in it. She had bought it, since it was then about the time of Japan's seizure of Manchuria.

"But this is a good-enough gun," she remarked, "it is not too old in its fashion, and with it, if you crept close enough to a cannon, too close to be its target, you might kill the man behind it with this. Long-range cannon," she went on, "are more dangerous at a distance than near."

The men stared at her and the young man began to laugh. "Where did a lady learn this?" he asked.

Madame Chien looked at him with dignity. "Where is the enemy?" she asked.

"They are advancing from the north," the young man replied, "and they are now less than three miles from the city."

"But that means they must cross the river," Madame Chien said.

"They are crossing now," a voice shouted. "They have us in a trap!"

"Oh, you fools," Madame Chien cried, "it is you who have them in a trap. Does not the river circle the city except at the south, and can you not circle the river and hold the south open like the neck of a bottle?"

"But when they cross the river to go on," a voice began, but Madame Chien interrupted it.

"They will not cross it if they think they hold the city and do not know you are in ambush," she said.

They stared at her.

"How do you know these things?" the young man asked boldly.

"I have my secrets," Madame Chien replied with her usual calmness. The sun was growing very hot. "We had better keep on moving as we are to the river," she said.

SO THEY began to move again but now there was no more of the flurry of retreat. They marched steadily as men do who have been given a direction and Madame Chien walked with them. When they reached the river they met the others, who, still in retreat, were bargaining for boats to cross the river.

"Stop," the young man said to them on every hand. "We have a better plan." He stepped forward and Madame Chien, though she still believed in no gods, thanked the clear heaven above her that among all these fools there had been this young man near her. For he, she now observed, was not a fool.

"Let us seem to retreat," he was saying. "Let us cross the river, and then we will encircle its loop. A fourth of us will go to the bottleneck at the south and there hide. The others will hide about the river. As we are able we will shoot one and another of the enemy if they pass through the city and make to go onward."

Madame Chien, watching the listening

Get Your Car READY for

WARNER RADIATOR CLEANER
WARNER LIQUID SOLDER
WINTER

EVERY CAR NEEDS THIS
"Before-Anti-Freeze Service"

CLEAN OUT the Cooling System! You'll save time, trouble and money in your winter driving, if you'll *clean out* the cooling system of your car NOW. Get rid of the scale, oil muck and dirt—*before* the anti-freeze goes in!

And nothing could be more simple! Use **Warner Radiator Cleaner.** THOROUGH . . . and completely SAFE!

STOP LEAKS! Save Anti-Freeze! You can make the entire cooling system of your car water-*tight*—even repair a cracked motor block quickly and permanently—with **Warner Liquid Solder.**

If you add Warner Liquid Solder to your car NOW, you'll avoid leaks . . . wasting expensive anti-freeze, frozen radiators, and other costly trouble.

FULLY GUARANTEED! Insist on Warner Liquid Solder for your car. It's the *Standard—for more than 20 years!*

P. S. PREVENTIVE SERVICE

Give your car this "Before-Anti-Freeze Service"
. . . at Garages, Dealers, Service Stations.

WARNER-PATTERSON CO., 920 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

LIQUID SOLDER WARNER RADIATOR CLEANER

I MADE IT STICK WITH CASCO

No. 26

LOOK OUT, RICKETY CHAIR!
CASCO
POWDERED CASEIN
GLUE
STRENGTH WITH HIGH WATER-RESISTANCE

Why waste time making furniture repairs that pop apart? Fix it once and for all with Casco Powdered Casein Glue, the standard for heavy-duty wood gluing. Casco is *different* ...sets chemically, like concrete. That's why it *resists* indoor heat and moisture changes instead of cracking loose. Easy to use. Just add water and mix. Economical. Ten cents' worth does many repair jobs.

CASCO
FLEXIBLE CEMENT

AND FOR ODD JOBS IN HOME, SCHOOL, OFFICE

Use Casco Flexible Cement. Contains casein for *strength*—rubber for *flexibility*. Absorbs shocks. Sticks to everything but your fingers.

CASEIN COMPANY OF AMERICA
350 Madison Ave. New York City

CASCO AT ALL HARDWARE STORES
CASEIN GLUE · IN CANS · 10¢ TO 65¢
FLEXIBLE CEMENT · IN TUBES · 25¢

faces, decided suddenly that these were not all fools. They were bewildered but not cowards.

"Brave men!" she cried suddenly.

They had forgotten her and many of them had never seen her, but now they all looked at her and laughed when they saw a delicate old lady had called so loudly.

"You are brave," they shouted, and they spat on their hands and swore by their mothers, and one after the other said in one way or another the same thing. "We will all die one day anyway, they said, "so why not your way?"

And Madame Chien, watching them, thought, "If I leave them now, what will they do? They are strangers in this place."

Without deciding to stay or return, her attention was now directed to the rapacity of a boatman. All boatmen on river or lake are rapacious but this man was so harsh in his demands that Madame Chien grew angry.

"At a time like this," she remarked in her clear voice, "no one should think of himself. Take his boat, you men, and man it yourselves. Take all the boats you need, but see that they are returned, for they are a livelihood, even if there are some who do not deserve to live."

"Seize the boats," the young man cried. "He who thinks of his own profit now is a traitor."

In a moment the soldiers had seized the boats and, being sons of ordinary men and women, they rowed themselves across very well. The young man waited for the last boat. Then he turned to Madame Chien.

"Come with us, good mother," he said simply.

And as simply she rose from the grass where she had been resting and, putting her hand upon the arm that he held out for her, she stepped into the boat and knew as she did so that she left peace behind her.

THE attack itself did not take place for many days. Madame Chien did not allow it.

"Let the bottle be filled," she told the young man. By now she knew that his name was Tung Li. "Call me Lih-tse," he said. "Everyone does."

But Madame Chien found herself unable to be so familiar and so she called him by his full name or by nothing.

"When the bottle is filled we will put in the stopper," she continued.

There was a great deal to do before then. The men must be disguised so that they could wander about the city freely and see where the enemy was quartered and how many there were and what were their habits. The moment of attack must depend on knowledge. She lived now in a corner of a farmer's hut, cut off by a reed mat from his teeming family. A bamboo bed, an unpainted table and a rough stool were its furniture. The bed she used very little. At the table she sat long with Tung Li, plotting every move of every day and she drew out of her stores one secret after another. Thus she said:

"I read a foreign book once, though translated into our own tongue, concerning war and peace. There was a great battle in it and this was its progress."

With her long fingernail she traced in the dust of the table the moves of the campaign Napoleon had once made against Russia. "But first," she said, "we must send a spy into the city who can creep into the very headquarters of the enemy to listen to the plans as they are made."

"Alas, we understand nothing of their language," Tung Li said.

Madame Chien reflected upon this for the space of half a moment.

"Ah," she said then, "I must be the spy."

"Can you?" Tung Li asked.

"I know a little Japanese," Madame Chien said shyly, "though it always seemed useless until now."

She was almost frightened herself. Had she all these years been shaped toward a destiny now near?

THUS she became a spy. In coarse clothing borrowed from the farmer's wife, with brown dust from the threshing floor rubbed into her skin, she took a basket and filled it with the lard cakes the farmer's wife made sometimes to sell, and put it on her arm as a vendor does. The farmer's wife examined her to see that all looked as it should. Madame Chien was an actress, having played for many years the part of a woman always amiable and never too clever for men's comfort. When she had roughened her hair and blackened her teeth, she also put on her face a look of stupidity clever enough to deceive all.

"How nice you look now," the farmer's wife cried, "exactly like one of us," she continued, and then she saw that the cakes were uncovered. "They will be full of dust," she exclaimed, and she snatched the family towel from a peg in the earthen wall of the hut.

But Madame Chien's gorge rose at the sight of this towel, though she knew unreasonably, for what did it matter what lay over cakes sold to the enemy? Nevertheless, her instincts cried out beyond her control. The towel was black and filthy and she had seen it used to wipe tables and bowls and children's faces and the farmer's sweat, and indeed for every necessity of family life.

"You will need your one towel," she said gracefully, "I can easily buy another at the city gate."

It was this fresh, clean cloth that she bought a little later in the bazaar under the arch of the city gate which brought Madame Chien direct into the presence of the captain of the enemy. Thus Heaven arranges for those whom it loves. For though Madame Chien herself did not know it, the Japanese hated filth so much that in spite of hunger they would not eat cakes from under the dirty, sweat-filled towels of the vendors. When she came to the tea shop and they saw her basket covered with pure white they clamored for her cakes and she was obliged to raise the price of them lest they be sold before she wished them gone. Even so this might have happened had not a young soldier pulled her sleeve and motioned to her to follow him.

"Do not buy any more," he commanded his fellows. "The captain will want these."

When she heard this she was frightened again by her seeming destiny. But she did not hesitate. She followed him along a familiar road until he brought her before the fallen wall of her own house. Then she perceived what had happened. Since hers was the best house in the small city, the captain had taken it for his own. She followed the soldier across her own threshold into the courtyard where a few days before she had sat down to rest, dreaming of peace. She followed this stranger into her own house and there in the main hall sat the captain, at ease in her husband's

"Weeny Witch"

EASY TO MAKE WITH Skinless (TRADE MARK) FRANKFURTERS OR WIENERS

Yes! Just ask for your favorite brand of Franks or Wieners . . . WITHOUT A *GHOST* OF A SKIN ON THEM!

It's so much fun to fix Skinless franks or wieners into exciting Halloween dishes! And it's so easy to make "Weeny Witches," ghosts, goblins! Skinless franks or wieners have no skins at all . . . no covering of any kind . . . just the tender, juicy meat itself. They don't split open in cooking, which makes Halloween dishes more attractive and delicious. Remember too, Skinless franks and wieners are easy to digest.

Plan a "Weeny Witch" Halloween Party

Most packers and sausage makers now feature franks or wieners made the Skinless way. And your nearby market has them in stock right now . . . all ready for the "Weeny Witch" Skinless frank or wiener Halloween!

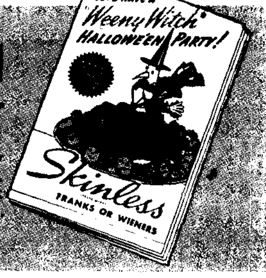
The VISKING Corporation
6733 W. 65th St., Chicago, Illinois

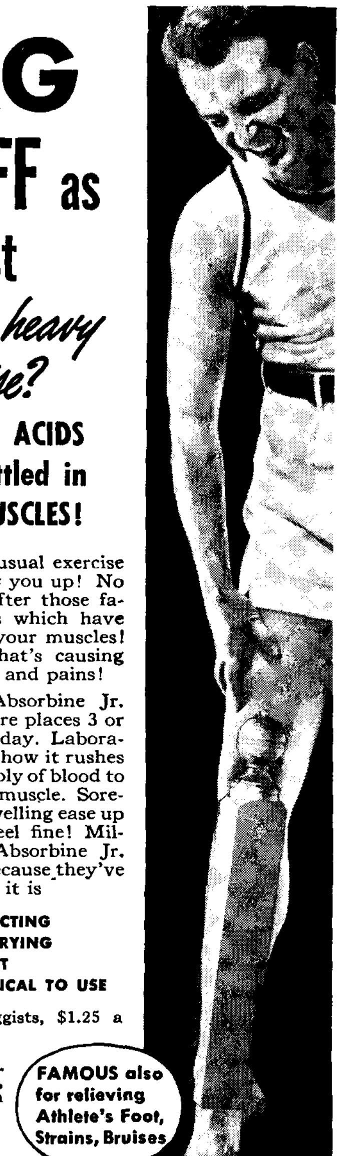
Copr. 1940—The Visking Corporation

FREE! HALLOWEEN PARTY BOOKLET

Filled with marvelous new Halloween Party ideas! How to make Weeny Witches, Red Hot Goblins, Weeny Ghosts, etc. Halloween menus . . . games . . . favors . . . stunts . . . party suggestions. Get yours quick! At your nearby meat market or write direct to The Visking Corporation, Box 75, 6733 West 65th Street, Chicago, Illinois.

Skinless Franks or Wieners! America's Official Halloween Dish!





LEG STIFF as a Post *after heavy exercise?*

FATIGUE ACIDS have settled in your MUSCLES!

A little unusual exercise needn't lay you up! No sir! Get after those fatigue acids which have settled in your muscles! They're what's causing your aches and pains!

Douse Absorbine Jr. over the sore places 3 or 4 times a day. Laboratory tests show it rushes a fresh supply of blood to the aching muscle. Soreness and swelling ease up and you feel fine! Millions are Absorbine Jr. boosters because they've found that it is

1. QUICK ACTING
2. QUICK DRYING
3. PLEASANT
4. ECONOMICAL TO USE

At all druggists, $1.25 a bottle. Free sample—Write W. F. Young, Inc., 201Y Lyman St., Springfield, Mass.

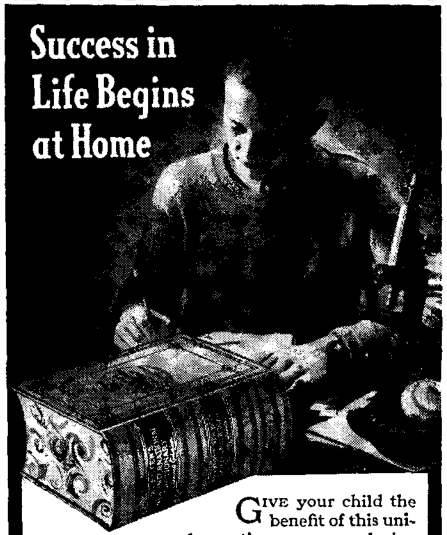
FAMOUS also for relieving Athlete's Foot, Strains, Bruises

ABSORBINE JR.

YOU may earn extra money in spare time by taking care of new and renewal subscriptions for COLLIER'S and the other Crowell-Collier Magazines. Write to:

THE CROWELL-COLLIER PUBLISHING COMPANY
250 Park Ave. New York, N. Y.

Success in Life Begins at Home



GIVE your child the benefit of this universal question-answerer during his formative years. The New Merriam-Webster offers a wealth of information in every field of knowledge. 3350 pages. At bookdealers and stationers, or write for free illustrated booklet to G. & C. Merriam Company, Dept. 487, Springfield, Massachusetts.

WEBSTER'S NEW INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY Second Edition

LOOK FOR THE CIRCULAR TRADE-MARK

WEBSTER'S NEW INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY Second Edition

lounging chair. With him were his lesser officers.

The young man she had been following saluted.

"What is it?" the captain asked.

"I found an old woman selling clean cakes, sir," the soldier replied.

"Can it be?" the captain retorted. He wagged his head and laughed and motioned Madame Chien to come near. He lifted the white cloth and seized all the remaining cakes and began to eat them with great greediness. "If you had been a few years younger, old woman," he said with his mouth full, "I might have wanted more of you than cakes." His men, seeing this was a joke, laughed, and the captain was pleased with himself. "Come back tomorrow," he said loudly to Madame Chien. But she kept her stupid look, and so he made motions until she seemed to understand and nodded and then she went away.

Thus day after day she returned to her own house, and bit by bit she became a serving woman there where she had always been mistress. It was easy enough to begin by pouring tea into the bowls that were emptied as her cakes were eaten, and then she lit cigarettes and then she fetched food and then she tidied rooms and dusted their furniture. Her own room she found occupied by three young Japanese women and she came gradually to wait upon them, and all the time she gave no sign of understanding any word spoken of all those she heard and did understand. She was careful to understand no command shouted at her, and so at last they forgot her and spoke as though she were not there.

Then she learned everything about them, where their men were quartered and in what numbers, and how the campaigns to the north went and how many men must be sent to help in that campaign, and what ammunition was to be brought here to be stored and where it was stored.

Everything she knew she carried back at night to Tung Li who waited for her at the farmer's hut. "Let them eat and drink a few days longer, and grow softer and more weak," she advised him when he was impatient for attack. "In a few days half of the men are to be sent north. When that day comes, there will be left in the city only a garrison, but much ammunition where I have told you. We can attack easily, and with the ammunition and the stored cannon and guns we can pursue those marching to the north. Strengthen your men for that day."

So Tung Li obeyed her as he now did in everything. He built his men into a strong band and they named themselves The Black River Guerrillas, and one night some came to Madame Chien with a request from them all.

"We wish to call you our mother," they said, "because you have brought us good luck."

IN THEIR hearts they all now believed her a faery but she did not know it, being always modest. But she was touched by their childlikeness.

"I am proud to call you my sons," she replied.

Thereafter she gave her own response to them by small merciful deeds. She mended rents in their coarse garments with the exquisite skill she had once used in embroidering upon satin birds and butterflies and flowers. If a man were hurt she washed and bound his wounds. Of such things she knew much because she had once bought some large books of foreign medicine. A servant in the house of a foreign physician in another city had stolen them from his master to sell for a little money for himself, and they had drifted from hand to hand until she saw them. It occurred to her now that she should have these books by her, since there might be many wounded men in the days to come, and thereafter each day when she went back to her house she thrust one of these books under her peasant coat.

. . . "We are now ready to take back the city," Tung Li told her one night. "But how shall we know which is the right and lucky day if you do not set it for us?"

"Two thirds of the enemy leave on the night of the full moon," she replied. "But whether that or the next day is the day, depends on a secret plan of mine."

"Keep your secrets," he replied hastily, a little afraid of her.

It was as though gods had put that word into his mouth.

"I will," she said calmly, not dreaming of his fear.

THIS secret was that she remembered where her husband kept his foreign wines. These wines he loved but they spoiled easily until she devised a way to store them in an old well near his private courtyard. She had had a ladder hung against the side of this well and shelves built around its old brick walls and a thick cover made for its mouth.

Now in a moment left free she went to that well. Vines had grown over the cover and she could not lift it alone. But it meant also that none had discovered the place. So she went back and herself found the captain and pulled his sleeve and made motions that he was to come with her. He humored her now as they all did, and so he came. When she pointed to the old well he thought it was treasure and shouted for his aide to come and open it. That one put his shoulder to the cover and twisted it up against the vines and then the strong summer sunshine fell upon the dusty bottles.

The captain gave a roar of joy. "I thought it was only gold!" he cried. He reached his arm down and pulled up a bottle and cracked the head off on the stone curb and poured the foreign wine down his throat.

Madame Chien crossed the courtyards and the fallen wall and hastened back to Tung Li, stopping only to bribe the watchman at the city gate.

"Prepare," she told Tung Li. "Tonight is the hour."

Time after time in that furious night she promised herself peace when it was over. The guerrillas crossed the river in the moonless dark. She sat in the boat with Tung Li and she directed the men to the southern gate where the bribed watchman let them through, though his face was pallid when he did it, and then, when they were gone, he leaped into his bed and pretended a sleep as sound as death. And Madame Chien led them to every secret place where the enemy was quartered. All that the men had not found out for themselves she knew, and at every place the men were stationed to wait for the attack. But Tung Li and his strongest men she led to her own house.

"Here is their captain," she said. And then to her own surprise her long loathing and disgust rose in her and cried out. She had so grown to hate that man, his brutal looks and ways, his coarse shouts and sudden rages, that she had even come to pity the three women in her room because his lusts toward them were so vicious.

"Kill the captain first," she said.

"I will," Tung Li said.

"I shall wait beyond that gate," she said, pointing to a court.

"There I will bring you the news of victory," he promised her.

And she, while the attack was carried out in her house and in every house where the enemy was, went back to her courtyard and found that cool old rock and sat down upon it and waited for peace. When all this was over and the

YOU KNOW IT'S SILLY TO PUT IN ANTI-FREEZE 'TIL YOU CLEAN OUT WITH SANI-FLUSH!
ANTI-FREEZE

ANTI-FREEZE must circulate freely. Otherwise you waste it, your motor overheats, you may be headed for expensive trouble. Just use 10c worth of Sani-Flush *before* you put in anti-freeze (25c for the largest truck or tractor).

Sani-Flush removes rust, scale, sediment, sludge from the radiator. It is easy to use. Or, if you prefer, have your service station do the job. Insist on Sani-Flush. It cannot injure motor or fittings. You'll find Sani-Flush in most bathrooms for cleaning toilets. *Directions on the can.* Sold by grocery, drug, hardware, and 5-and-10c stores. 10c and 25c sizes. . . . The Hygienic Products Company, Canton, Ohio.

Sani-Flush
CLEANS OUT RADIATORS
Safe NOT CAUSTIC

REWARD! For a little of your spare time as a special Subscription Representative. WRITE TODAY.

Independent Agency Division
THE CROWELL-COLLIER PUBLISHING CO.
250 Park Ave. New York, N. Y.

ALWAYS fresh and Sweet

A hit with thousands of men! SMOKEMASTER gives a fresh, sweet smoke every time. It's the *pipe cleaner* in the stem that does the trick—absorbs all moisture WHILE YOU SMOKE.

Smoke passes thru a metal tube which is slit lengthwise along the under side. As moisture forms, it is absorbed by an ordinary pipe cleaner underneath. This leaves a clean, dry passage thru the stem. Smoke never goes thru a saturated filter.

Genuine Old Briar

Pat. No. 2,166,537

$1.00 *at dealers*

Complete range of models

Write for Literature

Briarcraft, Inc.
347 Fifth Ave.
New York

Briarcraft Smokemaster

dead cleaned away she would go on with being alone. Loneliness in her house would be sweeter than ever. She sat waiting for it while the guns cracked in the darkness and men, surprised in sleep and drunkenness, swarmed and groaned and gave great sighing gusts of breath before they died. She sat in the darkness listening.

Quiet fell with dawn. Through the pale new light she saw Tung Li come wearily through the gate.

"They are dead," he said. "How they bleed!"

She did not answer this. She waited a moment and then rose.

"I will return to my own house," she said. She had told none of them from where she had come nor that this was it. But before she could take a step Tung Li cried out at her, "Are you not going with us against the others?"

"What others?" she said as stupidly as if she had been anybody.

"The men who were sent against the cities to the north," he said.

And then to her amazement he dropped on his knees and knocked his head before her as men do before images in temples. "Do not leave us now," he said. "We must make greater battle than this if we are to drive out the enemy. What is a little town if they hold our great cities and our seacoasts and our northern provinces, and how can we prevail if you do not tell us the will of heaven?"

Then for the first time she understood that he thought her more than human and so he wanted her aid. She was about to deny her divinity and then she did not. He was a simple fellow, and the simple, she thought with sad wisdom, must be given their gods. What did it matter if it were she or another?

She stood wavering. How lovely in her courts were loneliness and peace! And did she not deserve them now and would it not be her only heaven, since she believed in no other?

And then suddenly loneliness was gone again and peace was scattered to nothing and heaven gone. Through the gate came a score or two of men who had been wounded. But they were gay with victory in spite of pain and bleeding.

She had nothing with which to bind their wounds. "I will go and find some clean water and clean cloth somewhere," she said. They were so used to her doing what she would that they rested themselves and waited. And she went to her own room, passing, without a look on the way, the bodies of those dead. Her room was empty. The women had fled, for none of their things even were left behind.

Yes, there was a clean robe, white cotton cloth with blue flowers, newly washed and hung to dry and so forgotten. She felt it and now it was dry.

"It will do for their wounds," she thought. She stood for a moment in her room and sighed and took the garment and went back to the noisy court, stopping only to lift a wooden pail of water from a shallow well on the way.

"The enemy left you this to bind your wounds," she told the men. Her quick hands tore the robe to strips. Then she smiled and said playfully, "Good enemy, we must pursue you to thank you for this and all."

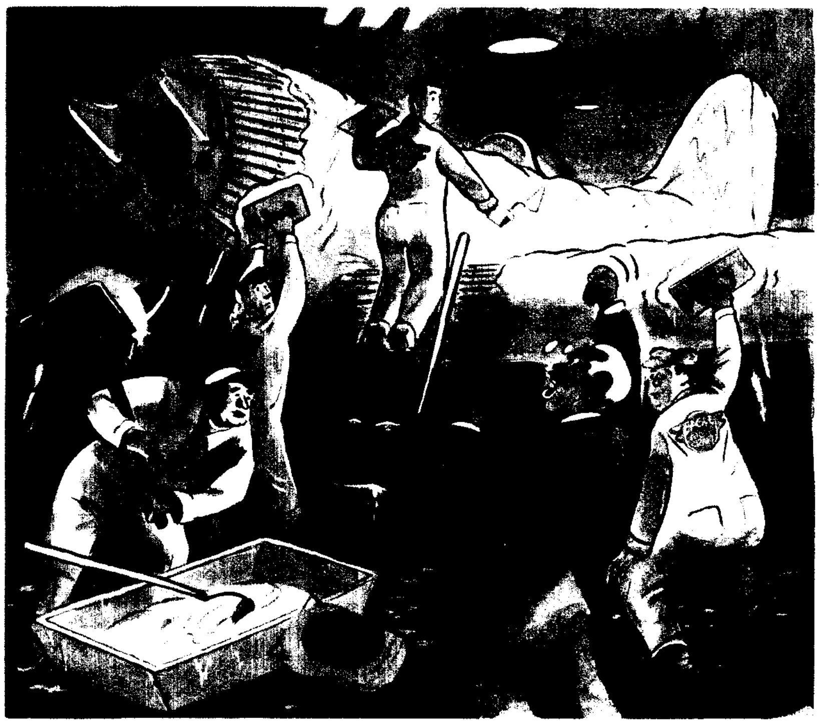
They laughed, and even those in pain were comforted, and Tung Li said, "It is you we thank."

NONE who thought they knew Madame Chien best ever saw her again or heard of her. The war went on so long that once her eldest son came back to search for her and to ask if any had seen or heard of his mother. But none had. He wandered through the empty house and saw no sign that she had been there after them.

She must have been killed by the enemy, everyone said, staring into the house. He went away again, back to his father, and they all mourned for her as dead, wearing the white robes for twice the days they needed because she had been so dear to them, to each in his own way.

She herself forgot who she was. The war went on and it seemed to her at last that all her life she had been nothing but what these young men called her. Guerrilla Mother. The soldiers were rough men and simple, and always too filthy for her wishes. Their torn garments she never could keep mended as she liked, and she must praise and scold and command and punish them by her displeasure when they did not do the right, and be ready to comfort them when they died.

But she stayed with them. She must lead and follow them, she knew now, until the war was over and peace had come, or else until she made her own peace, after all, in a small bit of earth somewhere along the way.



"No, no, you fools! Plastic!"

DICK SHAW

ALL too often, when thermometers go down, automobile *upkeep* goes up.

Why? Because, when the weather gets cold, many oils and lubes *don't* start flowing as soon as the engine starts. Engineers know that this delay, if and when it occurs, is responsible for a large percentage of engine wear and deterioration . . . and engine wear is, of course, the forerunner of repair bills.

Play safe. Insist on Wolf's Head *Winter* Motor Oils and Lubes—specially refined to insure instant lubrication and easy starting, even in the worst of winter weather.

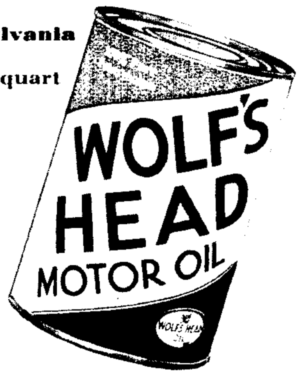
The particular [illegible] Head, 100% Pur[illegible] makes such a [illegible] the upkeep of a[illegible] *Wolf's Head can [illegible] buyer against [illegible] lubricated part[illegible] 30,000 miles!*

When you buy your next new car . . . no matter what car you buy, be sure to get the benefit of the Wolf's Head Guarantee. Wolverine-Empire Refining Company, Oil City, Pa., New York, N.Y.

Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil Ass'n. Permit No. 19

100% Pennsylvania

35c a quart



WOLF'S HEAD

MOTOR OILS AND LUBES

How to Get Your Car Ready for

Some so-called "unaccountable" accidents are really due to—what? ➧ The average house lighting current is 110 volts. What is the voltage of your car current—6 volts, 10,000 volts, or both? ➧ Are winter lubricants important? ➧ On which filter should the element be replaced and on which should it be cleaned? ➧ Is tire wear greater in summer or in winter?

WHEN you step on the starter of your car and back out of the garage, the best engineering brains in the world ride with you. They have done everything in their power to make things safe and easy for you. And they have done a good job.

But to make their job perfect, to reduce the possibility of trouble to the vanishing point, there are a few things you must see to yourself. By knowing what to check and when to check it you save money and increase your pleasure and peace of mind.

To give you this information, Collier's has sponsored the Preventive Service series, appearing regularly at those times when we feel you need a reminder. This P.S. instalment deals with the important subject of getting your car ready to perform with maximum efficiency during the winter.

Just to make sure you don't overlook anything, consider your car as divided into five departments—the cooling system, the power plant, the electrical system, the running gear and the department of protection and comfort.

Cooling System

The cooling system has but one job to perform. Water circulating around the engine absorbs heat. The water then goes through the radiator in many little streams so that the air can cool it quickly before it goes back to the engine to pick up more heat. The cooling system is a delightful refinement of the principle of pouring coffee in a saucer and blowing on it.

Cleaning the Radiator

The radiator is composed of many little passages, some of which are less than 1/32 of an inch wide. They need to be cleaned occasionally because hot water causes a scale or coating to deposit on metal.

This scale or coating on the inside of the radiator causes overheating because it acts as insulation (keeping the cool air outside and the heat inside) and also because the already narrow passages become further narrowed, thus retarding the flow of water and slowing the cooling.

Several excellent methods have been developed to clean the inside of radiators, both of this scale and foreign deposits that tend to clog the little passages. Cleaning compounds are available, and they do the job chemically.

If in this cleaning operation small leaks in the radiator are uncovered, there are compounds on the market that, when placed in the radiator, seek out the little holes and seal them.

Radiator Hose

The radiator and the engine block are connected by radiator hose. These connections have to be flexible to take care of vibration and jolting. Being constantly subjected to the flow of hot water, these hose connections eventually lose their life Now is the time to check them to see that they are in good condition. If they feel spongy, it is wise to replace them. They are inexpensive—and replacing worn hose may save you many times the cost.

Fan Belt

The automobile engineers did not depend on the air finding its way through the radiator. They placed a fan in back of the radiator to pull the air through faster. If the fan isn't running, the car overheats, particularly at slow speeds. So the fan belt is a vital factor in keeping the cooling system working properly.

Today the fan belt has been given other jobs in addition to operating the fan. In most cars it drives the generator. In some cars it operates the water pump as well.

Be smart—ask your service man to check your fan belt to see if it is slipping —literally and figuratively.

Anti-freeze

It's an old, old story, but there's no harm in repeating the elemental reasons for anti-freeze. Water freezes at 32° F. When water freezes, it expands. And when it expands in a confined area, it will crack even the heavy metal of the cylinder block.

The consequences of a severe freeze in the cooling system are so serious and so expensive to repair that anti-freeze in the cooling system is a precaution that should be taken well in advance of any likelihood of cold weather.

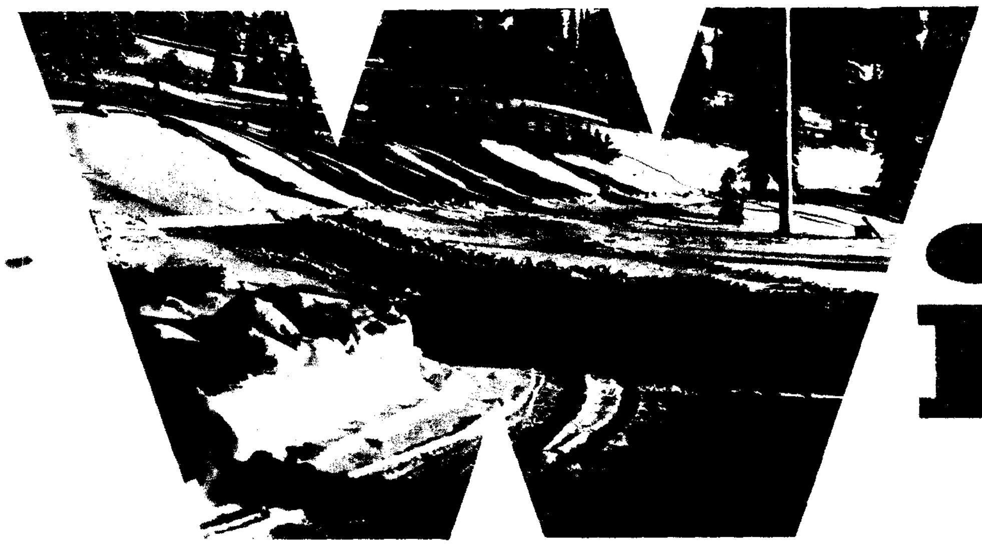
During the winter, if it becomes necessary to add water, be sure to have the contents of your radiator checked with a hydrometer to see if you need more anti-freeze too.

Power Plant

Change to winter oils and lubricants—that's the first step in preparing the engine and gears for winter.

To register the importance of this change, consider the situation when you

Copyright 1940, The Crowell-Collier Publishing Co.



Winter

start your car after it has been sitting out in the cold.

The second that the engine starts turning over, lubrication is required at every moving part. Similarly, the moment the car is put in motion, all transmission and differential gears, shafts and bearings must get lubrication.

To insure this instant lubrication in cold weather, correct winter oils and winter lubricants are specially refined to flow without waiting for the car to warm up. This is important! For, if the lubricants are not on the job the moment you start, then you get metal-to-metal contacts, which is the same as running without oil.

It is not enough to have oil in the crank case and lubricants in the transmission and differential—the important point is that all lubricants be the type that will prevent metal-to-metal contacts, no matter how cold it is.

Filters

There are two filters that need changing or cleaning occasionally, and now is a good time to check them.

First on the list is the oil filter.

The oil filter keeps cleaning the oil continuously. It traps the dirt and dust and sludge as the oil circulates. In from 8,000 to 10,000 miles the filter collects so much dirt that the element or cartridge should be replaced with a new one. Your service man can tell you if a replacement is due.

In similar fashion, the air cleaner removes the impurities from the air that is drawn in for the carbureter. Periodically, the strainer of this filter needs cleaning. Have your service man check your air filter now while you are getting your car ready for winter.

Exhaust

During this winter preparation, your exhaust system should come in for a very careful check-up.

The exhaust system carries off the fumes of the explosions in the engine. In these fumes is a certain amount of carbon-monoxide.

Everyone is familiar with the fact that carbon-monoxide is a dangerous gas and can be fatal in sufficient quantities, but few realize that even in small quantities, it will produce drowsiness.

Some important investigations have ascribed "unaccountable" accidents to drowsiness on the part of the driver, produced by carbon-monoxide escaping from a leaky exhaust system.

Be sure the muffler, the exhaust pipe, and all the connections are gas tight. This is particularly important in the winter when car windows are closed so much of the time.

Clutch

When a clutch "goes," the car doesn't. The clutch is the connecting link between the engine and the gears and shafts through which the power is carried to the rear wheels. Clutch inspection is a very important part of winter check-up, because winter driving conditions impose a much increased strain on the clutch. Trying to get out of a snowdrift with a weak clutch often results in getting really snow-bound. Three of the symptoms of impending clutch trouble are "chatter," "slippage" or "grabbing."

Electrical System

In your automobile, the electrical system is much more comprehensive than the system in your house. At home, the electric company supplies current at a fixed voltage. You use it as needed. In this case you are merely a customer. But with your car, an entire electric company—with a generating plant, storage plant, transmission lines, voltage booster, and substation is entirely under your personal supervision.

It is important at this time to inspect your complete electrical system.

Generator

In winter with harder starting, longer hours of darkness, and other increased demands for more electricity, and with fewer driving hours in which to produce the current, it is important to check the generator output to be sure that the charging rate is adjusted to take care of your "peak load."

Battery

In the cold weather the "load" on your battery increases and its efficiency decreases. Therefore, enter the winter season with a fully charged battery.

Cables and Wires

Consider next the wires and cables that carry the electricity from the battery to the lights, to the starter, to the spark plugs, and to all the appliances. Old wires leak just as old pipes leak, and a leaky electrical system can prove as wasteful as a leaky fuel line.

Coil, Distributor, and Spark Plugs

There are three devices on the electric line that take care of the ignition. In the first place, the electricity delivered from the battery is six volts. The spark plugs need about 10,000 volts. So the coil builds up the voltage from 6 to 10,000.

The next step is to distribute this electricity to the individual spark plugs in the proper order. The distributor takes over this job. Finally, the spark plug, by means of an open gap in the circuit, makes the electricity jump from one electrode to the other, and the spark ignites the gasoline in the combustion chamber.

In checking this ignition system see that the coil is strong enough to boost the current to the proper voltage. Next, see that the distributor points are clean and properly set to speed the flow of the electricity to the spark plugs. And finally, check the spark plugs for needed cleaning, adjustment, or replacement.

Lights

Lights play such an important part in safety as well as comfort that no seasonal check-up is complete without a careful inspection of your lighting.

Of course, you will replace darkened bulbs, but equally important is the cleaning of the lens and the reflector. If your car doesn't have Sealed Beam lighting, the lens and the reflector over a period of time collect enough dirt to reduce your visibility as much as 40%.

Today, auxiliary Sealed Beam Lamps are available for older cars.

Running Gear

This can be termed the traction "department." It has to do with traction to stop and traction to start.

Tires

Tires should be inspected for their traction—and that means tread. Winter-time is no time for smooth tires.

If there is any chance that your tires do not have sufficient tread to give you the maximum stopping power and skid prevention — put on new tires now. The replacement of tires in the fall not only gives added protection against accidents, but, since tires wear only about ⅓ to ½ as fast in the winter as they do in summer, this added protection is secured at the sacrifice of very little wear on the new tires. So don't gamble on smooth tires—the saving isn't worth it.

Brakes

Winter weather is skidding weather, and if brakes are out of adjustment, they are likely to start or accentuate a skid when you have to stop in a hurry. For that reason it is important to see that your brakes are in especially good adjustment at this time of year. Do this even though you feel confident that your brake linings are in good condition. The best way to be sure about brake condition is to "pull a wheel" and look. This takes just a few minutes but is a very important safety and economy inspection.

Chains

When it is "chain weather" put on chains. Ask your service man about this and have him show you how easily modern chains are put on and removed.

Comfort and Protection

Under this heading are grouped the P.S. check-ups for your personal comfort and for the protection of yourself and the car.

Windshield wipers are about to enter a season of heavy duty. Be sure the blades are in good condition and properly adjusted to clean the glass without scratching it. Also be sure the whole apparatus is in good condition to deliver maximum power at the blade.

See that your heater and defroster are in good working order. So frequently the need for them does not arise until you are far, far from the service station.

Protection for the Car

The beautiful finish of your car should come in for its share of preventive service.

Winter weather is hard on the finish of any article, and your car is asked to take a lot of exposure.

The way to retain the beautiful finish of your automobile is to protect the surface with the preparations that have been scientifically designed to do this job.

Certain chemical reactions are set up on the surface of the automobile finish, and that's the reason the surface should be thoroughly cleaned before polishing. The products that do this job bring the finish back to a magnificent smoothness before the polishing operation produces the luster. The fact to remember is that the smoother the surface the finer the quality of the luster.

A Lot for a Little

Practically all places that service automobiles are prepared to render a complete winter tune-up at a reasonable price. See your service man for Preventive Service and be prepared to ride through the winter with pleasure and satisfaction from your automobile.

If you would like to have a little booklet of questions and answers covering the material in this and other P.S. messages, merely write Preventive Service, Collier's, 250 Park Ave., N. Y., asking for "P. S. Questions and Answers," enclosing ten cents in stamps

P.S.

PREVENTIVE SERVICE

sponsored by Collier's

FOR MOTOR CAR OWNERS

Do you know why

OLD TAYLOR

is signed with this name?

You'll find many bourbon whiskies on the market—but only one Old Taylor. For down through the years, this famous brand has been acclaimed Kentucky bourbon at its glorious best. Few, if any, whiskies have so distinguished a heritage, and none can match the distinctive flavor of this prized bourbon of a master distiller, the late Colonel E. H. Taylor Jr., who proudly signed it with his name.

OLD TAYLOR
OLD TAYLOR
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
OLD TAYLOR
ESTABLISHED BY
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
A STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
100 PROOF
OF TOPMOST CLASS
BOTTLED IN BOND UNDER SUPERVISION OF U.S. GOVERNMENT
DISTILLED & BOTTLED BY
THE OLD TAYLOR DISTILLERY COMPANY
FRANKFORT, KENTUCKY

Copyright 1940
National Distillers Products Corporation
New York

Traitor's Purse

Continued from page 20

elder Weaver and Williams, and Glasshouse Johns, all C.R.O. boys as he suspected.

Who were the others? He could not remember at the moment.

He didn't feel too intelligent. He felt exhausted and somehow—yes, that was it, chastened. How odd! He might have had some deep emotional experience rather than a bang on the head. He longed for a newspaper. He hadn't seen the news from the Front for seventeen hours. Anything might have happened. There was this business, too. The whole thing might have suddenly broken and what had been left of the ordered world be in chaos while he was sitting here.

He laughed at himself softly. He was getting jittery, like poor old Oates. It was having so much at stake, of course. Still, there was plenty of time. There would be no move until Minute Fifteen was about to be launched and that was several days away.

THE clock struck the quarter and he admired its chimes. Some of these old towns had lovely chimes. Lovely corners, too. Bridge was a remarkably lovely place if only one could forget the calendars, the picture post cards, the ornamental biscuit tins that made it hackneyed. Seen for the first time, Bridge must be staggering. Amanda was at Bridge and in a month they'd be married. A dear kid, Amanda. So young. Too young for him? Sometimes he was very much afraid so. His fine, thin mouth twisted regretfully. One got so beastly self-sufficient as one grew older and there was the girl to think of. He'd hate to imprison her, to repress her in any way.

A definite twinge, physical and yet bringing with it a sense of shame, stabbed his heart over. At the same time he saw Amanda in his mind's eye as clearly as if she stood before him. She was looking at him with a sort of stricken astonishment and reciting the first line of that silly old tag they had found together in the Gentleman's Magazine for 1860. "Begone! she stormed, across the ocean wide."

The hallucination was so vivid, the pain in his side so acute, and the sense of self-disgust so strong that it brought him to his feet. He was ill. This blow on the head had affected him seriously. Nothing like that must happen now. Things were a damned sight too serious. Of course they were, because no one *knew*. He and Oates were the only pair on earth who knew the full strength—and it was stupendous when you saw it in the round. It was criminally dangerous; he'd argued that from the beginning. Besides, where was Oates?

He went over to the Judas window in the cell door and peered through it into the empty passage outside. Not a soul, of course. He sighed and, putting his fingers to his mouth, gave a very reliable imitation of a police whistle. Five minutes' intensive effort produced the desired turnkey.

The turnkey, red-faced with fury, put his head in at the farther door.

"Look here," said Campion pleasantly. "Can I see the manager?"

"You'll be lucky if you see fresh air again, my lad. We've had to send Detective Sergeant Doran to hospital."

(Hospital? Why should the word send a thrill of terror through him? He was ill, dangerously ill. He'd have to go and see old Todd, of Wimpole Street, when he got back. Where had the old man evacuated himself to?)

"I'm sorry for Doran," he said aloud. "I can't say I recognize the name. Still, I sympathize with your domestic worries. And in the meantime, do you think you could make an effort to do a little business? This isn't the Central Coachingford Station, is it?"

The turnkey came farther into the passage, looking like a mystified bull pup.

"You've changed your tune, ain't you?" he demanded.

"I'm no longer unconscious, if that's what you mean," said Campion with gentle dignity. "And while we're on that subject, as a metropolitan man I don't like to criticize your county arrangements, but just to soothe my curiosity do tell me, when you bring in a concussion case do you usually leave it for the best part of a day and a night without medical attention?"

The turnkey gaped at him, his small eyes bewildered.

"You're crazy and you're impudent," he said, and went out, locking the door behind him.

Campion was astounded. He had always found county police polite.

The clock outside chimed another quarter-hour and he cursed it. It had lost its charm and was now irritating. The whole thing was really damnably unfortunate. Besides, he had work to do. There was that date with the C.I.D. super to go over the Nag, and he wanted to have a look at the Institute.

He had discovered the main game, he was sure of that. He had told Oates so, definitely. He lay down on the hard bed and began to rearrange his mind. He seemed to have the afternoon before him. Oates—and where was he, by the way?—had the wind up. That was very unlike him and argued that he must have had the importance of the thing pretty hot and strong from the Cabinet itself.

Well then, to return to business. When Oates had borrowed him from headquarters and had first come out with this staggering tale of thousands of counterfeit notes, so perfect that "one had to boil them down to detect them," he had said that he thought the scheme was on a colossal scale and might actually be aiming at some sort of sudden unofficial inflation, which would of course pitch the country's whole economy into hell, destroy public confidence, pull down the government and, if issued at the right moment, bring about the moral collapse of the nation. Since Britain, as usual, seemed to have nothing absolutely ready, save her morals, the danger had seemed terrifying.

AS HE lay looking up at the little barred window high in the wall, Campion reflected that so far he had been inclined to doubt the possibility of the scheme being so enormous. Oates had shown him the notes which had been found in two or three industrial towns. They had certainly been cracking good forgeries and could only have been manufactured in the official printing houses of an enemy power. Moreover, and the ingenuity of that move still took his breath away, they had been artificially dirtied most ingeniously.

Oates had put various picked men on to the job in different towns. All of them had drawn a blank save the man at Coachingford. He had reported the presence of some sort of crook organization, either in the town or at Bridge. Poor chap, he hadn't got much farther. They'd fished him out of the estuary with a broken neck. It had been professional work, very neat and nasty, done with a lead pipe as like as not.

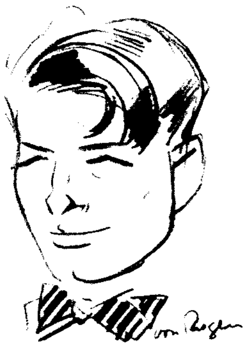
Campion stirred uncomfortably. There was something curious about that killing, something personal and near at hand. What was it? There was something on his mind that kept escaping him. It was probably nothing important but he found it irritating.

That damned clock again. That was a quarter to three, he supposed. He dismissed his irritation and went on dreamily with his reminiscences. Well, Oates had borrowed him and sent him to Coachingford. Amanda had got them both an invitation to stay at Bridge with Lee Aubrey, who was brilliant, he supposed. Everybody said so. Personally he suspected these academic dreamers. Still, let that pass. He had installed old Lugg in the town with a stock of the counterfeit and some old clothes. Then he had spent half a day at Bridge making arrangements, had come into Coachingford, changed into a tramp's outfit and had gone off reconnoitering.

That had been an experience he would never forget. All the subversive element in the town was in a ferment. "Blokes were giving away cash—great wads of it." All the riffraff of the place had been turned into a great, greedy, bulging-eyed secret society, getting rich quick as quids were handed to them behind doors, in doss houses, over greasy coffee tables.

FUNNY-BUSINESS MEN

Self-Portraits of Collier's Cartoonists
No. 10



Born in New York thirty years ago, William von Riegen attended two art schools and worked in an advertising agency before landing a job in an art salon. From comic artists who visited the salon von Riegen learned about cartooning, decided to make a hobby of it, sold his first try to Collier's, and got out of the fine arts business two jumps ahead of the depression. His hobby is fine arts. (Sample of his work is on the next page.)

This had been a discovery, but it had been followed by another one. He had discovered that a whisper was going around to the effect that the great day was coming on the sixteenth. That was going to be milk-and-honey day, the day when it was going to be everybody's duty to spend and the wherewithal was going to be miraculously provided.

That had been a peculiarly uncomfortable discovery because the sixteenth was to be a red-letter day in other, more orthodox financial circles. On the sixteenth the Minute Fifteen Defense Loan was to be presented to the public. There was no doubt about it, the whole affair was alarming. If it was by any staggering chance as bad as Oates thought it was, then it was hair-raising.

Leaning back on the bench, Campion reflected on his subsequent actions. For a long time it had been impossible to locate any of these munificent agents and he had finally decided to take the bull by the horns and appear himself as one of them. That had drawn the flock. The whole bunch had turned up together, as he had known they would. Both he and Oates had been able to get a good look at them. They had made quite an impressive gathering and it had occurred to him then that it had taken someone with a real flair for organization to get that crew together.

Then there had been the fight and the police had come up. He remembered very little of the action save the sticky paving stones of the quay and the awful mud-colored water, thick with scum and rubbish.

Since the police had no idea who he and Oates were, either, they had been extraordinarily lucky to get away alive. That was why it had been criminally dangerous for Oates to have come down and taken part himself. Suppose they had both been put out, then what might have happened? Of course, if Oates' theory of engineered inflation had anything in it at all he was justified in trusting as few people as possible, since any whisper of such a disaster might very easily start a scare nearly as bad as the thing itself. It was a horrible idea!

Campion pushed his hands through his hair and shivered. All the same, now that he looked at it in cold blood he still maintained that the enormous scale of the plan as Oates saw it must be impossible because of the difficulties of distribution.

AS LONG as the Enemy stuck to his present method of doling the money out by hand to the vagrant population, the whole affair could be dealt with by the police. But a decisive blow of the kind Oates envisaged would demand instantaneous distribution of the stuff all over the country. Campion did not see how it could be done without the co-operation of the public. After all, the public would have to be induced first to take and then to spend the cash. It just was not possible. It is notoriously difficult to give away money by cash in the street. Generations of ordered living have taught the ordinary citizen that there is something very fishy and dangerous about bank notes that are not paid for in blood and sweat. No, the thing as Oates foresaw it could not happen, not on that scale.

And yet . . . yet . . .

He got up and walked irritably up and down the cell. This knock on the head was serious. It was having an extraordinary effect upon him. The clock chiming another quarter sent an unexpected and unwarranted thrill of pure despair through him. Why was that? What was the matter with him? There was a burden on his shoulders. Self-disgust leaned on his arms. His feet were heavy with grief.

Misery and the utter wretchedness of failure clung to him. This was terrible. This meant he was a . . . what was it? Manic-depressive? Something like that. Perhaps he ought to try and sleep it off. After all, he must not go sick now. Today must be the fourteenth, by Jove. And the sixteenth was zero hour. However, since he had located the actual men engaged the roundup should not take long. Fortunately the police had a few new powers under the emergency laws. They could finish this thing off quickly and release him to his work again. Perhaps there would be time to get married in the interim, if only . . . If only, what?

Once again there was that physical tug at his heart, again that overwhelming sense of self-disgust, and again a definite picture in his mind of Amanda

Your Motor Oil, *too,*
Must be Kept Clean!

Never in the world would you let anyone put *dirty* oil in your *engine.* Yet the best oil you can buy will be contaminated in just a few minutes *if your oil filter isn't functioning properly.* Any oil, any time, in any engine needs constant cleaning to keep it free from harmful abrasives. So check your filter when you change to winter oil.

If a replacement is needed, be sure to get a genuine Purolator cartridge or element. Purolator—the world's finest protection against dirty oil — is standard equipment on every fourth automobile made today. If your car doesn't have a Purolator, by all means install one when you get your car ready for winter! Don't take chances with dirty oil . . .

P. S. — Purolator Service is Preventive Service . . . reduces engine wear, saves on upkeep!

KEEP IT CLEAN with PUROLATOR

PUROLATOR PRODUCTS, INC.
formerly Motor Improvements, Inc., NEWARK, NEW JERSEY

New, replaceable element type Purolator for Chrysler-built cars equipped with filter. $3.50*
*Slightly higher on West Coast

Replaceable element type Purolator with necessary fittings for Ford, Chevrolet, Mercury—only $5.00

Replaceable elements for above installations — only $1.00

HE WAS THE LIFE OF THE PARTY LAST NIGHT!

Too much to eat, too much to drink . . . and last night's party is no party today! Take soothing, pleasant Pepto-Bismol.

When your stomach is upset, don't add to the upset with doses of drastic, irritating physics and purges. *Take Pepto-Bismol* and help soothe the irritated stomach and intestines.

Pepto-Bismol has no laxative action and is not an antacid. It is recommended for stomachs distressed by over-indulgence, nervous indigestion, change of diet, or improperly prepared or selected food. Its action is gentle and mild and its flavor is decidedly pleasant.

50¢, at your druggist's. Or by the dose at drug store fountains.

Norwich*

*Makers of *Unguentine*

*PEPTO-BISMOL FOR UPSET STOMACH

*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

herself, hurt and puzzled, waiting for the other line of a doggerel couplet. It was mania all right, obviously. Some variety of mental kink, probably irritatingly well known. The sooner he got himself out of here and put himself into the hands of a reliable doctor the better. All very well to be gallantly negligent about a sore thumb or a lump on the skull, but mental trouble was a different caper altogether.

It wasn't going to be very easy to get out either, with this peculiarly obtuse specimen on the door. He must have been taken in completely by the vagrant's outfit; that and the money, of course. Those two taken together would be a difficult pill for any honest copper to swallow.

He glanced ruefully at his clothes and made a discovery that took him completely off his balance.

He was not wearing the suit in which he had had the quayside fight.

He stared into the cloth of his trouser knees and wrenched at the inside pocket of his jacket to find the tailor's label. It was his suit all right. He recognized it and knew too that it should have been hanging up in a wardrobe in his bedroom in Lee Aubrey's house in Bridge. Moreover, it was a new suit according to the date on the label, yet as he looked at it now, he saw that it was dirty and crumpled and showed signs of having had hard wear for some little time.

THE jolt to his nervous system was tremendous, the mental equivalent of a gigantic thump between the shoulder blades. Then a frightful misgiving crept up close to him and laid its cold cheek on his heart. He had been here some time. How . . . long?

Out in the town the clock struck again, announcing that yet another quarter of an hour had passed. . . .

He saw Amanda through the Judas window. She came walking into the passage with the turnkey, completely unself-conscious and comfortingly serene.

"Hullo," she said cheerfully as she caught sight of half his face through the slit. "They phoned your message to me but they won't let me bail you out."

"What message?" The question was in his mouth but he did not put it. His eyes had narrowed and his thin face wore a startled expression. The instant he had seen Amanda it had come to him that something revolutionary, he was not at all sure that it was not evolutionary, must have taken place within him. He had grown old, or seen a great light, or else his blundering feet were on the ground at last. He thought he knew what it was, all right. The symptoms were unmistakable. That sense of exasperated shame, that desire to kick himself or to cover his eyes with his great burning ears, all these indicated that his self-confidence had received a dangerous blow. A great weakness must have been uncovered. His misgivings increased and he remained staring at the girl through the Judas slit, with his eyes fixed and his forehead wrinkled.

Presently he realized what it was that he found so puzzling. He had known Amanda since she had been a child and yet now there was something new about her.

He found out what it was. He was seeing her through some sort of mental curtain. His subconscious mind reached out for this infuriating barrier and drew it slowly aside like a wet page.

The complete picture lay before him.

He saw it all in a single dreadful moment of revelation. The whole kaleidoscopic history of the last thirty-six hours, painted with pitiless clarity and minute detail, unfolded before him in all its stark gravity; a mad, uncomic strip with himself wandering blindfold through it like a lost soul.

Then, as his two minds and personalities merged at last, as the new Campion's witless discoveries fitted over the old Campion's certain knowledge, the three-dimensioned truth suddenly sprang out in blazing colors. He stood petrified. He knew *now* what the contraband was in those cases that the wretched Anscombe had been bribed to accept as honest Rhine wine! It could only be the counterfeit, the artificially dirtied indetectable counterfeit itself. Millions and millions of pounds' worth of lies and disruption. Anscombe had been murdered because he was preparing to salve his conscience and to confess to the contents of those packing cases. Probably he intended to hand over his own small fortune in cash to the Treasury by way of a gesture after his confession.

Then there were the lorries. They were for the distribution, obviously. How this was going to be done, and what the magic password was that would make the sober, suspicious British public accept and spend this dynamite was still a mystery. But the time, the hour of striking, was not. Anscombe had given that away by mentioning Minute Fifteen. Today *was* the fifteenth, and they were not going to wait until tomorrow. The hour was now. Perhaps this very minute. It had all come back to him. He knew where he was. He knew what he had got to do.

The danger was stultifying. His body winced inside. A year, six months, even three months ago such a gigantic project would have been fantastic, but tonight, in this beleaguered England, with all the tides of a new and diabolically astute barbarism lapping at her feet, the plan was a sound weapon and it was poised squarely at her heart.

Panic possessed him and all but choked him. The time was almost gone and he was piteously helpless. He pressed his face to the Judas window.

"Amanda!"

"Yes?" She smiled at him quickly, reassuringly.

Campion took careful hold of himself and strove to compress and clarify the message he had to give her. Time had become as precious as a little drop of water in the bottom of a pannikin in the desert.

The clock chiming across the street was pure medieval torture.

"Look, my darling," he said, aware of the state of affairs between them, aware of his loss and its magnitude and thrusting it out of his mind because of the racing minutes and the disaster ahead, "I've got to get out of here immediately. Listen, Amanda, there was some sort of scrap on the quayside before I got into that hospital. One or two people may have got beaten up in it, but that's not the point . . ."

"'Ere, what are you saying?" The turnkey was very excited. "I'll 'ave to ask you to repeat that."

AMANDA ignored the interruption. She leaned forward to catch anything Campion might have to tell her.

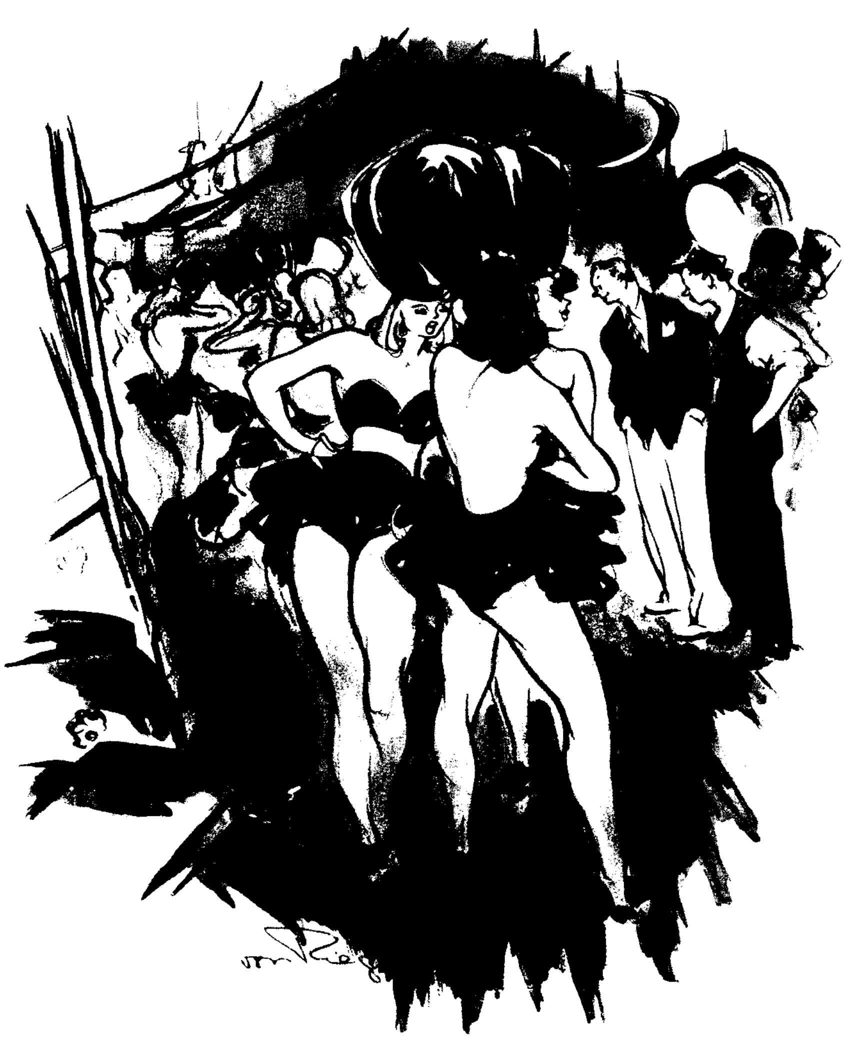
"Oates was with me then," he said distinctly.

He saw her brown eyes widen and a flicker pass over her face.

"Where is he?" he went on desperately. "I've got to get out, Amanda. I've got to get out and go down to the Nag immediately."

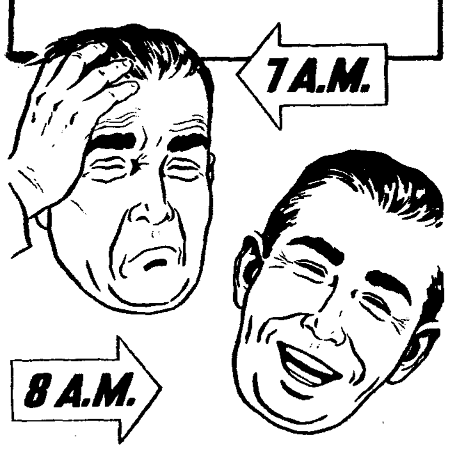
"Yes, I see," she said briefly. She turned on her heel at once and the turnkey had to hurry to keep up with her. She went so quickly that her going might have been desertion. The turnkey certainly put it down as that.

He came back a moment or so later, carrying a police memorandum. He was inclined to be amused by Amanda's exit, but very soon the description of the wanted person took up all his time and intelligence. He was a type mercifully



"I don't even notice them any more" WILLIAM VON RIEGEN

HOW TO ROUT
CONSTIPATION BLUES
IN ONE HOUR*



PLUTO MAKES GROGGY FOLKS FEEL WORLDS BETTER

● Why feel under par all day when relief can be had with the speed and ease pictured above? If you have no Pluto Water in the house stop at any soda fountain and get a *Pluto Hi-Ball* (10c). A thorough cleansing of your intestinal tract follows *usually within an hour. Immediately, you feel worlds better—with no disturbing after effects. Best way of all, keep Pluto at home for real one hour relief whenever you need a laxative; 10c-25c & 50c sizes at all druggists.

PLUTO Water From Famous French Lick Springs, Ind.

WHEN NATURE WON'T—PLUTO WILL

BECOME AN EXPERT
ACCOUNTANT

Executive Accountants and C. P. A.'s earn $2,000 to $10,000 a year. Thousands of firms need them. About 20,000 Certified Public Accountants in the U. S. We train you thoroly at home in spare time for C. P. A. examinations or executive accounting positions. Previous experience unnecessary. Personal training under supervision of staff of C. P. A.'s, including members of the American Institute of Accountants. Write for free book, "Accountancy, the Profession That Pays."

LaSalle Extension University, Dept. 1140-H, Chicago
A Correspondence Institution

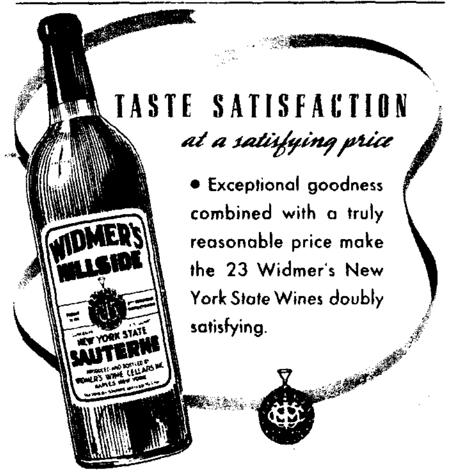
Rheumatism Relieve Pain In Few Minutes

To relieve the torturing pain of Neuritis, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, or Lumbago in few minutes, get NURITO, the fine formula, used by thousands. No opiates. Does the work quickly—must relieve cruel pain to your satisfaction in a few minutes or your money back. Don't suffer. Ask your druggist today for trustworthy NURITO on this guarantee.

WANTED!

1,000,000 men and women who want better-looking, better-groomed hair free from ugly, loose dandruff and awful itching, use L. B. Hair Oil and massage for glossy, alive-looking hair and a comfortable scalp. At all Barber and Beauty Shops, Drug, Department and Chain Stores. 10c · 25c · 50c and $1.00. If they can't supply, write to

L. B. HAIR OIL · Hollywood



TASTE SATISFACTION
at a satisfying price

● Exceptional goodness combined with a truly reasonable price make the 23 Widmer's New York State Wines doubly satisfying.

NEW YORK STATE
Widmer's Wines
WIDMER'S WINE CELLARS, INC., NAPLES, N. Y.

rare in the force, but every great organization has its minor blunders. He sat on the long bench which ran down the corridor wall opposite the cell and spelled out the points line by line. At every fresh item he got up and came over to peer at his victim through the slit. He was studiously deaf to every remark addressed to him and frequently returned to the beginning of his task, having forgotten how far he had got in it.

Campion began to suffer the tortures of the damned. The war, with all its noisy horror as he knew it in the battle zones, was very close to him. He could see and hear it over Britain, not merely as air raids but as invasion, and then, as well as these, he saw the whole country suddenly hit in the wind by an entirely unexpected blow. The magnificent jingle from the end of King John came into his mind: *"Come the three corners of the world in arms, and we shall shock them. Naught shall make us rue, if England to itself do rest but true."* "But true," there was the talisman, there the strength and there the danger. "But true." But confident of her own solidarity. "But true. . . ."

He must get out!

The turnkey began to read the description again with cross references.

"Yeller 'air . . . yeller 'air. Six foot two inches . . . well, just about. Very likely. 'Ere I say you in there, 'ow tall are you?"

"Yes, yes, that's a description of me." Campion's voice was shaking with his effort to control it. "I admit that. Don't worry about that any more. Now look here, this is serious. This is a million times more important and more urgent than any air-raid siren. Either fetch me the most senior officer in the building or let me use the telephone at once. This is vital. Do you understand? It's so vital and so urgent that if you don't do it it won't matter if you've discovered grounds for an arrest on that bit of paper or not. If you don't bring me someone in authority immediately I don't think you'll wake up in the same world tomorrow morning."

"Threats, eh?" said the turnkey with idiot satisfaction. "I'll 'ave to report all that. You want to be very careful what you say, my lad. This may not be the East Coast, but even so you can't be too careful these days. Fifth column, that's what we're looking out for all the time."

"Listen." Campion's hands were sticky on the door of the cell. "I want to make a complete statement. I'm entitled to have a detective-sergeant take it down."

"In good time. In good time you shall have one of his majesty's judges listening to you," said the turnkey without stirring. "In half a minute I'll take your statement myself."

THIS was a form of torture new to Campion. The Ordeal by Fool might well go down in the calendar, he felt. He swung away from the Judas window and walked down the cell. His agony of exasperation was so acute that it was physical, catching him in the throat and diaphragm, pressing on them until he could scarcely breathe. He sat down on the bench and stared at the stone floor.

His mind began to work over the situation feverishly. There was the plan itself. That was simple and terrible. There was only one last secret there: how was this devilishly convincing counterfeit to be distributed in sufficient quantities and in sufficiently short time to do the work of destruction? It was just possible that this snag had not been entirely overcome. If so, there was just a chance of salvation still. Yet it was madness to hope for a mistake or a weakness in the Enemy. That was absurd. That was criminal.

The clock chimed again.

Campion went back to the Judas window and peered out at the policeman. As his eyes rested on that square, well-padded figure, it came to him with an overwhelming sense of finality that there was absolutely nothing he could say or do that would be of the slightest use.

Now that he had the whole picture in his mind he could see his own mistakes standing out like enemy flags on a map. That dash for freeedom after they charged him, that had been suicidal. He knew from long experience of the police and their ways that nothing he did after that would make one hap'orth of difference. He knew what they were doing. They were letting him cool off. The more noise he made, the more he argued, the longer they would leave him. It was maddening, like being held at bay by one's own dog.

HE HAD closed his eyes while he swallowed the inevitable, and he stood now with his hands resting high up on the inside of the door and his blank face held to the Judas slit. There was no sound. Nothing concrete disturbed him, yet presently his eyes flickered open eagerly and he stood watching without moving.

The turnkey was sitting on the bench with his head raised and a foolish, startled expression on his face. His eyes were fixed on the farther door, the one which led to the corridor and the charge room, and he too was listening intently.

Campion realized that there was a Judas window in the farther door also and someone was watching the pair of them through it. It was a moment of intense excitement. Hope leaped up in him and he forced himself to hold his tongue. After what seemed an age of indecision the turnkey blundered to his feet and went to unlock the door.

Campion's fingernails cut into his hands and his mouth was dry. So much depended on this silly little question. So much. An empire? Perhaps a civilization. All depending on who came into a prison corridor.

His first despairing impression was that the man was a stranger. He stooped to pass through the doorway and he was wearing a scarf wrapped around the lower part of his face. As he lifted his head, however, Campion knew him.

"Hutch," he said softly.

The man came over to the door and looked in through the window. He did not speak and his blue eyes were very bleak.

Campion took a deep breath.

"I must have a word with you," he said quietly. "I know there's a hell of a lot to explain. I've been walking around punch-drunk for the best part of two days. However, you shall have chapter and verse for everything in an hour or so. But just at the moment there's something that's got to be done. We've got to go to Bridge. We've got to get to the Nag at once. My dear fellow, you needn't let me out of your sight."

Still Hutch did not reply, nor did he alter his expression. Desperation made Campion very quiet and almost conversational.

"I can give you any bona fides you need," he said. "My S. S. number is twenty-seven. I've been lent to Chief Constable of the C.I.D. Mr. Stanislaus Oates. The work we're engaged on concerns Folio 6B and Minute Fifteen, but it's so damnably urgent now that I must insist . . ."

Hutch stepped back from the Judas window.

"Don't go away!" Campion's cry came from his soul and to his relief he heard the lock. The door swung wide and he stepped out to confront the superintendent, who was still regarding him with a curious expression on the half of

FIRST CHOICE OF THE KNOWING!
RUM
Ron Bacardi Superior
BACARDI y Cª
SANTIAGO DE CUBA

The always-refreshing
BACARDI
COCKTAIL

It's tart...it's smart...the incomparable Bacardi Cocktail...always correct...and always welcome...at every season...and for every occasion. Be sure to make it correctly:

The Famous Recipe in Rhyme:

A LITTLE SOUR,
(Juice of half a lime)
A LITTLE SWEET,
(½ teaspoonful of sugar)
THE TROPIC SUN,
(A jigger of BACARDI RUM)
(White or Silver Label)
WITHOUT THE HEAT!
(Ice and shake well)

When grenadine is used instead of sugar, it's a Bacardi Grenadine Cocktail, and it comes out pink!

●

CAUTION: When you order a BACARDI Cocktail remember it MUST be made with BACARDI RUM. (N. Y. Supreme Court, April 28, 1936)

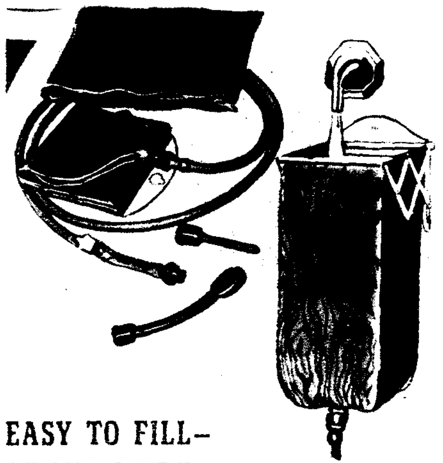
Use BACARDI White Label, from Cuba, world's finest rum . . . or BACARDI Silver Label, Puerto Rico's finest, at a popular price.

RUM 89 PROOF—
Schenley Imp. Corp., N. Y.
Copr. 1940

THERE'S A DIFFERENCE WORTH KNOWING!

COMPACTO, the unique French-type Syringe, folds ingeniously into a small rubberized case—equally handy for your bathroom or for travel.

Not only is the mouth of this syringe non-collapsible, it is also extra wide ... making it much simpler to test water temperature.



EASY TO FILL–
QUICK TO DRY–
COMPACTO ACTUALLY HOLDS
2 QUARTS, 10 OUNCES OF LIQUID

- At home, just tuck it away on your medicine-cabinet shelf—concealed in its smart-looking, talon-fastened case. On trips, it takes no more space in your suitcase than a small handbag. Yet a Compacto holds far more liquid than an ordinary syringe . . . and is the *only* folding syringe with a non-collapsible mouth to facilitate mixing and to prevent spilling when in use. $2.95 at leading drug and department stores—in Red, Jade, Blue, and White with Cases to match. White also with Black Case.

A Selected RED-SEAL VALUE SR

The SEAMLESS RUBBER Company
NEW HAVEN, CONNECTICUT

Specialists in Fine Rubber Goods Since 1877

his face that showed above his muffler.

Campion opened his mouth to speak but got no further. Hutch had turned to the wall and was scribbling a line or two on the back of an envelope taken from his pocket. The message was enlightening:

"Just located Oates. Has been St. Jude's Hospital unconscious since Tues. night. Has been under police guard in error. Was thought to have killed copper in street fight on quay. Police here fools. Oates just come 'round and Doc says thinks out of danger."

Understanding came to Campion. Of course! That explained it at last. The policeman and the nurse and that incredible conversation he had overheard from his bed in the huge, deserted ward. They could never have been talking about himself. They must have been discussing poor old Oates, who was probably lying in a little private room leading off the main ward. Now he had his wits about him that much was obvious.

When a police constable watches a man in bed he watches him from a chair at the foot of that bed and does not stand about in a passage. Yet it had all seemed very convincing at the time.

Hutch was still scribbling.

"Lady A. found him. Sent for me. You can leave here when you like. We'll square this lot. Understand it's urgent. She's outside with car."

"Is she?" Campion leaped to the door. "You'll want twenty or thirty armed men," he said over his shoulder. "Bring them to the Nag at once. It's desperate. What's the time?"

"4:50." Hutch wrote the figures and Campion had to step back to look at them.

"What's the matter with you?" he demanded as the oddity of the proceeding suddenly occurred to him.

Hutch gave him a slow sidelong glance and his hand began to move again.

"You've cracked my ruddy jaw, blast you," he wrote. "Get on with it. I'm following." . . .

Campion stepped out of the comparative calm of the police station into a world of exuberant speed. A tremendous wind had sprung up over the town and low-lying clouds, like shoals of enormous blue-black sharks, swam across a brilliant sky. There was rain coming and the air felt damp and soft and exciting. Everywhere, from the scraps of wastepaper cartwheeling down the road to the flying patches of alternate sun and shadow that flickered over housetops and pavements, there was an impression of desperate urgency, of superhuman efforts to be quick.

THE car was at the curb with the engine running and, as he appeared, the door swung open to meet him. Amanda slid out of the driving seat and handed over the wheel.

"That's good," she said with characteristic understatement. "I say, God bless Hutch. That man hasn't a grudge in his make-up, Albert. Rather a mercy in the circumstances, of course. He came at once when I phoned him from the hospital and Oates did the rest."

Campion climbed into the car and slammed the door.

"You found Oates pretty quickly," he remarked as he let in the clutch.

"Well, naturally." She was astonished. "You told me where he was. Why didn't you part up with the information before?"

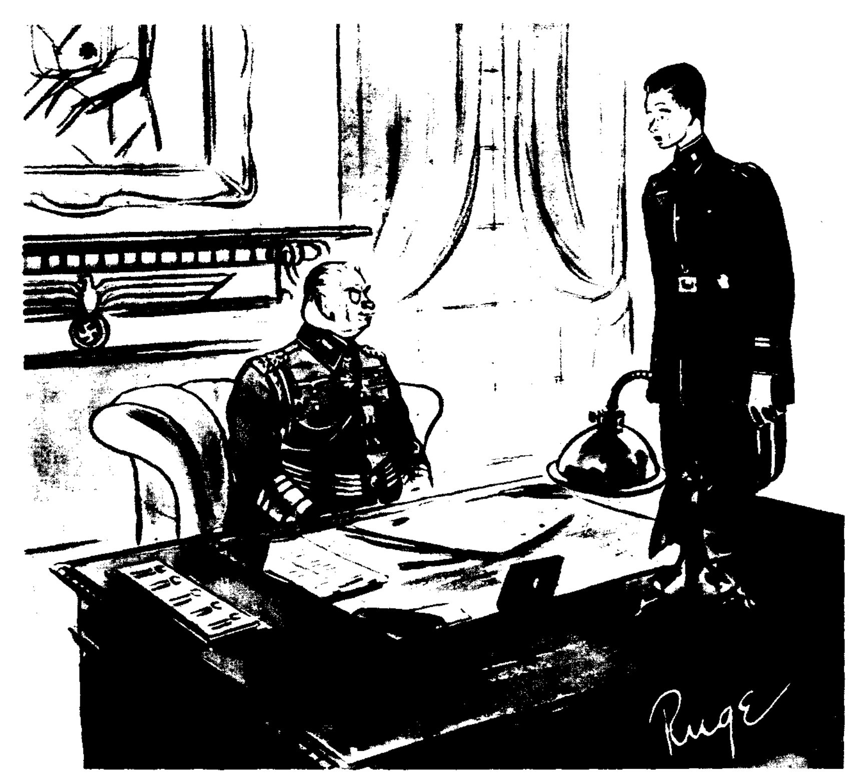
"I hadn't got it."

"I thought you said he was with you in a fight before you went into the hospital yourself? You were all right, you see, but he was knocked out completely. No one recognized him, as of course they wouldn't, and it was assumed he'd killed the copper." She shot a dubious glance at him from under her eyelashes. "Anyway, he's conscious and he's recovering," she added, "but he's practically out of his mind with worry. They were having to hold him down in the bed when I came away. He told me over and over again to impress it on you that every moment mattered. Turn here. We've got to go down to the paper shop."

"What for?"

"A message from Lugg," she said calmly. "I got him to go over the Nag at once. I went straight to him when I left you. We didn't know what you wanted done there, so he's just going to scout around and phone the paper shop if there's anything to report."

(To be concluded next week)



"Herr General, there is an American journalist outside who wishes to know if the Herr General is the same Otto Ribberhoffer who used to make those marvelous doughnuts back in Milwaukee"

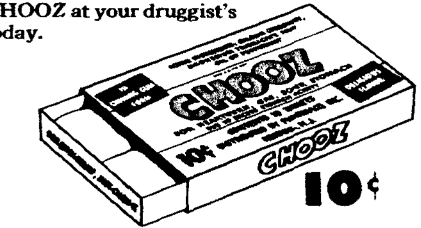
JOHN A. RUGE

CHOOZ IS CAREFULLY COMPOUNDED OF MEDICALLY APPROVED INGREDIENTS — IN CHEWING GUM FORM — FOR QUICK RELIEF OF EXCESS STOMACH ACIDITY

ACID INDIGESTION?
QUICK RELIEF IN CHEWING GUM FORM

SO DELICIOUS! SO CONVENIENT!

● CHOOZ gives you MEDICALLY APPROVED INGREDIENTS IN DELICIOUS CHEWING GUM FORM for fast, pleasant relief from heartburn, sour stomach, gas due to excess stomach acidity. Simply chew CHOOZ as you'd enjoy your favorite gum. No pills or powders. CHOOZ gives you wonderful convenience, delicious, refreshing taste, speedy effectiveness. Get CHOOZ at your druggist's today.



10¢
CHOOZ
Chew it for quick relief of acid indigestion
So Delicious—So Handy

Marlin
HIGH SPEED
BLADES
ZIP OFF WHISKERS LIKE MAGIC
TWENTY FOR 25¢
SINGLE EDGE
15 FOR 25c

GUARANTEED BY
THE MARLIN FIREARMS CO.
NEW HAVEN, CONN.

FREE: Week's supply, double or single edge blades. Write MARLIN, 176 Willow St., New Haven, Conn.

FOR THE 1 MAN IN 7 WHO SHAVES EVERY DAY

A Special Shave Cream—It Needs No Brush—Not Greasy!

Daily shaving leaves many men's faces raw, sensitive. This is especially true of the man who, because of his business and social status, must shave every day.

To meet this condition, Williams, for 100 years makers of fine shaving preparations, has now developed GLIDER—a special cream for daily shavers. Without the usual soap base, it's a complete departure from ordinary shave creams. No brush. No lather. Not sticky or greasy.

A superabundance of moisture in this rich cream softens each whisker, yet forms a protective layer over your face to keep blade from scraping. Swiftly, gently your razor glides over your skin. Like a cold cream, Glider helps smooth, soften your skin and prevent chapping and roughness.

Free—tube of Glider. Send name, address today. The J. B. Williams Co., Dept. EG-19, Glastonbury, Conn. Offer good in U. S. A. and Canada only.

Churchill, Man of Destiny

Continued from page 18

Through it all, tall and slender and graceful, smiling and serene, moves Mrs. Churchill, whose gray hair becomes her so well that you wonder whether she could possibly have been as handsome before it changed. The world knows little of her but it knows as much as she would have it know. She has none of that exhibitionism, that queer disposition to jostle for a share in the limelight, which is so often apparent in the wives of prominent men. She does not need to be reassured about herself.

That is my impression of our man and his circumstances. That is the daily life he was leading before this present war crisis. A critic who has looked over this manuscript asked: "Yes, but what is the daily life he is leading now?" The answer is that for a man who is holding a country together through a headlong war there is no daily life. Each day is different and each night. A man who wants to see all that is happening and know that it is going well must eat with a gunners' mess here, or get a sandwich in an airplane there, or dine with a group of politicians, or in a train, or not at all. He may have to sleep in an armchair or on a sack. Or he may snatch a few precious hours in a bed. And that is as much daily life as he has.

Years ago I wrote an attack upon him and Mr. Amery about some political affair or other and said they had still to grow up. It was a very good, true article. Since then they seem to have grown up considerably, though I doubt whether either of them will ever lose a certain quality of boyish animation. But it is only now that I realize the immense reserves of sagacity Churchill has accumulated since the hasty days of the Antwerp, Gallipoli and Archangel expeditions. Archangel was his crowning error, as he has long since admitted.

A Man for the Future

In all these adventures he showed the liveliest imagination and understanding of strategical essentials. And all of them miscarried for the same reason. He expected too much from his associates and subordinates. Each brilliant conception was let down. It was not so much disloyalty he encountered, though he has met with much real hatred and antagonism, as the "stickfool" element in our common nature, the self-protective unwillingness from which he himself is so comparatively free. And the remarkable fact about this present phase in his career is the evidence of a new shrewdness and wariness and of an unwonted self-control. He has pulled himself together. He is pulling us all together.

I will confess I have never felt so disposed to stand by a man through thick and thin as I do now in regard to him. And I think that, in writing that, I write for a very great number of my fellow countrymen who have hitherto felt frustrated and fragmentary amidst the rush of events.

A renascent Britain may crystallize about him. And that brings us to the last question: What will be his role in the next few years? He is a young man of sixty-five when so many people are old. He is experienced enough to be wise now and young enough to be energetic. He is likely to be the dominant and representative figure in British affairs for a dozen years or more so that to discuss his future is to discuss the world outlook.

I am writing now at one o'clock in the morning at my desk in London behind closed and barred shutters, and outside the antiaircraft barrage is banging away and there has been a high-explosive bomb I should think a terrace or so away. I happened to see it fall. I was taking a look around outside then and the concussion and the spouting black uprush was very impressive—if it has got upper Baker Street it may make the papers and letters late tomorrow. London in the last few weeks has suffered a lot of this sort of thing. There are scars everywhere, and yet it is remarkable how little London has suffered. Some of its injuries are wholesome. There has been a great destruction but no very great loss of life in the East End slums. That filthy sprawl of mean house property will never return. The evacuated people will have to be quartered in the basements of the large, solid houses in the West End which our rich people in search of economy and personal security have left empty. That foreshadows the problems ahead of us.

The Real Test of Churchill

The capital remains cheerfully pugnacious. It can endure this sort of thing ad infinitum. The day before yesterday Goering lost 187 planes in his raids on London and the countryside is littered with his planes. Some came down intact and surrendered. London is convinced that "Jerry"—they will say "Jerry" and not "Our terrible foe"—is near the end of his tether. They want him to get on with his invasion now and finish himself altogether. Then they will want to counterattack.

Winston Churchill will want to counterattack. And that will be the phase that will try him and Britain out, because then the breach which he has pulled together for a time between the dull, conservative elements that have dominated our British life so dreadfully for thirty-odd years and the creative forces of the English-speaking world will reopen. The former will set themselves with the obstinacy of mules to bring about some idiot pacification, some apparent restoration of the old order that will make a fresh world catastrophe inevitable in a few years' time. The latter will insist on a conclusive defeat of Germany leading to such a world settlement as will end this foolery of air war forever.

For that settlement nothing more and nothing less than the honest co-operation of the United States, Russia and Great Britain is necessary; and for the counterattack that must prepare the way for that settlement, such a reorganization of those antiquated and disastrous organs, the British foreign office and war office, as will release the still-hampered energy of our people and of the stifled and betrayed French, Czech and other subjugated nations to its full possibilities.

Of our prime minister's disposition and determination to carry this war to an entirely conclusive end there can be no question. The more uncertain issue is his ability under the immediate pressures of this warfare and the ability of those his personal magnetism will gather about him to apprehend and solve the far more intricate and difficult riddles of the postwar reconstruction. That is why I for one would welcome the development of any movement in America to understand and co-operate with the renascent Britain that Churchill represents. Like any other statesman, he cannot go far beyond his effective backing. But with an effective backing I believe he will go as far as anyone can do toward the restoration of sanity to the world.

In every Whisky Drink your own taste will confirm this Judgment of Generations

There is nothing better in the market
OLD FORESTER
nothing better
BOTTLED IN BOND
OLD FORESTER
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKY
This whisky is bottled by us only, and we are responsible for its richness and fine quality. Its elegant flavor is solely due to original fineness developed by age. There is nothing better in the market
THIS WHISKY IS FIVE YEARS OLD
DISTILLED BY BROWN-FORMAN DISTILLERY CO. INC. AT LOUISVILLE IN KENTUCKY
BROWN-FORMAN-KENTUCKY

100 PROOF

Famous
OLD FORESTER
America's Guest Whisky

BROWN-FORMAN DISTILLERY CO., INCORPORATED, At Louisville, In Kentucky, Since 1870

WILDROOT
BARGAIN
79¢
GENUINE
Pro-phy-lac-tic
HAIR BRUSH
WILDROOT
WITH OIL
for the hair
3-ACTION

Don't miss this big bargain in better looking hair. Genuine 50¢ Pro-Phy-Lac-Tic Brush given away with purchase of three-action Wildroot-with-Oil. Cleans as it grooms, removes loose scaly dandruff, relieves dryness. Stocks limited. Get yours today at your favorite drug counter.

SAME OFFER *available with Wildroot Regular formula . . . favorite of millions who prefer a non-oily hair preparation.* WILDROOT COMPANY, INC., BUFFALO, N. Y.

Don't Say I Told You

Continued from page 12

by-products were tiptoeing up and down the corridors trying to remember where their hats were.

"What's happened?" we asked. "What's wrong?"

Three or four of them grabbed us.

"Listen," roared the biggest of them, sweeping the others aside, "Wendell Willkie's in—d'ya hear? Anybody who says anything different's yellow. D'ya hear? We're going to carry New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Illinois, New Jersey, Massachusetts, Indiana. It's a Willkie sweep. D'ya hear? We're sick and tired of all this talk about Roosevelt and the New Deal. So's the country. Go on out and tell them—Wendell Willkie takes office as President in November—I mean January. There's no room in the Republican party for defeatists. The tide's turned and—"

"What do you mean, the tide's turned?" demanded one of his associates. "What did he tell you? Just a moment—"

"Let me finish," yelled the big fellow, taking a fresh hold. "The tide's turned long ago back to sanity and Roosevelt'll be lucky if he carries the Solid South."

No Surrender

What else they'd heard from the fed-up soul and the pent-up emotions of Mr. Martin we didn't hear because, at that moment, an elevatorful of important-looking gentlemen was delivered at the reception desk. Mr. Martin's freshly needled helpers descended upon them. As we left, all—staff members and visitors—were shaking their arms and talking into one another's faces. And Mr. Martin, looking somewhat better for having unburdened himself, still pushing hair out of his eyes, was telephoning a lot of long-distance hell to Republican weaselhearts from New York to San Francisco.

And high time it was, too. In Washington, New York, Chicago and lesser Willkie battle stations, Republicans had done everything short of hauling down their flags. On Capitol Hill, Republican congressmen were computing Mr. Roosevelt's margin of victory. Some of them had passed that point long ago and were fixing the blame for a Republican defeat that hadn't happened. Listen:

"I phoned Willkie yesterday to tell him what to do in my state. Instead of Willkie I got one of those darned amateurs he's surrounded with. So I told him to tell Willkie. I didn't get any answer. This morning I telephoned this guy again and asked him did he tell Willkie what I said. I said: 'Did you see Willkie?' And he said: 'Yes.' I asked him: 'Did you tell him what I said?' And do you know what he said? He said: 'No, Willkie was too busy dictating his speech. You should have heard him. Ain't he wonderful—*wonderful?*' How the heck are you going to win an election with punks like that around the candidate?"

Here and there you'd find a tough one who had the Martin spirit. He'd tell you, almost too vehemently, that Mr. Willkie would sweep the country, carrying with him sixty or seventy new Republican congressmen, giving himself a small but dependable majority in the House, with Mr. Martin for Speaker. And that would be the end of the New Deal, of the threat of an American dictatorship. But between these and the defeatists were the majority who would go no further than to predict a Republican House by a precarious majority of two or three. And this with enough ifs and buts to keep a military expert well supplied for the next ten wars.

"Amateurs and businessmen don't win political fights," one of these prophets said. "Last week a bunch of businessmen came down asking us to fix up budgets for each state—so much to be spent in New York, so much in Ohio, so much in Illinois. And so on. That's businesslike, they said. Willkie's a businessman, they said, and that's the kind of administration he's going to give us—everything run on a budget. And they said we got to hold everything down to a minimum. How the deuce can you say so much here and so much there? The way to do it is to have a general fund and use it where you need it—as much as you need. How do you know how much you're going to need to carry a state until you've carried it?"

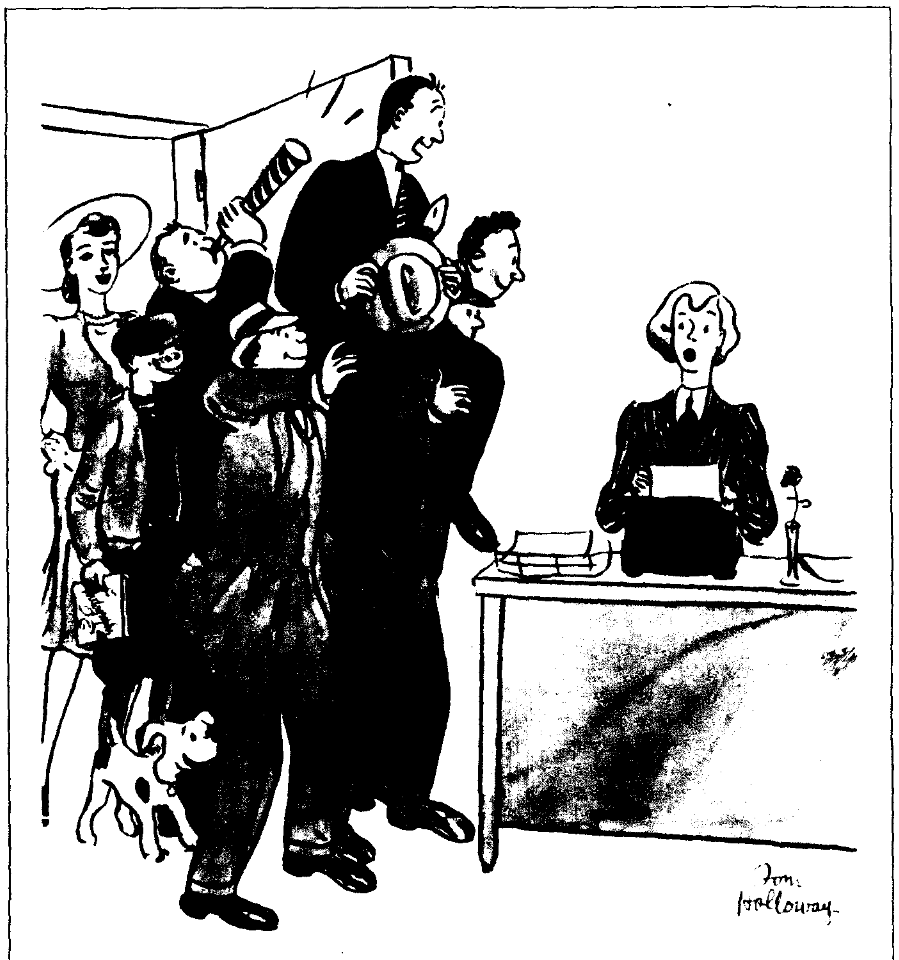
If Mr. Martin were to take his job as chairman of the Republican national committee (which he never wanted) and throw it into the nearest garbage pail no reasonable man could blame him. And if the Honorable J. William Ditter, Pennsylvania congressman who inherited Mr. Martin's former task of chairman of the Republican national congressional committee, were to quit his completely thankless job, you'd scarcely blame him. And yet both he and Mr. Martin are making bulldog fights in a situation wherein the Democratic opposition is almost benign by comparison.

They make an excellent team—Martin and Ditter. Both are hard-bitten realists. They may have electioneering formulas that the philosophically inclined Mr. Willkie doesn't share or hasn't discovered. But to them a campaign is that and nothing more—something to be won if it's humanly possible and lost only when the last man is carried off the field. Their private opinion of Mr. Willkie's chances is not public property, but they'd as soon burn orphanages as admit that he isn't going to win. And as for the House going Republican—well, they'll demonstrate that with figures and percentages, trends and personalities, until you're almost convinced that it's a waste of time to doubt.

If the country were engaged in nothing more harrowing than electing a House of Representatives, the likelihood of realizing the congressional dreams of the Messrs. Martin and Ditter might be high, when you consider what happened in 1938. To capture a bare majority of one this year the Republicans must defeat forty-eight Democratic incumbents. How to accomplish this minimum-necessity gain is one of the several points on which Mr. Willkie and the professionals differ. Mr. Willkie is neither by temperament nor education a detail-minded person. He has not said so in so many words, but state Republican leaders have become convinced that he does not regard their local problems as his but does regard his problem—winning the presidency—as theirs. He and his closest aides have repeatedly given state brush-beaters to understand that the greater energy should be concentrated behind his candidacy and, they add, it follows that state tickets must of necessity share victory with him.

Divided They Stand

After you've talked to these state leaders you become aware that they are not adopting his logic. They complain that Mr. Willkie is still talking to the crowd that nominated him, still exhorting the vote that would be his no matter what he said. They deplore his generalities and his broad eclecticism and his apparent distaste for the homely dodges that tickle the popular fancy. Because in 1938 the Republicans snatched eighty seats from Democrats



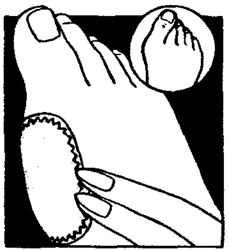
"Is this the place that advertised for a man with a following?"

TOM HOLLOWAY

BUNIONS

Enlarged or Tender Joints. Quick Relief!

Stop suffering! Get New *Super-Soft* Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads. Lift shoe pressure. Soothe, cushion the sensitive area. 630% softer than before! Don't come off in bath. Cost but a trifle. At all Drug, Shoe, Dept. stores, Toilet Goods counters.



NEW *Super-Soft*

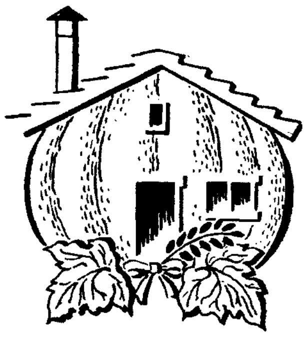
Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads

DO YOU

KEEP YOUR WIFE

IN A

Pumpkin Shell?



According to the old nursery rhyme, a chap named Peter, Peter "kept his wife in a pumpkin shell and there he kept her very well."

But maybe your wife has other ideas. If she (and you) would prefer a more up-to-date domicile, you'll like Collier's "House of Ideas". You have read the articles we've printed about it ... now you can visit the real "House of Ideas"! Our house has been built on one of the terraces of the Rockefeller Home Center, 630 Fifth Avenue, New York City. We invite you to come see it any day (except Sunday) between 10 a.m. and 6 p.m. There is no charge for admission.

If you would like to have a complete illustrated book about the model house, send 10c to Mr. E. K. Simpson, at the above address.

in the House, Republican congressmen, national committeemen and state chairmen contend that the trend was sharply away from New Dealism and, take it or leave it, back to pro-Roosevelt ways of national life and times. Mr. Willkie, while making a few oral concessions to this wishful thinking (old-fashioned, mother's-knee morality and predepression business self-determination, etc.,) is quite convinced that the regimes of Warren Harding, Calvin Coolidge and Herbert Hoover are as dead and gone as Free Silver, the League of Nations and the Three-Mile Limit. And being an incurably honest character, and in defiance of some of his following, he makes no pretense of mourning them. Nevertheless, being a man trained to large affairs and happily innocent of peanut politics, he does not, or will not, realize that local government is frequently the same old racket.

It adds up to this: that too many of the state Republican leaders are far more concerned with electing their local tickets, eager for control of state and county government and the enjoyment of the perquisites thereof, then they are in the success of Willkie. Listen:

"Nationally, the Republican party is a bust, but it still thrives in state politics. Lots of my Republican constituents out my way are on relief, lots of them are on WPA, lots in the CCC camps. They may be Republicans in their own home towns, but they're New Dealers in national politics and the hell with party labels. Sure, Willkie's endorsed most of Roosevelt's reforms and says he'll continue relief. But my people—Republicans at home—are afraid to trust Roosevelt's program to a Republican, especially a big-business man. Willkie says he'll give them jobs with minimum wages by starting up business prosperity. But my people don't know about that."

We sought the opinions of Mr. Martin and Mr. Ditter on this, and were almost thrown out of their offices. They told us, with gestures, that both the House and the White House would go Republican and we'd have been somewhat surprised if they hadn't told us that. There's not a drop of rabbit blood in either of these gentlemen. And they wouldn't be at all amazed if the process of accomplishing this difficult feat would be the reverse of the conventional method. It could happen, for example, that instead of Mr. Willkie's being voted into the White House with a Republican House riding on his coattails, the 1938 trend may have grown so strong that a Republican House might be the result, with Mr. Willkie being the passenger. However it might be accomplished would be eminently satisfactory to both Mr. Martin and Mr. Ditter—among others.

Great Expectations

The Republicans predict congressional gains in twenty-four states, including North Carolina, Louisiana, Oklahoma and Virginia, all of which are now represented solidly by Democrats and none of which seems drunk enough with Roosevelt hate or Willkie enthusiasm to go on a Republican bender this year. They expect California (with the help of Hiram Johnson), Missouri (in spite of the opposition of the Kansas City and St. Louis machines), Illinois, Ohio and Pennsylvania to contribute from four to ten brand-new Republican representatives apiece. They expect Mr. Willkie to carry New York with the aid of the Honorable Bruce Barton, the Republican aspirant to the Senate, but admit that they'll be satisfied if they can gain a single seat in the Empire State.

This, mind you, is the forecast of the professionals who still are gloating over the eighty-seat gain of 1938 when there wasn't any war in Europe, when the United States' defenses consisted of a navy, several soldiers, a small covey of elderly airplanes and no guns to speak of. Things have changed a bit and Mr. Roosevelt, as a result, is strategically in a far more secure position today than he was then.

As we trudged around the country, the conviction fastened itself upon us that Mr. Willkie's major weakness was not his lack of silver tongue, not his hoarse errors of commission and omission, not his ignorance of the dark ways of local politicians and not his awkward handling of labor audiences. Nor was it a combination of all these. Mr. Willkie's trouble was his inability to live up to his miracle-man advance notices. He never regained his Philadelphia stature. After emerging from the Republican convention with the roar of an eighty-ton tank, heralded as a second Theodore Roosevelt plus, ballyhooed for a magician who would scorn to pull anything less than a herd of elephants out of his battered hat, what necessarily happened was a jaw-dropping anticlimax. Mr. Willkie was overadvertised in the most advertised country in creation.

"Wait," one of Mr. Roosevelt's loudest shills bade us. "Wait until Wendell tries to live up to his press agents. You'll be sorry for him."

Miracle Man Wanted

So we waited. And presently a Midwest Republican boss, explaining the reserve with which his constituents had listened to the recently departed Mr. Willkie, took us aside.

"He's a great guy and would make a swell President, but the folks expected too much," he said. "They expected him to out-Roosevelt the President. They were told that he was all this and heaven too. They expected too much. After he walked into the convention and stole the show, grabbing the nomination from a bunch of old-line politicians while they were still counting their thumbs, the people expected more sensations, a new show every stop. When the impossible didn't happen, when he offered them no more than the New Deal program on different paper, they got the idea that they'd been gypped."

All of which returns us to the argument that even Republicans are using—that it is going to be decidedly easier to elect new congressmen than a new President. Whether the Republicans will be able to elect enough of them to make life drear for Mr. Roosevelt and to hang the ball and chain on his New Deal—well, you do the guessing. We go no further than to suggest that you might do worse than to bet that the current Democratic majority of ninety-one in the House will be substantially whittled.

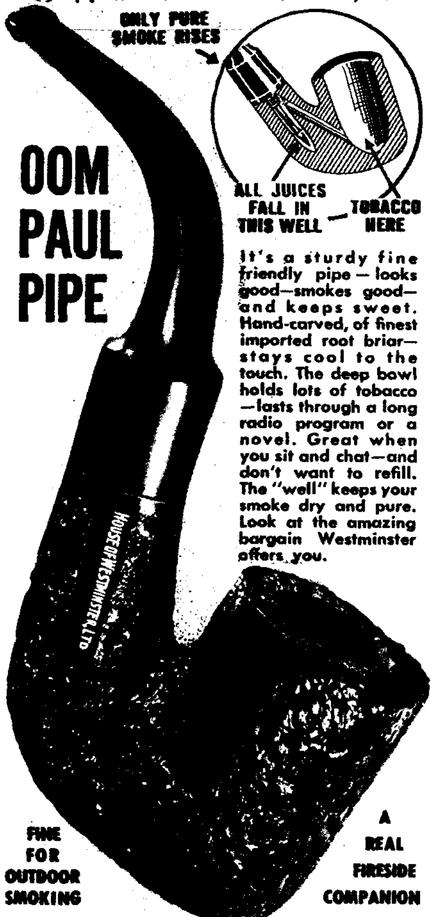
If Mr. Willkie is defeated—and you've probably gathered by now that it won't be a stunning surprise—Republican wounds will be long in healing if, indeed, they aren't fatal. Probably no one knows this better than Mr. Martin, although you should be warned that he's in no mood to be told so. His candidate, Mr. Willkie, has told him, but that's a candidate's privilege. Actually, Mr. Martin and Mr. Willkie are not much closer in their political hearts than were Mr. Roosevelt and the Honorable Jim Farley or, better, than Mr. Roosevelt and Vice-President Garner.

Mr. Martin, an unreconstructed Republican, minority leader in the House, has voted conscientiously against almost all of the New Deal innovations including those his candidate is voluntarily advocating. Among those Republicans closest to Mr. Martin personally and ideologically, there has been much rancorous criticism of the maverick aspects of Mr. Willkie's Republican-

A GREAT MAN MADE THIS DRY SMOKING PIPE FAMOUS THE WORLD OVER

Back in 1893, Paul Kreuger was president of the Boers. During the Boer War he was military leader of this gallant little country. Kreuger was respected and loved by his people who affectionately called him OOM—a position term of endearment. The pipe which he smoked was the same shape you see here. This pipe is, therefore, fittingly called OOM PAUL, and is presented to you in a special money-saving offer by . . .

The House of Westminster, Ltd.



It's a sturdy fine friendly pipe — looks good—smokes good—and keeps sweet. Hand-carved, of finest imported root briar—stays cool to the touch. The deep bowl holds lots of tobacco—lasts through a long radio program or a novel. Great when you sit and chat—and don't want to refill. The "well" keeps your smoke dry and pure. Look at the amazing bargain Westminster offers you.

FOR A LIMITED TIME ONLY ALL FOR.. 1.00 Post Paid

OOM-PAUL PIPE $2.50

AND 2 PACKS *Original* RUM and MAPLE PIPE MIXTURE, BLEND 53 . . 50c

TOTAL VALUE 3.00

YOU SEND ONLY $1.00

AMERICA'S NO. 1 FINE TOBACCO

It's a master mixture of costly sun-bright Virginia, North Carolina and Syrian Latakia tobaccos blended in the English tradition, then infused with genuine Jamaica Rum and pure Vermont Maple Sugar. Its mild, smooth smoking qualities have made it America's No. 1 Fine Tobacco. Sold at stores everywhere. Foil Pack 25c, Trial-Size Pocket-Fit Pouch 15c.

CAUTION: Guard against imitators who print "Rum & Maple" on the package but not as part of their brand name. To get the Original, look for "Blend 53" and "Rum and Maple Tobacco Corp." on the package.

RUM MAPLE
RUM MAPLE
25c EACH was 70c

MONEY BACK

Maybe you won't like OOM PAUL—just maybe. If you don't, Westminster cheerfully refunds your money and you can keep the pipe and tobacco. Send postcard for C. O. D. shipment, you pay the postman $1.00 plus 18c C. O. D. fee or pin a dollar bill, check, money-order or stamps to your letter and save 18c. A free catalog of Westminster Pipe and tobacco bargains sent with each order.

THE HOUSE OF WESTMINSTER, Ltd.

Tobacconists & Pipe Purveyors

191-S Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

LEE
is changing the
HAT-I-TUDE†
of the Nation
with the
WATER-BLOC* HAT
at $5.00

THE CASCADE
2 oz. Water-Bloc

THE PADDOCK
Featherweight Water-Bloc

THE GUARDS
Medium Weight Water-Bloc

LEE ALSO MAKES:
The Aetna Insured Hat . . . $3.50
The Danway . . . $2.95
Lee Hats for boys . . . $1.95 and up

Obtainable at all Leading Dealers or write to us giving size, style and color.

LEE HATS
358 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.

*† REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

ism and of Mr. Willkie's insistence on ranging far and wide from pure Republican principles.

Even state bosses came to look for miracles of a man who made no pretenses to voodoo, who said from the first that he was not a medicine man. They went to Philadelphia pledged variously but never to Willkie. That the President could be defeated with considerable ease they regarded as certain. Therefore, almost any Republican candidate could be hustled into the White House. So certain were they, that several Westerners assured us that even Mr. Hoover could win. Mr. Hoover himself may have thought so.

Their first reaction to Mr. Willkie's nomination was resentment. The nomination had slipped out of the control of the organization, poor undernourished thing that it was. It had been snatched by a Johnny-Come-Lately who had a genius for publicity, who had achieved a sensational success in big business, but who owed no politician so much as a flip of his hand. But, back home again, they began to change their minds. Mr. Willkie had caught the popular fancy. He was something new and virile in the minds and eyes of a nation that is forever clamoring for novelty, eager for the sensational, rooting for the underdog. Among the first of America's ideas of a thoroughly good time is the defeat of a champion.

Mr. Willkie's roaring pilgrimage through the country produced no miracles. His virility, his honesty, his sincerity, his naivete, courage and his love for a brawl won him wide respect. He isn't much of a spellbinder. He's at his worst at formal speaking. But he thrives on argument. He had nothing new, except method, to offer. The feeling grew that if he had nothing more to offer than a more efficient administration of the New Deal, his election would mean merely a third term for the New Deal. So, if the New Deal were to get a third term why not retain its parent along with it? Why turn the brat over to a mere guardian while its father was still exceedingly active?

It's Up to You, Now

Well, it's almost time for you to ramble down to the polling booth and make your decision. In other years it would be up to you to vote Democratic or Republican, according to your personal philosophy and traditions. But the world and its times have, as somebody has suggested, changed a bit. Men and their personal creeds rule the world. Parties and parliaments have become mere coattails of powerful men. The Democratic party is in a permanent chill in the heavy shadow of Mr. Roosevelt. He is the party—if not the state. That lost child, the Republican party, is hopefully huddled in the shade of Wendell Willkie. In a few days you'll vote for or against one or the other—Roosevelt or Willkie. What we've seen and heard has convinced us that the political cunning of the President, plus daily international crises (real or manufactured), plus the dread of the masses of losing largess and preferment—all these things have convinced us that Mr. Roosevelt will be retained and that Mr. Willkie will retire defeated, but increased in stature. That's merely the opinion of our correspondents.

Our agents throughout the country wire us their last words, their latest surveys of their sectors. They tell us that minute speeches and exhortations will not change the results, that the populace already has made up its mind. Listen:

In California they're betting two to one that the President carries the state, and even money that his majority will reach 400,000. Our correspondents in Los Angeles and San Francisco agree that thousands will vote for the President, not because they love him, but because they're afraid to transfer the management or our foreign affairs to inexperienced hands.

And it's even money in Oregon that Willkie can't carry that state—the home of his running mate, Senator McNary. In the Missouri primaries the Democratic total vote was more than twice the Republican. Our St. Louis observer discovers many Republicans more concerned about state and congressional candidates than they are about Mr. Willkie, who, they regretfully concede, has little chance of taking Missouri. Des Moines reports that Mr. Willkie should carry Iowa by a small margin provided there are no "more serious war complications." From St. Paul we learn that Minnesota will vote for four more years for Mr. Roosevelt but that she'll retain her brilliant young Republican governor, Harold Stassen.

Polls in Michigan "indicate a swing of about ten per cent of 1936 Roosevelt votes to Willkie but that it will take a fifteen per cent shift to turn the state into the Republican column." Our agent predicts that Michigan will be Mr. Roosevelt's by a narrow margin. The betting in Detroit is even money. But in Illinois they're betting two to one on the President. Chicago reports that Mr. Roosevelt will have to carry that city by 200,000 to offset the downstate Republican majority. Our information has it that Mr. Willkie "has a forty per cent chance of taking Illinois."

Wisconsin will probably go Republican, Indiana Democratic. The latest advices we have from Ohio are that it's fifty-fifty with "the probabilities in Roosevelt's favor." Pittsburgh and Philadelphia report that the President should carry Pennsylvania "by the narrowest margin—say 50,000 to 100,000."

All our telegrams indicate that the new voters, the young first voters in particular, are preponderantly with Mr. Roosevelt. Mr. Willkie seems to find greater favor among the older generation. And here are New Mexico and Arizona reporting. Both for Mr. Roosevelt. The Solid South assures us it is still solid.

When Mr. Willkie was nominated all New England seemed surely his. Our agents report a change. They tell us that Massachusetts, Connecticut and Rhode Island are slowly returning to the Roosevelt tether, that these three may quite likely retain their Republican state administrations but cling to the President.

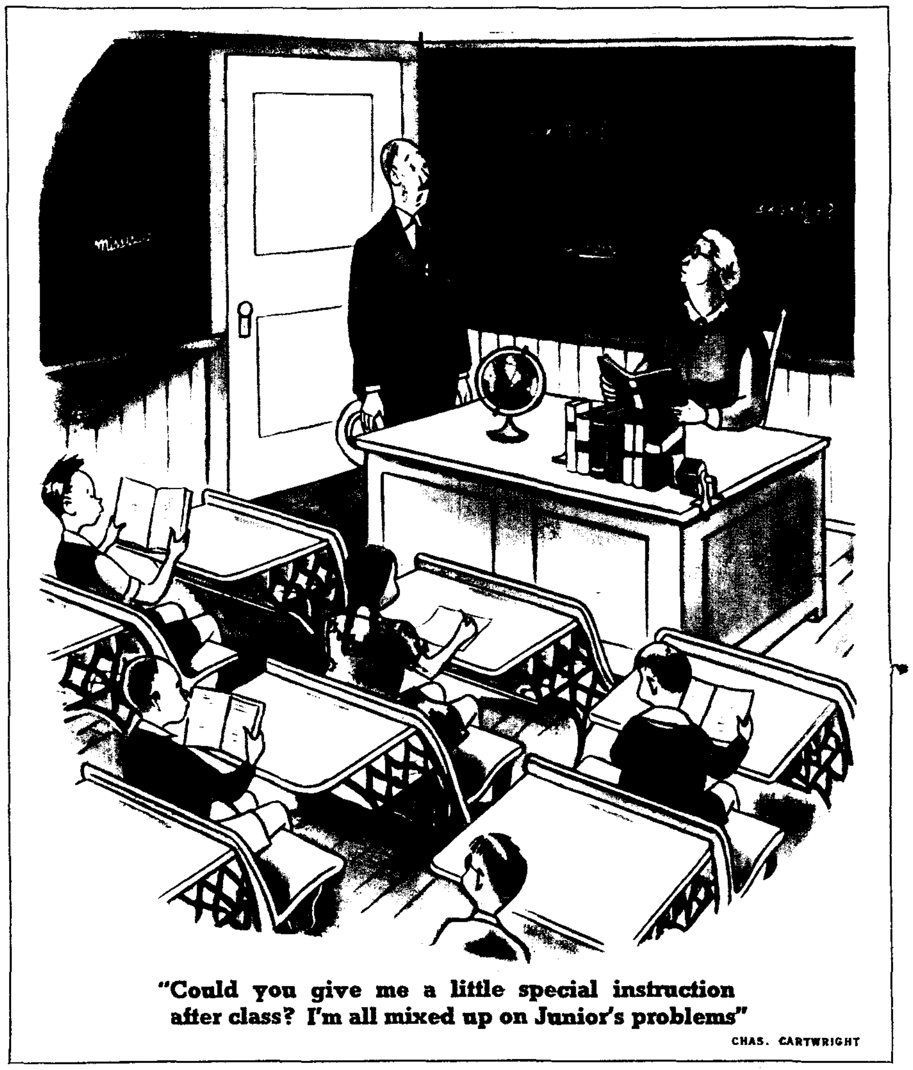
If he is to win, Mr. Willkie must carry New York. The most optimistic of the Republican managers say that they have honest hopes of holding New York City's Roosevelt majority to 650,000 and running the Republican up-state majority to 700,000. Thus Mr. Willkie would take that state even if he didn't win out in the nation. As we've said, he can't win without New York even if he may not necessarily be elected by taking it.

Save Your Strength

If we were working for Mr. Roosevelt we'd be just a trifle apprehensive of overconfidence. But the Democrats have bidden us to let them do their thinking for themselves. We suspect it would be better that way. Listen:

"Hitler, Mussolini and Matsuoka are working for Roosevelt. Don't forget that. Germany, Italy and Japan, by uniting, have admitted that they fear Roosevelt is democracy's last great captain. That sets the international stage for the President. Mr. Willkie has learned that labor, the worker, the masses do not want to trust their welfare to other hands. As for the President lying back and seeming overconfident—well, wait. He will speak the last word in this campaign."

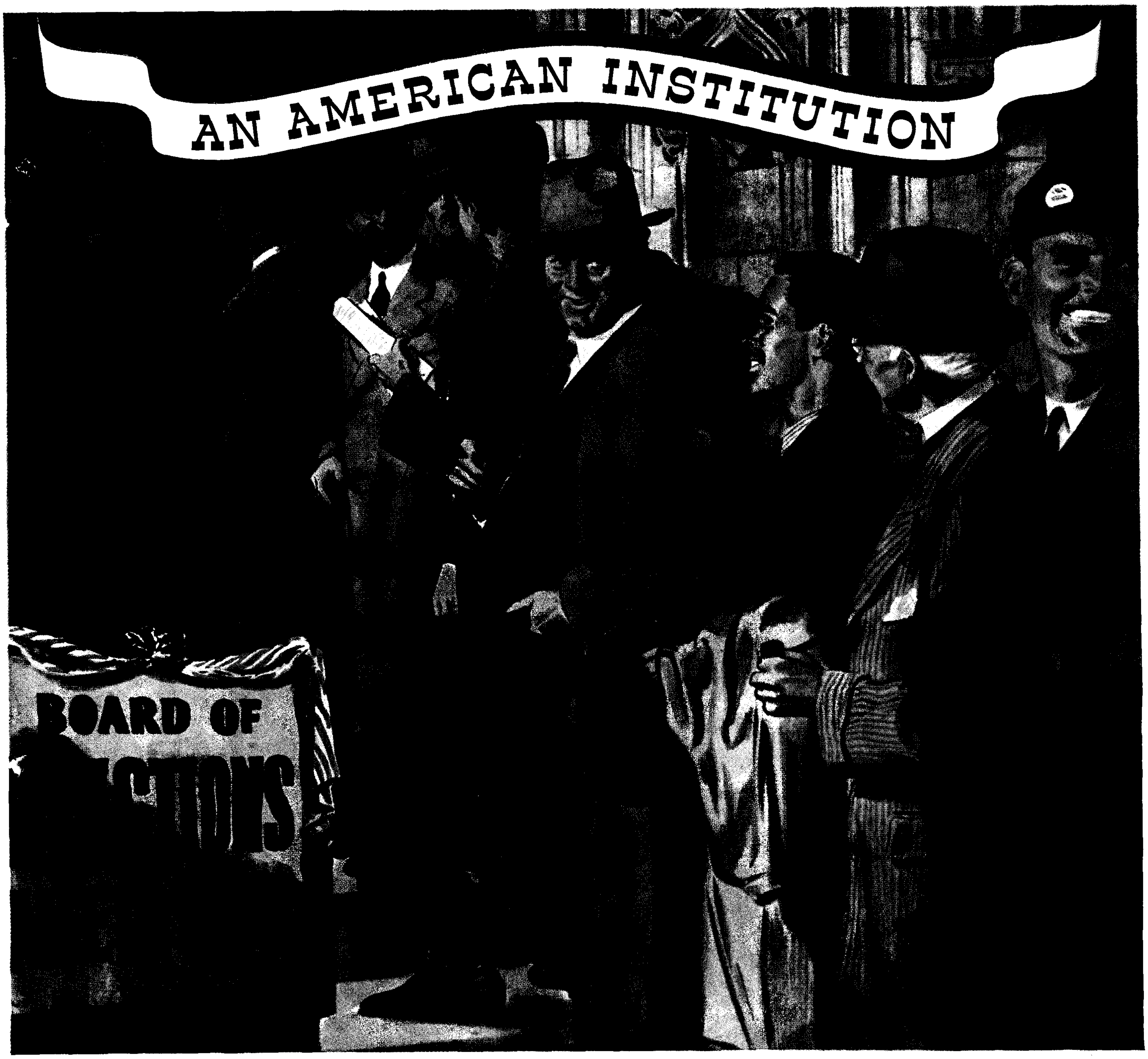
So there you have all that we know about it. The voting is yours. And don't collapse, however it turns out. You're going to need your strength. Take care of yourself. The next four years may be worth the living.



"Could you give me a little special instruction after class? I'm all mixed up on Junior's problems"

CHAS. CARTWRIGHT

AN AMERICAN INSTITUTION



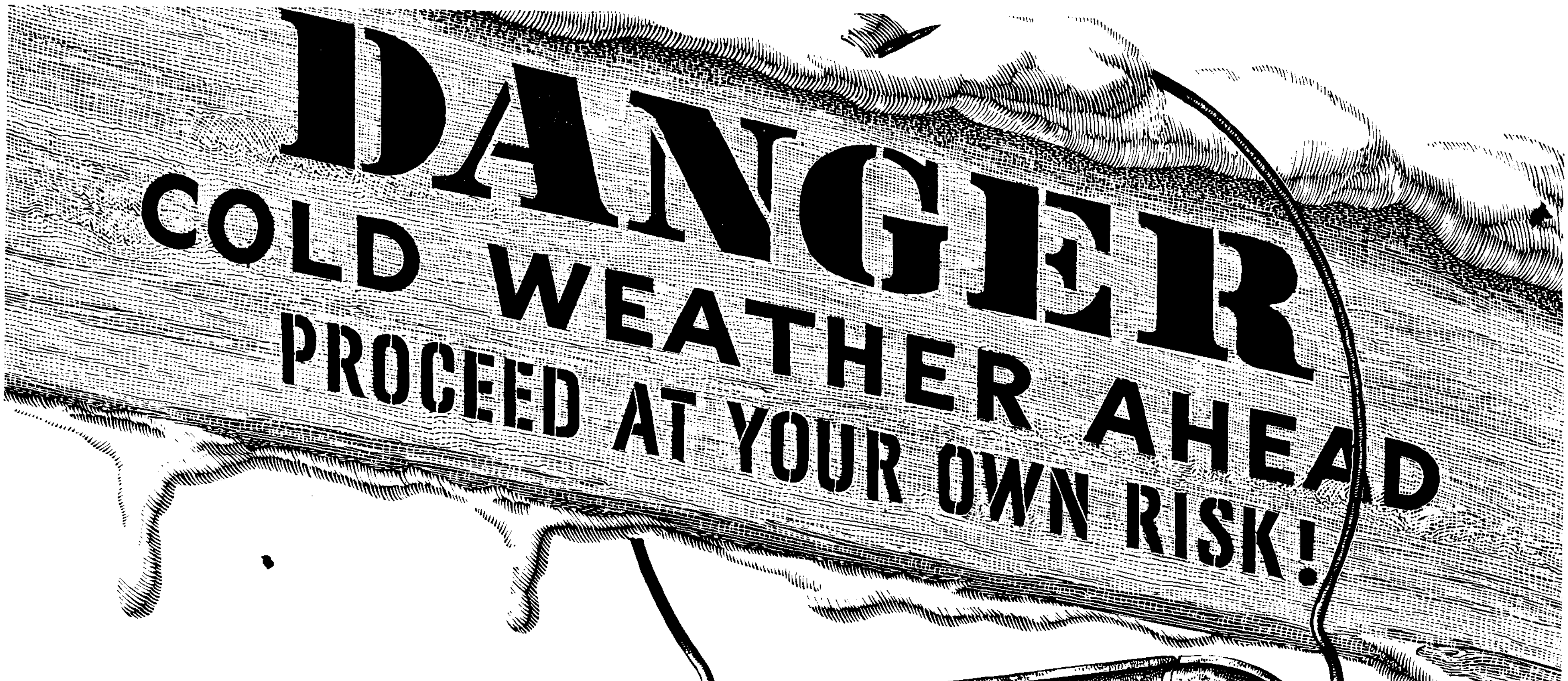
Of all characteristics that bespeak America, none is more precious than the privilege of voting. But others have their places, too. And among these we are proud to mention that love of hearty good living which has prompted generations of Americans to demand Green River whiskey. A favorite of millions—in its own modest way, it is as truly American as the polling booth itself. Oldetyme Distillers Corporation, New York, N. Y.

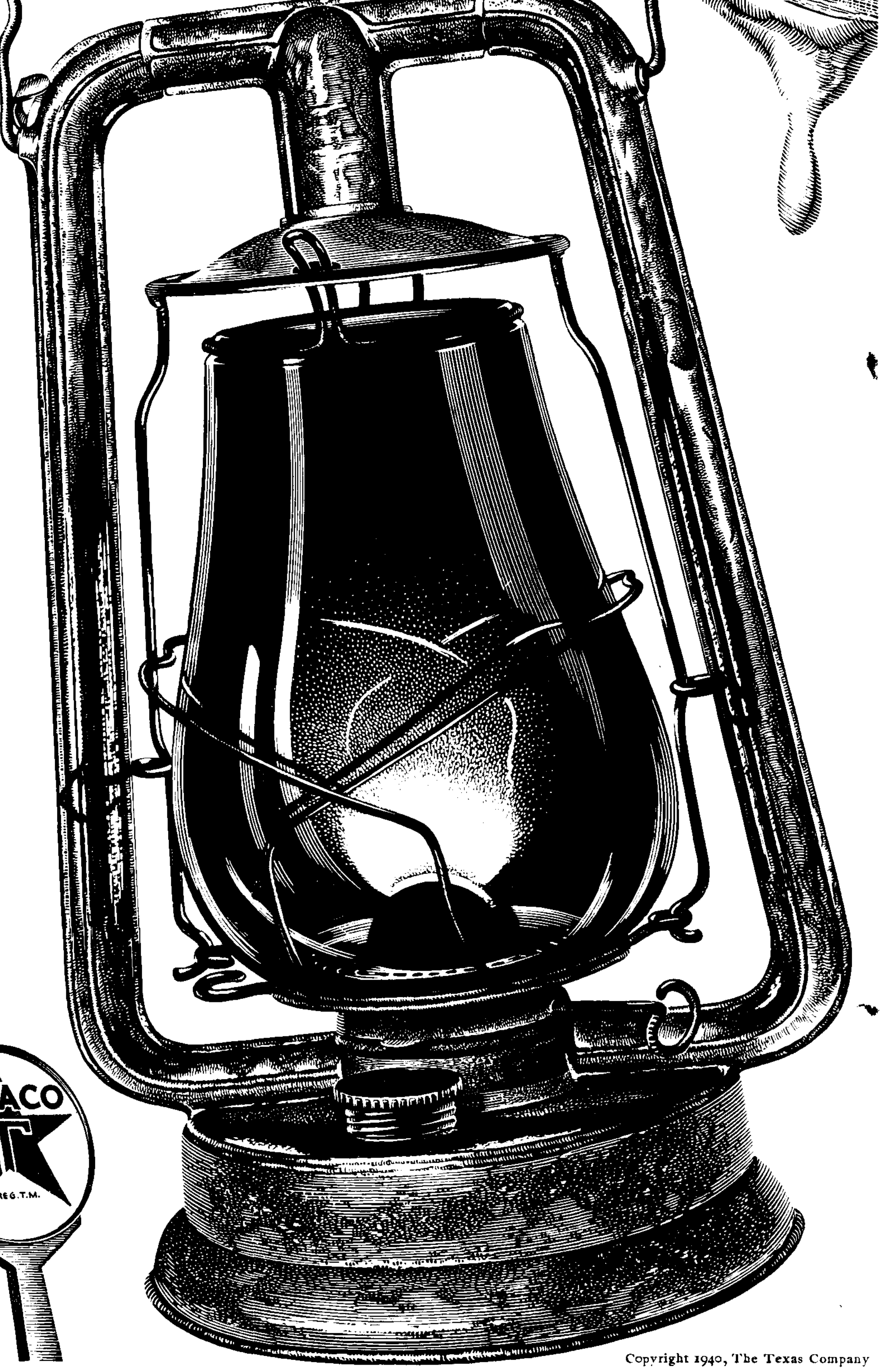
GREEN RIVER
BOTTLED IN BOND
GREEN RIVER

GREEN RIVER AMERICA'S SMOOTHEST *Whiskies*

Available in Straight Whiskey, Bottled in Bond, 100 Proof (Bourbon or Rye) . . . in Blended Whiskey, 75% grain neutral spirits, or in Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey, 4 Years Old, both 86.8 Proof.

Copyright 1940, Oldetyme Distillers Corporation, New York, N. Y.





CHANGE

TO WINTER LUBRICANTS

—NOW

DON'T wait. Give your car Texaco's Five-Way Protection *now* and avoid trouble and expense when cold weather comes.

1 Change to *Winter-Grade* Insulated Havoline or Texaco Motor Oil and get quick starting and the instantaneous lubrication that insulated oil gives in cold weather.

2 Change to *Winter-Grade* Texaco Transmission Lubricant and get easier shifting.

3 Change to *Winter-Grade* Texaco Differential Lubricant and get smoother, easier running.

4 Change to *Winter-Grade* Marfak Chassis Lubricants for easier riding, softer springing.

5 Put in an anti-freeze and avoid freeze-up troubles.

Only *all five* services can give you complete protection. Get them today.

TUNE IN FRED ALLEN—Texaco Dealers invite you to enjoy Fred Allen in the new full-hour program of the TEXACO STAR THEATRE ...with Kenny Baker, Al Goodman's Orchestra and a great cast. Every Wednesday Night, Columbia Network. 9:00 E.S.T., 8:00 C.S.T., 10:00 M.S.T., 9:00 P.S.T.

TEXACO
DEALERS

Copyright 1940, The Texas Company

The High Cost of Love

Continued from page 15

through the brief California twilight toward Hollywood, and Thurman said, "Brother, tomorrow you and me will strip that joint to the rafters."

"We're not going back," Cy said blandly. "What for?"

They didn't, but the legends about Cy Branders began.

It was a legend that took on significance even in a town crammed with legends. Rumor and gossip embroidered it. Gradually Cy Branders' name crept into the gossip columns, and finally he was photographed with an actress at a highly publicized première. He remained, however, a man of mystery, and it was variously concluded that he was some racketeer from the East vacationing incognito, or the scion of some obscure Middle-Western millionaire.

AS FOR Cy, he was having a swell time. The magic of his reputation opened the doors of the movie colony to him. He participated in all their most extravagant pleasures, but as the weeks rolled into months he found that he was getting bored. Then just as he was considering sailing for Hawaii he saw her.

It was in the Thespis Club and she was sitting at the bar sipping a green drink that for all the world reminded him of Vitalime. Her eyes were lake-blue and she was built like Ginger Rogers. As soon as he saw her his boredom fell away, and he knew that this moment was the one he had been waiting for. He made inquiries but no one in the Thespis knew her. Not even the headwaiter who knew everybody. The bartender had seen her before, and he had served her, but he did not know her name. So, with an aplomb that surprised himself, Cy walked up to her and said: "My name is Cyrus Branders, and I think I've met you some place, only I'm not sure I wasn't dreaming, or that I ain't right now."

She gave him a cool smile and shook her head. "I'm afraid we haven't met," she said, "but I have heard of you." Her voice was soft and cozy. Cy's hand trembled as he picked up his drink.

"Anyway, tell me your name," he said, "just so I can be dead-sure."

"*I* am sure," she said, still smiling, "so I'll only tell you half of it. Alicia."

There was no doubt about it. This was the girl. He was excited for the first time in his life, and so excited that he got drunk in an attempt to become calm. He talked about everything he could think of, and she listened. The only thing he found out about her was that she became more beautiful and hoped that Cincinnati would win the world series. When it was late and she was getting ready to leave, he asked with bated breath: "You ain't married, are you?"

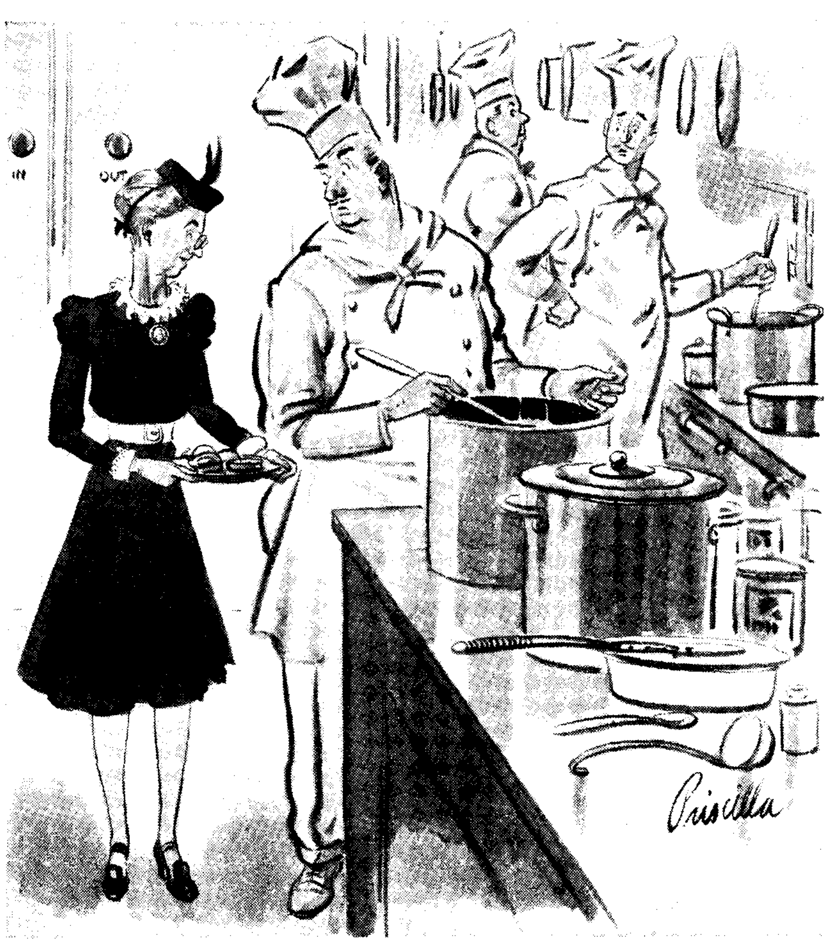
She smiled and shook her head and his heart began beating again. But she would not let him drive her home; nor would she tell him where she lived. "What is this—Thursday?" she said. "I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll meet you here next Thursday."

Cy nodded dumbly, clutching at this straw. He watched her walk out, swallowed another drink, and then, reeling slightly, went outside and climbed in the roadster and said to Thurman, "Just drive somewhere."

They drove through the canyon to the sea. Thurman swung the car onto the big highway that follows the beaches. He took deep breaths of the salt air and waved his hand at the moon. Thurman said, "You got a pretty good load on, haven't you?"

"That ain't it," Cy said, and he told Thurman what had happened to him. He told how all his life he had imagined a certain kind of woman and that tonight he had found her.

Thurman said, "It sounds kinda off-



"Are you open to criticism?" LOUIS PRISCILLA

He doesn't have a nickel's worth of "DRAG"!

● This man may work *with* you—or *for* you. In appearance and dress, he looks pretty much like the men he works with. Yet there's something about him that makes his superiors say:

"Keep an eye on that man. He's going places!"

What's the reason? "Drag?" He doesn't have a nickel's worth! Genius? No, he's bright, but he's no mental giant. It's simpler than that.

This man has realized, after several years of "marking time" on the same routine job, that *the only way to improve his position is to increase his worth!*

Today, he's enrolled with the International Correspondence Schools. And every evening, he devotes a portion of his leisure time to studying a course that is directly related to his work. Thus, he acquires the sound, essential *training* that will make him a more valuable employee, and fit him for a better position.

This man (and a hundred thousand others who are currently studying I. C. S. courses) knows that even in times of mass unemployment, *Business and Industry need trained men!*

Think it over—if you're ready to start "going places"!

P.S. To The Boss

More than 2000 firms are *modernizing* their *man-power* through I. C. S. Group Training programs. For information, write to I. C. S., Scranton, Penna.

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY FOR A BRIGHTER TOMORROW!

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS
BOX 4070-C, SCRANTON, PENNA.
Please send me complete information on your courses on the subject indicated:

TECHNICAL AND INDUSTRIAL COURSES

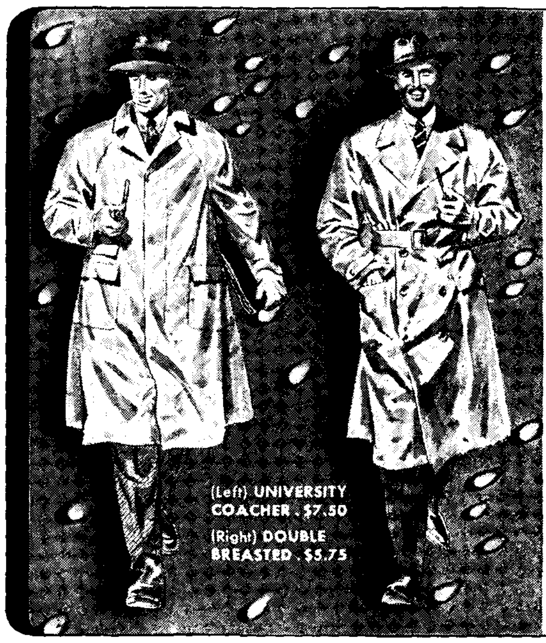
☐ Air Conditioning
☐ Architectural Drafting
☐ Architecture
☐ Auto Engine Tune-up
☐ Auto Technician
☐ Aviation
☐ Boilermaking
☐ Bridge Engineering
☐ Building Estimating
☐ Chemistry
☐ Civil Engineering
☐ Concrete Engineering
☐ Contracting and Building
☐ Diesel Electric
☐ Drafting
☐ Electrical Engineering
☐ Electric Lighting
☐ Foundry Work
☐ Heat Treatment of Metals
☐ Highway Engineering
☐ House Planning
☐ Machinist
☐ Management of Inventions
☐ Marine Engines
☐ Mechanical Drafting
☐ Mechanical Engineering
☐ Navigation
☐ Patternmaking
☐ Practical Telephony
☐ Public Works Engineering
☐ Radio Operating
☐ Radio Servicing
☐ Railroad Courses
☐ Refrigeration
☐ Sanitary Engineering
☐ Sheet Metal Work
☐ Steam Electric
☐ Steam Engines
☐ Steam Fitting
☐ Structural Drafting
☐ Structural Engineering
☐ Surveying and Mapping
☐ Textile Designing
☐ Toolmaking
☐ Welding, Electric and Gas

BUSINESS COURSES

☐ Accounting
☐ Advertising
☐ Bookkeeping
☐ Business Management
☐ Cartooning
☐ Civil Service
☐ College Preparatory
☐ Commercial
☐ Cost Accounting
☐ C. P. Accounting
☐ Foremanship ☐ French
☐ Grade School
☐ High School
☐ Illustrating
☐ Managing Men at Work
☐ Railway Postal Clerk
☐ Salesmanship
☐ Secretarial
☐ Service Station Salesm'p
☐ Traffic Management

Name............*Age*............*Address*............
City............*State*............*Presen Position*............
Canadian residents send coupon to International Correspondence Schools Canadian, Limited, Montreal, Canada
British residents send coupon to I. C. S., 71 Kingsway, London, W. C. 2, England

If It's a Genuine Waterproof Alligator
YOU KNOW IT'S WATERPROOF!


(Left) UNIVERSITY COACHER . $7.50
(Right) DOUBLE BREASTED . $5.75

Insist On The Genuine

There *is* a difference in waterproof raincoats—so why not get the best! Alligator's exclusive process makes the fabric *absolutely waterproof, windproof and dustproof!* Stays lightweight because nonabsorbent! Soft and pliant—doesn't crack or deteriorate . . . keeps you dry *always!* No rubber used!

Light Weight Button Through Model . $7.50

Alligator Leads in Style, Too!

You're smartly dressed when you wear an Alligator, because every Alligator is superbly styled and tailored. Your dealer has the model you like in the color you like. Either genuine water*proof* or water *repellent* . . . each processed to give long lasting satisfaction. See your dealer today!

$5.75 to $26.50

At Better Dealers Everywhere

THE ALLIGATOR CO., St. Louis, New York, Los Angeles

ALLIGATOR
Raincoats and Galecoats
because . . . IT'S SURE TO RAIN!

CLOTHESPIN NOSE

EXTRA HELP
ALKALINE FACTOR
LUDEN'S
MENTHOL
COUGH DROPS
5¢

Cold make breathing difficult? Nose feel "clamped in a clothespin?" Put a Luden's in your mouth. As it dissolves it releases cool menthol vapor—which, with every breath, helps relieve clogged nasal passages, unclamp "clothespin nose!"

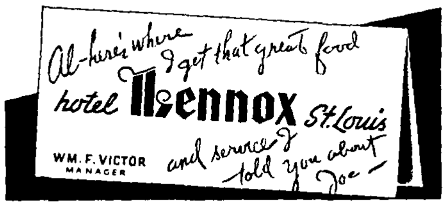
Copr. 1940. Ludens. Inc.

Write Stories that SELL

Mrs. Grace Blanchard had an **IDEA** for a story. We criticized her story, gave it a new title and told her **WHERE TO SEND IT.** She got a substantial check **THE FIRST TIME OUT.** That is a **THRILL** many of our graduates have each month. Let 22 years of experience guide **YOU.** Endorsed by Jack London.

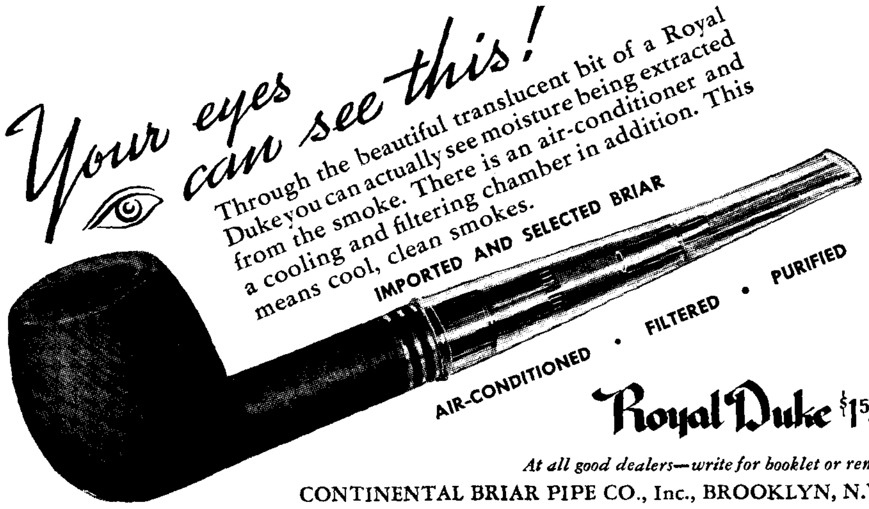
FREE BOOKLET **"THE ART OF STORY WRITING"** with explanation of **our personal criticism and manuscript sales service.** No obligations. Write!

Hoosier Institute *173 Hoosier Bldg.* *Chicago*


Al-here's where I get that great food
hotel Lennox St. Louis
and service I told you about
Joe—
WM. F. VICTOR
MANAGER

Your eyes can see this!

Through the beautiful translucent bit of a Royal Duke you can actually see moisture being extracted from the smoke. There is an air-conditioner and a cooling and filtering chamber in addition. This means cool, clean smokes.


IMPORTED AND SELECTED BRIAR
AIR-CONDITIONED • FILTERED • PURIFIED
Royal Duke $1.50

At all good dealers—write for booklet or remit

CONTINENTAL BRIAR PIPE CO., Inc., BROOKLYN, N.Y.

beat. Whyn't this dame let you take her home if she has got no husband?"

"Why should she?" Cy said. "Who am I? I'm nobody. Why should she tell me anything or go any place with me?"

"I wouldn't know," Thurman said, and went back to thinking about what he would do with the race horse, June M.

They drove all night. Cy's head cleared by three A. M. and he drove while Thurman went to sleep in the back seat. Cy drove at a snail's pace all the way back from Santa Barbara. He watched the moon go down and the sun come up. In the early morning the Pacific is smooth as a blue plate and, on a deserted stretch of beach near Hueneme, Cy went swimming in the raw. As he rubbed the water from his big shoulders he knew that all his life now pointed toward next Thursday.

For the next few days he scoured the town looking for exactly the right thing to buy for her. He bought a book of poems by Omar Khayyam, at the suggestion of a maid who cleaned the apartment. He bought a diamond bracelet, a Mexican hairless, a pair of binoculars and a platinum compact monogrammed Alicia. He was not pleased with any of them, but when Thursday came at last he put them all in his pockets, except the Mexican hairless, and arrived at the Thespis Club at seven.

At ten-thirty she arrived and they sat in a booth together. When he looked at her again it was just the same and he knew then it would always be just like this. He had a little reluctance about exhibiting the gifts, but finally he pulled them all out of his pockets and pushed them across the table toward her. "I got these for you," he said.

She stared at them and then at him. "But why?" she asked.

He said it. "I love you," he said for *the first time he had ever told it to any* woman.

She was silent and looking straight into his eyes, but his eyes never wavered. "You hardly know me," she said softly, because of the way he had looked back at her.

"Maybe so," he said. "Maybe not. I never saw an ocean until last night, but I knew what it'd be like and I knew I'd go for it."

They said nothing and the drinks came. Hers was limeade. "I know what you mean," she said, "but I can't take them, really I can't."

"Every day I don't see you I'm gonna buy you one," Cy said. "This is just a start."

Alicia looked at him with a smile. "You're having fun," she said. "You're rich and you probably have nothing else to do. This amuses you. You probably don't have to work to get them."

CY LET it go. In the end she took the compact and he pocketed the other presents. By every salesman's trick he knew he tried to find out who she was and what she did. But he failed. Nor did she ask him questions, so it was at last agreed to keep the status quo of mystery and make the best of it. They left the club and drove to others. They explored the starlighted hills and the fringes of the San Fernando Valley. Then he drove her back to the Club Thespis, watched her get into her car and drive away.

"Why don't we tail her?" Thurman said one Thursday night as they watched her drive away.

"That would be poison," Cy said. "If she found out I'd done that, I'd be washed up. I understand how she is."

"You gonna marry her?" Thurman asked.

It was a simple question, and Thurman didn't care whether he got an answer or not, but it startled Cy. All the next six days before the following Thursday he thought about it. And when that day came and he and Alicia were sitting in the grandstand watching Sacramento trim Los Angeles, he suddenly leaned closer to her and said, "Alicia, will you marry me?"

She looked straight ahead and said nothing. Her jaw was in a firm line. All the rest of the evening she was solemn, and he found that he liked her that way too. He didn't mention it again, but they did only simple things. They rode around the streets and bought milk and hamburgers in a little restaurant. A dozen times Cy was on the verge of telling her all about himself, how he had decided to blow all his savings, and how with about a month to go he was down below a thousand dollars. That night he kissed her goodby for the first time, and it was a long, warm kiss that seemed to forgive and, at the same time, thank him for the proposal.

In the Garden of Mohammed bungalow he found Thurman reading the form and listening to the radio. Cy sat down in silence. A crooner signed off and the last news commentator of the night came on. For the first time in months Cy listened.

THE war was still being fought. But the British were not yet pushed over. Autumn was only weeks away with its blanket of fogs and rains to protect the island. Then the long winter before a spring in which Adolf Hitler might be forced for the first time to fight someone his size. The string of setups would be over. The little Channel was still uncrossed. God was still in his heaven even if all wasn't exactly right with the world.

He said aloud, without realizing it: "We'll keep her head above water in this man's country."

Thurman put down the form sheet. "What are you talkin' about?" he said. "Keep whose head outa water?"

"That Statue of Liberty," Cy said.

Thurman looked at him narrowly. "What's eating you up?" he asked. "You in some kind of trouble?"

"I'm in the worse kind," Cy said. "I'm in love."

"Is it that bad?" Thurman asked mildly.

So Cy told him. He started with the first bottle of Vitalime he had ever sold and ended with the hundred-dollar bottle of perfume he had given Alicia that evening. When he had told the story Thurman whistled.

"That's the spot I got myself in," Cy said. "I'm *nobody.* I'm *almost* broke. Tomorrow when I pay off the rent I'm flat."

"Ain't that what you figured on?" Thurman said.

"Yeah," Cy said, "but two things kinda surprised me: The world ain't ended and I'm in love with somebody I want to get married to."

"That's something," Thurman murmured pensively.

Cy went on: "So how can I expect a woman like her to marry me after I tell her what I am. All I can do now is switch that car for a punkin coach and go on back home." He looked mournful, and Thurman became mournful looking at him. Then the phone rang. Thurman walked over and answered it. "For you," he said, carrying the phone over to Cy, "a dame named Alicia." Then he added, suddenly remembering: "Hey, that's her!"

Cy sat bolt upright. He took the phone and glanced grimly at Thurman. "This is it," he said, and put the receiver to his ear. "Hello," he said quietly, and then leaned back in a daze of slow amazement at the volley of words and choked syllables that came across the wire.

"I can't keep it up," Alicia was saying. "Not after tonight. I love you too. And I have to tell you the truth. I'm nobody, Cy. I'm just a phony. I'm no actress. I've never been behind a footlight in my life! You want to know what I am? I'm a waitress in a drive-in and every Thursday night I blew my week's wages just to sit and look like somebody at a swanky bar! Because that's my night off! That's what I wanted to tell you. That's what I really am—and my old man's a broken-down ball pitcher coaching third base in the Texas League! But I love you, and that's all!"

The receiver clicked down. For one stunned moment Cy sat dead-still. Then he leaped to his feet with a shout of triumph and hurled Thurman aloft as though he were a midget. "She's a waitress!" he yelled. "Thank heaven she's a waitress, and she loves me!"

Thurman took cover by the fireplace. Cy grabbed the phone and sent a wire to Joe Benford demanding his job back. Then suddenly his face fell and he sat down frowning. "How am I gonna find her?" he asked. "She works in a drive-in and her name's Alicia. That ain't much to go on." He stood up. "I'll find her." he said, "if I have to eat all the ground round steak in southern California."

Two days later he was still looking for her in vain. A week later, it was the same except that he was somewhat gaunt from lack of sleep. Steadily, night and day, he drove from one drive-in to another, always looking for her, always asking if anybody had ever heard of a waitress named Alicia.

He paid the rent and moved out of the Garden of Mohammed. As he was walking out to the car with his baggage. Thurman, who was sitting on the fender, looked up from a form sheet and said suddenly, "Boss, how bad do you wanta find this dame?"

Cy said simply: "I'm broke except for two hundred bucks, but I got a telegram that says okay I can have my job. But I'm not gonna take it without her. And I'm gonna run right through that two hundred bucks and a couple of pawnbrokers until I find her."

Thurman slid off the fender and walked away. As he did so he said, "This'll be the second time in my life that I preferred a dame to a horse. I hope it ain't as bad a mistake."

He walked away and Cy did not see him for three days. Nor did he show up at the little boxlike apartment Cy had rented for two weeks. But on the fourth day, just as Cy was about to continue his tour of the drive-ins, the phone jangled.

It was Thurman. He did not sound excited. In a casual, almost philosophical tone, he said, "I'm sitting in a joint called the Pine Knot at Santa Monica and La Cienega, which you don't care, but the dame who chases cars here is a good-looker about five-foot-three with blue eyes and nice gambs, and her name's Alicia which is sewed on her shirt pocket. You wanta take a look?"

CY WAS on his way before Thurman had hung up. A motor cop followed him for six blocks but did not catch him until he reached the Pine Knot, then what he saw was Cy holding Alicia in his arms and telling her something inaudible. He walked over and tapped Alicia's shoulder and said. "On account of it's you, I ain't gonna throw a ticket at this guy, but the way it looks to me, you better marry him and slow him down."

"I will," Alicia said, and the cop strolled back to the motorcycle.

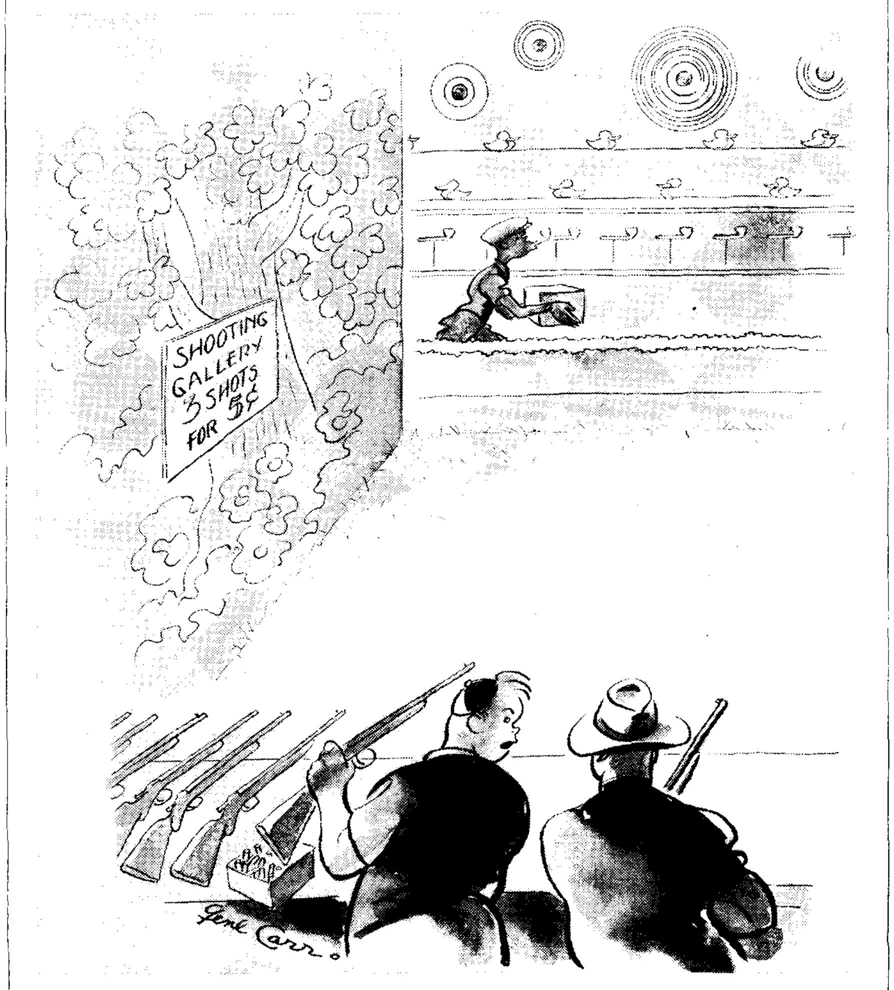
Thurman came out holding a cup of coffee and grinning. A half-dozen people were crowded by the windows watching. Thurman said, "Looks like that was the right one."

Cy grabbed his hand and shook it. "How did you find her?" he asked, while Alicia looked on smiling.

"Well," Thurman said, "I just told them cabdrivers to look for her and the one that found her got a nice fat reward."

"Reward?" Cy said. "How much?"

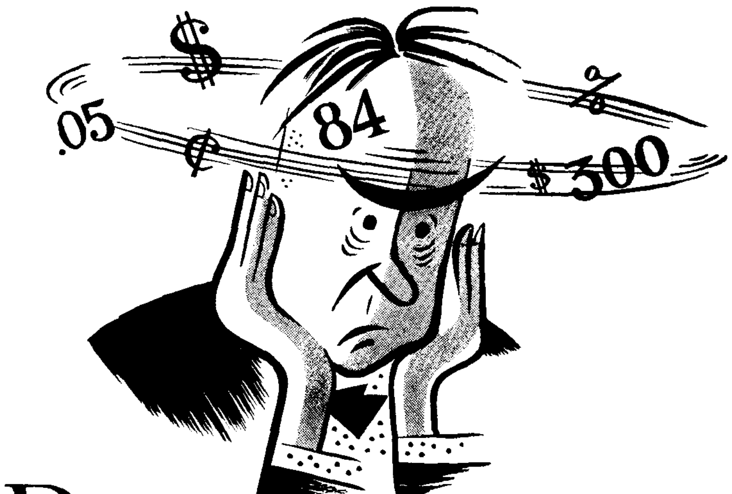
"That's okay," Thurman said blandly. "What I promised those guys was that horse."



"He's a new man, but I don't think he'll be here long" GENE CARR

Telephone Tales

BY LONG DISTANCE



Donald B. Dreary
Has worked himself weary
Collecting his overdue bills.
He's written hot letters
To all of his debtors;
He's written some nice ones, with frills!
He's gone out to call
And office girls stall—
He's waited for hours and days.
He works hit-or-miss
On that man or this
And little he does ever pays.

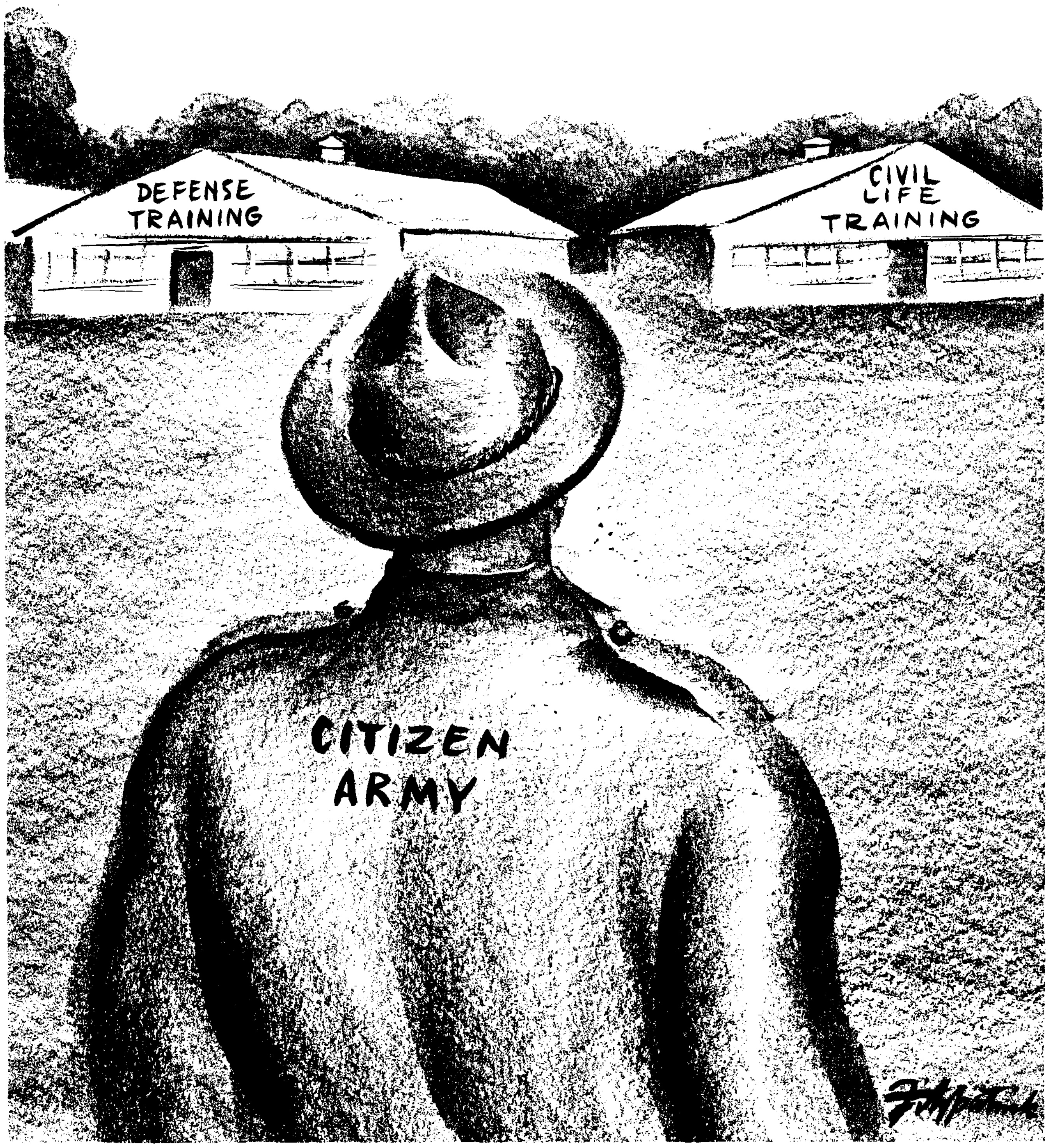
But able Bill Getter
Has gone him one better—
He works on the "personal" plan.
He says it's a crime
To waste so much time
Just waiting to see the right man.
He declares that a call
Is the best way of all
And he talks to his man all alone.
But he doesn't go roaming
From here to Wyoming—
He uses the Long Distance Phone!

Collier's

WILLIAM L. CHENERY, Editor
CHARLES COLEBAUGH, Managing Editor

THOMAS H. BECK, Editorial Director

And So to Camp



OCTOBER 16 was draft-registration day; and it will not be long before the first numbers will be pulled out of the big glass bowl; and the first contingents of new soldiers will be on their way to camp shortly after that.

We're glad to see the United States begin to undergo the change which peacetime conscription and a year's military training for large numbers of its young men will bring about. We think it will be a change for the better.

Properly managed, it will build up a reserve of trained man power which, if kept replenished, should make us capable of defying the rest of the civilized world to come and get us, or anything we have.

Then, too, it was about time for the idea that everybody owes something to his or her country to have a rebirth in the United States. We doubt that the national wealth would stand many more years of undiluted propaganda about how the state owes the citizen everything from a house to a new set of store teeth, while the citizen owes the state nothing except such taxes as he can't evade.

However, we are in hopes that the benefits will extend to the Army as well as to the civilian population.

Our Army at present is an excellent skeleton outfit; but testimony of unbiased observers is that it has its share of traditionalism, formalism, stuffed-shirtism, brass-hatism.

We mean such stuff as the West Point rule that college graduates coming to the Academy have to backtrack over a lot of elementary mathematics and what not, just as if they were fresh from prep school. Also such stuff as kitchen police, barracks chambermaiding, and other housekeeping which ought to be done by labor battalions but is done by soldiers to the detriment of their study of the science of warfare.

The new Army ought to be an educational institution in at least two respects: (1) It ought to teach men the fundamentals of modern, mechanized war and the handling of modern war machines, with dress-parade stuff and other lost motion cut to a minimum; and (2) It ought to afford a man mechanical or vocational training of such quality that it will be an asset instead of a liability to him in civil life.

We hope, too, that every effort will be made to raise the new Army's health averages to unheard-of highs, and keep them going up; and that instruction in sanitation and health will be a major feature of our system of military training.

The boys owe their year to the country, but the country owes this much to the boys, at least.

Taper Off the Hysteria

A LOUDMOUTHED, argumentative but quite harmless bozo was fired the other day from a job behind a lunch-wagon counter in a small New England town. He had remarked, in some between-the-hamburgers debate, "Oh, I hope the British get the hell beat out of them!" Somebody turned in his name as that of a possible fifth columnist. He wasn't jailed, but the dog-wagon owner felt that to save his business from a creeping boycott brought on by hysteria he'd better give the fellow the gate.

We fear this story is typical of what is going on in this country just now. It's the other and far darker side of the inspiring picture of a great country bestirring itself to insure its national safety.

We're for the British and against Hitler and all he stands for, like most Americans. But until and unless this country goes to war against Hitler, anybody here is entitled to hold and to voice pro-Hitler sentiments, cockeyed and crazy though those opinions may be.

That's democracy. Suppression of free speech and free thought is of the essence of Hitlerism—the very thing most of us passionately want to keep from getting a foothold in this country.

Public hysteria, mob fancies, mass fears, are the strings on which Hitler and his disciples play the most skillfully. The above story indicates that these strings can be played on here, to our undoing, if we aren't careful—if we don't steel our nerves and stand by our democratic principles.

Our best hope in these uncertain times lies in this: That ordinary citizens confine their patriotic efforts to backing and speeding up the defense program in every way they can, and leave the muzzling of fifth columnists and the catching of spies and saboteurs to the fully competent F. B. I., Secret Service and other appropriate government agencies.

BALLANTINE'S
XXX
BREWED & BOTTLED BY
P. BALLANTINE & SONS
NEWARK,
NEW JERSEY
ALE

Most famous of America's clipper ships—the "Flying Cloud," in an accurate scale model, courtesy New York Museum of Science and Industry.

EARLY AMERICAN

THE FLAVOR OF BALLANTINE'S ALE IS A CENTURY OLD—A CENTURY GREAT

LIFT THE CAP of the Ballantine's bottle—pour a glass. Here's a flavor you'll find in no other beverage.

America has always retained its appreciation of the good taste shown by earlier generations. With its 100th anniversary, Ballantine's Ale is sharing in this appreciation. "America's finest since 1840" has become America's largest selling ale.

"Early American" is associated with a more leisurely, perhaps a more enjoyable, way of life. Millions are finding more enjoyment in Ballantine's Ale than in any other brew . . . In bottles and cans (12 oz. and full quart).

Copr., 1940, P. Ballantine & Sons, Newark, N. J.

BALLANTINE'S *America's largest selling* **ALE**

A MAN WITH EXTRA PATIENCE

MASTER SEEDSMAN, DAVID BURPEE

Once in a million times he gets that certain extra quality in a flower. But in his cigarette he gets the extras every *time* with slower-burning Camels

HE follows springtime up and down the continent, shuttling precious seeds and plants by air to kaleidoscope three generations of flower life into less than a year. Even then it's a one-in-a-million chance he'll get what he's after. It took him years to get a marigold with odorless foliage (*"Burpee Gold," shown at left*) . . . even longer to get his amazing new "Wildfire" marigold. He's hunted 25 years for a yellow sweet pea . . . is still hunting . . .

But every time David Burpee lights up a cigarette, he knows he's going to get mildness, coolness, and flavor—with that extra measure of each that makes such a difference to the critical smoker.

For he smokes *costlier tobaccos* matchlessly blended into a cigarette that is slower-burning . . . free from flavor-dulling heat and the irritating qualities of too-fast burning. Yes, he smokes Camels.

Try Camels yourself. Enjoy the extras—including extra smoking (*see below*).

"YES, THOSE EXTRAS IN SLOWER-BURNING CAMELS COUNT WITH ME. CAMELS ARE EXTRA MILD AND COOL. THEIR FULL, RICH FLAVOR ALWAYS HOLDS A FRESH APPEAL FOR ME."

David Burpee

PRESIDENT, W. ATLEE BURPEE CO.

EXTRA MILDNESS
EXTRA COOLNESS
EXTRA FLAVOR

In recent laboratory tests, Camels burned 25% *slower* than the average of the 15 other of the largest-selling brands tested—slower than *any* of them. That means, on the average, a smoking *plus* equal to

5 EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK!

CAMEL
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES
CHOICE QUALITY

Copyright, 1940, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

GET THE "EXTRAS" WITH SLOWER-BURNING
CAMELS—
THE CIGARETTE OF COSTLIER TOBACCOS